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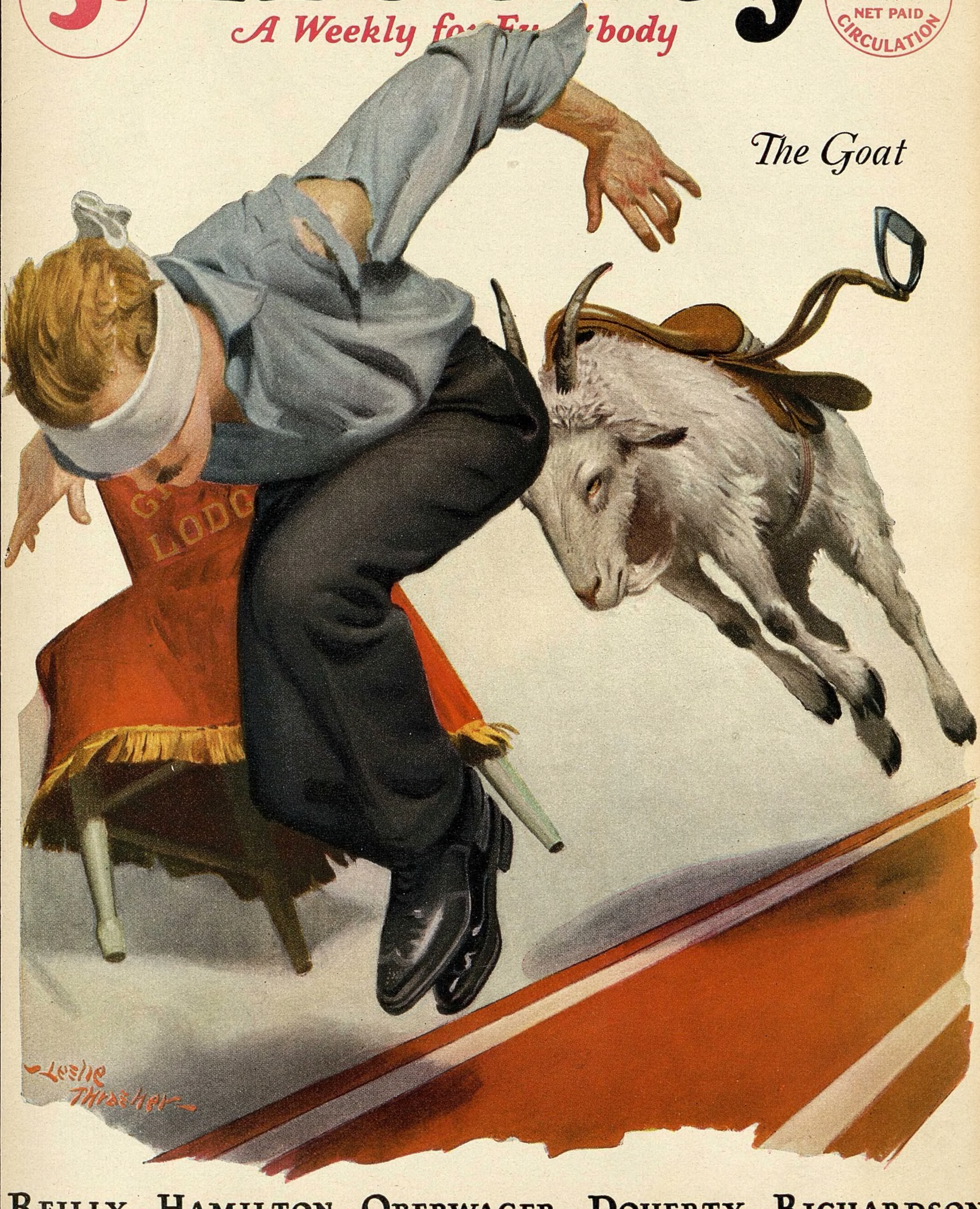
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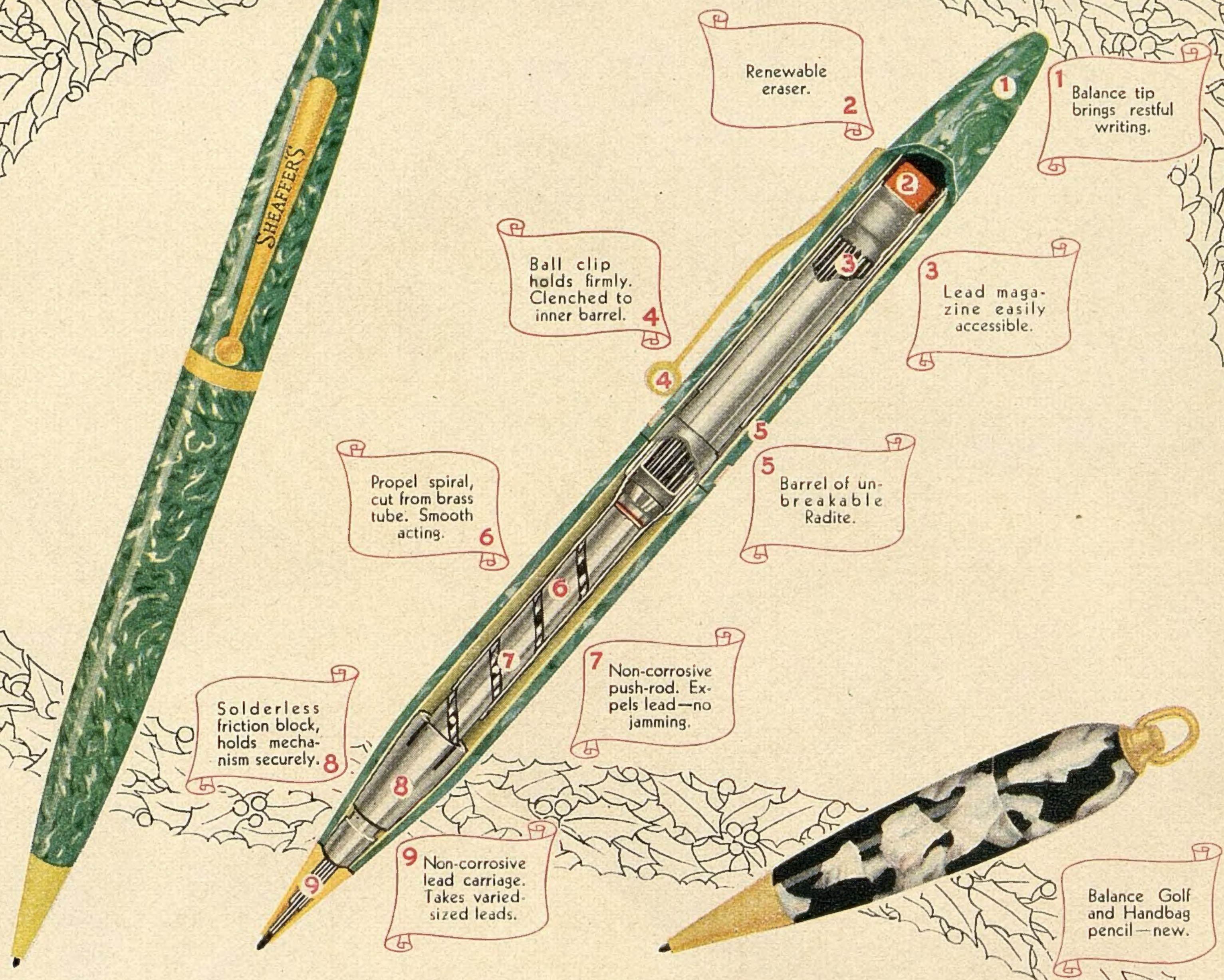
SHEAFFER'S
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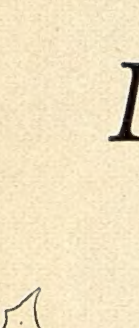
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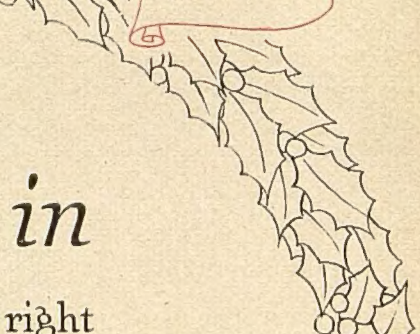
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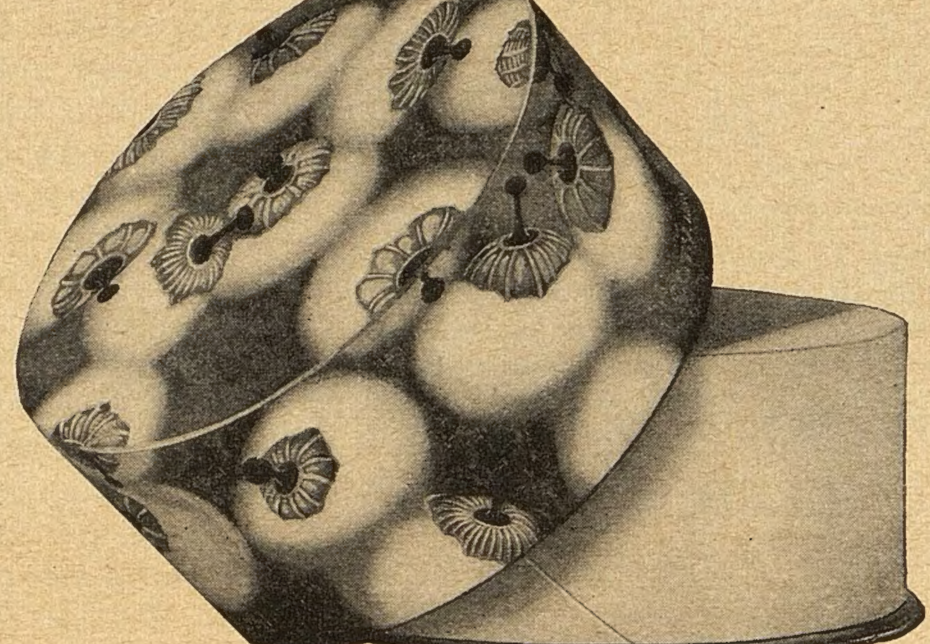

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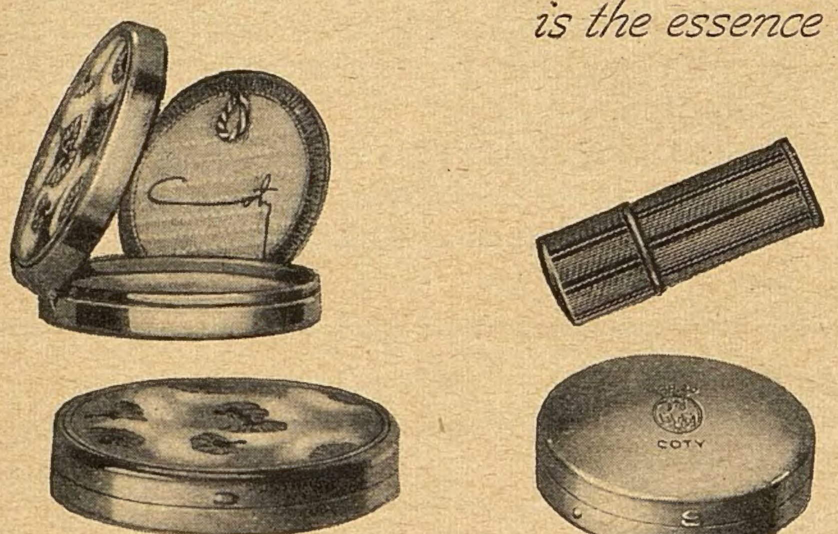

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VOL. 7 NO. 4

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SHOULD CANADA ANNEX THE UNITED STATES?

It seems to be pretty generally agreed and understood that the United States not only should not, but never will, annex Canada.

Perhaps our schools do not broadcast as widely as they might the fact that we have tried twice to take Canada—once during the Revolution and once during the War of 1812—and failed both times. Well, twice is enough. It is fortunate no doubt that we did fail, and we are not going to try again.

However, if we are not going to annex Canada why wouldn't it be a good thing for Canada to annex us? There are a number of things to be said in favor of union.

This continent is a natural integer. The boundaries between the United States and Canada are for the most part imaginary lines. And Manitoba and North Dakota are far more homogeneous in the general occupation, character, and speech of their inhabitants than are North Dakota and Louisiana.

Canada supplies a lot of things we need and we supply a lot of things Canada needs. The boundary lines between us dam up a natural flow of wealth from both sides. Each country no doubt is poorer because of this tariff boundary, just as Illinois and Indiana would probably both be poorer if there were a tariff boundary between them.

The Canadians already have a form of government well suited for us to join. Their provinces and our states are closely akin in character.

We could have our winter capital at Washington and our summer one at Ottawa, which would be a great improvement over things as they are now. Washington is a terrible place in summer.

The Washington baseball team could be transferred to Ottawa and play in far more enjoyable surroundings than those they have to put up with at present.

There are plenty of reasons, economic and otherwise, why all the territory north of the Rio Grande on this continent should be under the same government.

Of course it is difficult to see how such a union is to take place—but it is also difficult to project one's imagination five hundred years into the future without seeing this territory belonging to one nation rather than to two.

There are really only two political differences of consequence between Canada and the United States, and one is in internal matters—the degree of local self-government allowed.

We believe this should be allowed as it is now in Canada, and we believe it would be a blessing if it were extended to the United States.

We offer that as our opinion.

Some will suspect no doubt that we are making direct reference to one of our constitutional amendments—and indeed we are. In this particular regard we think the government of Canada is superior to ours.

There is then the question of Great Britain.

As a matter of fact the connection there is now largely patriotic. The Canadians govern themselves to virtually as great an extent as do we. They exchange ministers with foreign countries and even levy tariffs on British-made products.

To all intents and purposes Canada is now a nation independent of Great Britain. It may be so even in foreign affairs, for the Canadians have direct representation with foreign governments and do not need to act through the British government.

It is hard to foresee what the future will bring in this respect, but the shiftings of political gravity may produce some day some form of alliance of English-speaking peoples as a matter of self-protection.

Should that day ever come it would be natural to expect that the political center of gravity—the capital or capitals—would be on this side of the ocean.

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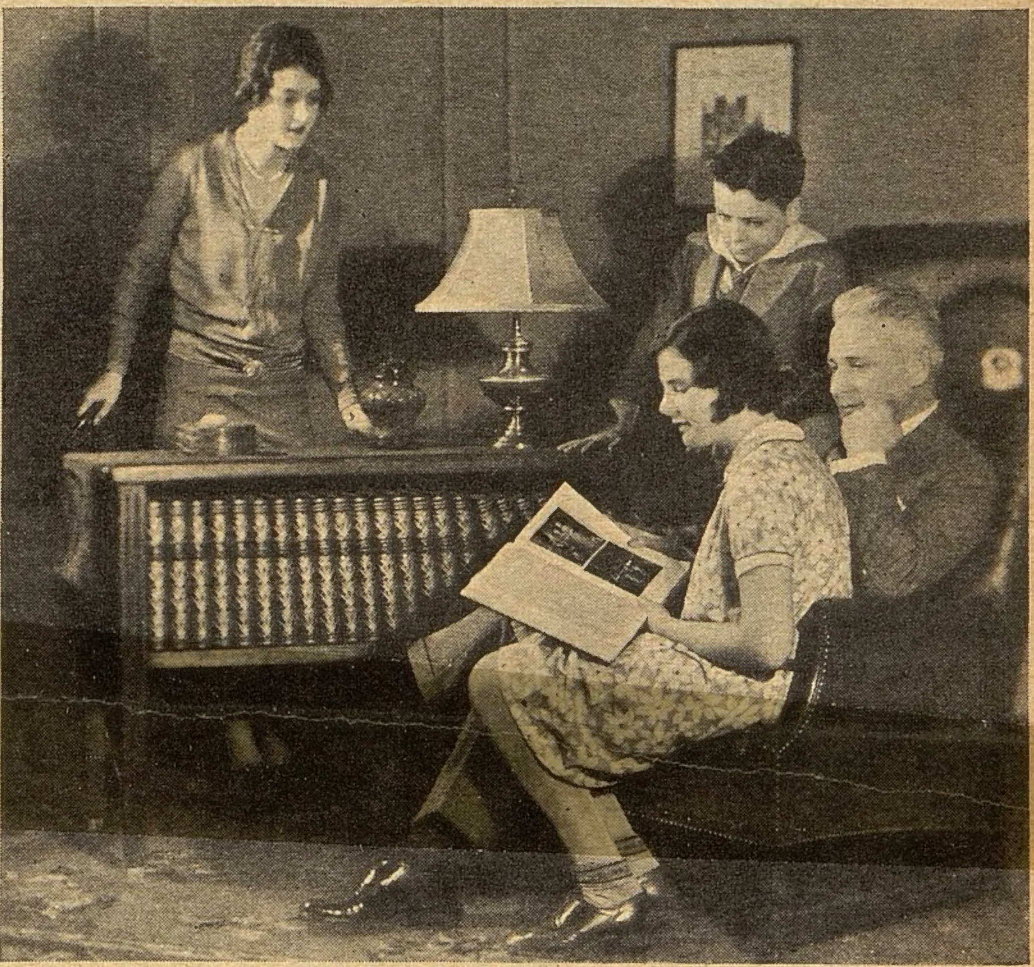

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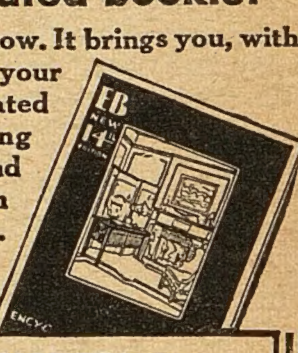

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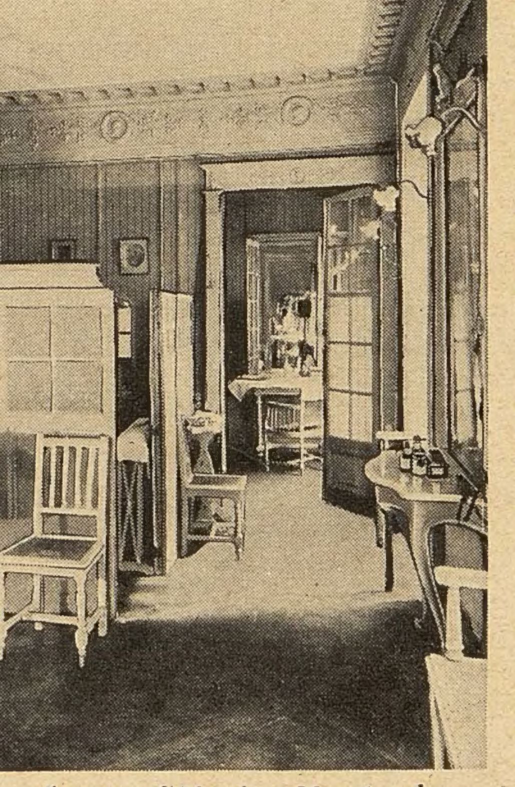
P.S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.



A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon on The Rue Daunou, in Paris

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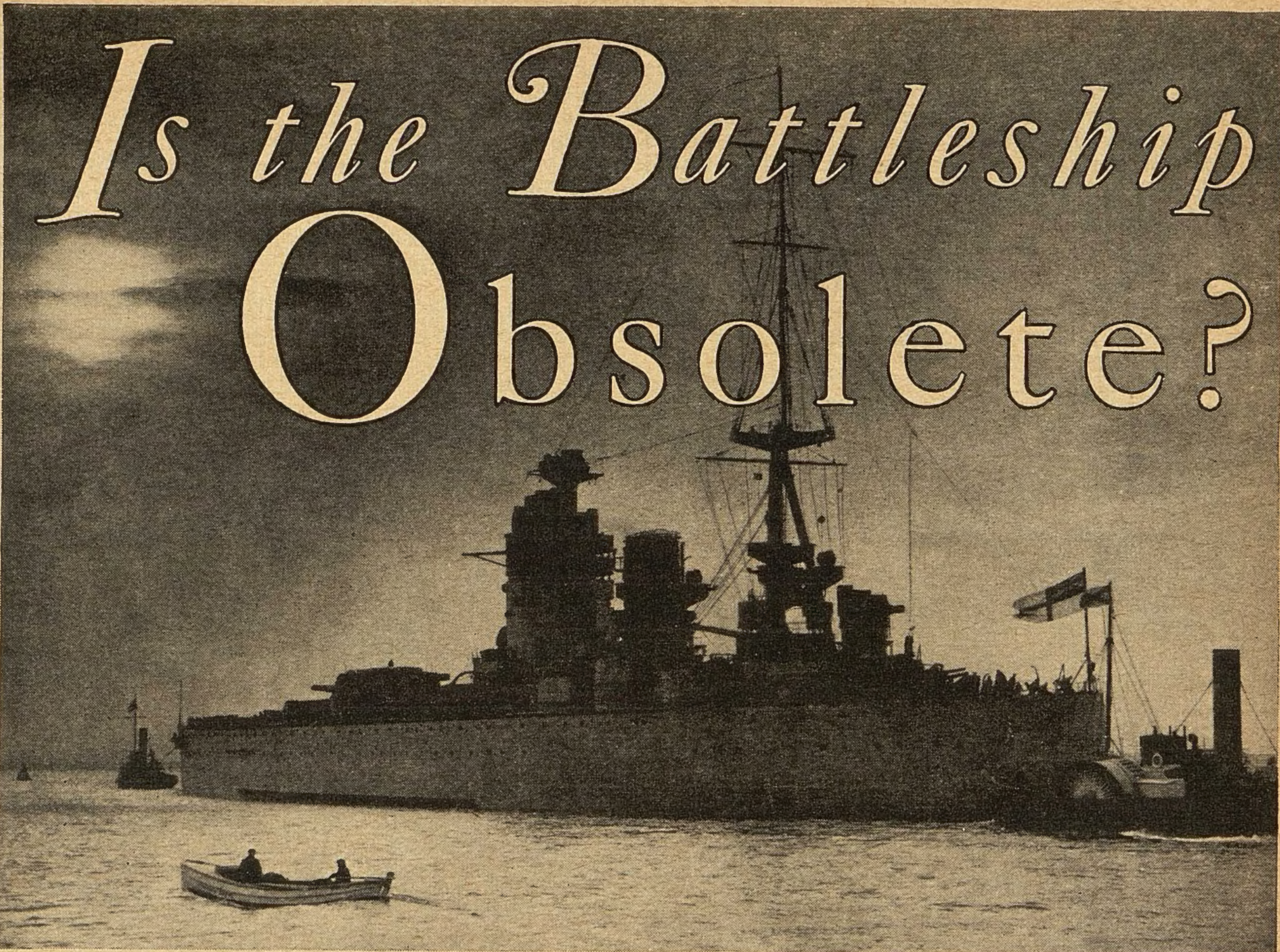
Is the Battleship Obsolete?



Sport and General photo

The British super-dreadnought Nelson, one of the two most powerful battleships afloat.

A Fighter's View of How the Past Forecasts the Future

By

Brigadier General

HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

a World War brigade commander, who in peace-time writes about military problems and international affairs. He began his career as a regular army officer, and has been editor of the Army and Navy Journal.

"IS the battleship obsolete?" is a vital question today. It rises to prime importance as five nations begin their talk of naval disarmament in London. First, because the cost of battleships has increased from about $3,000,000 apiece, just before the Spanish-American War of 1898, to $40,000,000 apiece today. This is an important item at a time when all nations are trying to cut taxes by reducing their expenditures. Second, because many maintain that the submarine kept the battleship from doing much, if anything, during the World War of 1914-18, and that since then airplanes have demonstrated their ability to sink them.

Therefore, why not abolish them by international agreement?

As a matter of fact, while a number that were under construction at the time of the Washington Arms Conference of 1921-22 have been completed, only two have been begun and completed since that conference. They are the two most powerful ships afloat—the British Nelson and Rodney, begun in 1922 and finished in 1927.

However, in 1931 Great Britain, this country, and Japan, the three strongest naval powers in the order named, are allowed under the Washington Arms Conference treaties to begin building new capital ships to replace their oldest ones. France and Italy, the remaining two of the five powers which signed these treaties, had the right to begin in 1927 to use some of the tonnage allowed them for capital ship construction. However, instead of building capital ships—that is, battleships or armored cruisers—they preferred, and still prefer, to put their tonnage allowance into new cruisers, destroyers, and submarines.

Under the Versailles Peace Treaty, Germany cannot build any warships over 10,000 tons, so she is hopelessly outclassed by the 25,000- to 41,000-ton modern capital ships now in existence. The other nations have built no battleships since the Washington Arms Conference, though they were neither participants in it, nor signers of the treaties which it brought into existence.

Thus, throughout the world, the time is propitious to ask, Why build any more battleships? "If others will agree not to build, the relative strength of capital ships will remain as it is today, and every one will save money," is the common argument. Is there any legitimate reason against such a course?

The average American is the one out of whose pockets the money must come in the shape of taxes, if we are going to build any more battleships. Also, he and his are the ones whose property, limbs, and lives will be endangered or destroyed if a war is fought on our own territory.

We maintain a navy, primarily, to keep any war we may become embroiled in away from our homeland, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IS THE BATTLESHIP OBSOLETE?
Continued from page seven

on the other sides of the oceans which once cut us off from the rest of the world, but which now are easy pathways to us on their surfaces, and threaten soon to be, also, in the waters beneath and in the air above.

Therefore, the question for the practical average American is, if we had war tomorrow, would battleships be of any value to us in the naval combats which would decide whether the war was to be fought on the far sides of these oceans or on our side?

How can we tell?

First, by finding out whether or not the battleship played a decisive part in the World War of 1914-18, and, second, if it did, whether the improvements made since in aircraft, and in submarines, make it impossible for it to do so in another war.

The Battle of Jutland, fought May 31, 1916, between the British Grand Fleet, commanded by Admiral Jellicoe, and the German High Seas Fleet, commanded by Admiral von Scheer, was the greatest naval battle in history, in so far as the total strength of the two forces engaged was concerned.

It was the first battle between fleets made up of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers—in other words, the latest developments in capital ships. The opposing admirals also had airships and submarines under their command, though these played no part in the battle proper.

The most powerful ship in Dewey's victory over the Spanish in Manila Bay, in 1898, was his flagship, the Olympia, a cruiser of 5,800 tons and speed of 21.6 knots, carrying four 8-inch guns. In Sampson's victory at Santiago the same year, the battleships Oregon and Indiana, of 10,230 tons, 16 knots speed, and with four 13-inch guns each, were the most powerful ships.

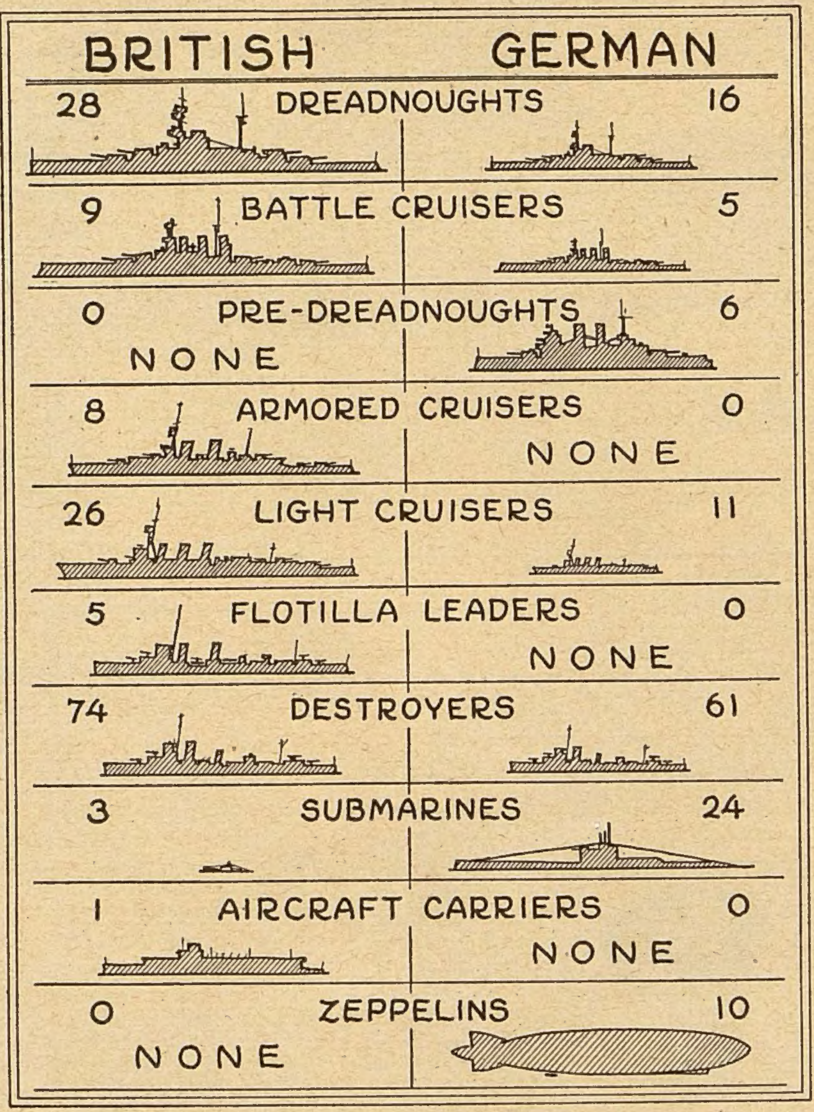
LORD FISHER of the British Admiralty planned to have the British 1905 naval program provide for a class of battleships so much more powerful than any then afloat, and a class of battle cruisers so much more powerful than any armored cruiser afloat, as to make all battleships and armored cruisers then in existence practically obsolete.

The Dreadnought, of 17,900 tons, which attained a speed of over 22 knots and carried ten 12-inch guns, was the standard for the new battleship class. The Invincible, of 17,250 tons, with a speed of 26.5 knots, and carrying eight 12-inch guns, was the type for the new battle cruiser class. The greater speed was secured by carrying less armor for protection and fewer heavy guns than the Dreadnought had.

No battleship then afloat could escape from, or stand up to, the Dreadnought. No armored cruiser could escape from, or stand up to, the new battle cruisers.

With her eight 12-inch guns, a battle cruiser might engage many a pre-Dreadnought battleship with good chances of success.

There have been no combats of first-class armed fleets since Jutland. While there have been improvements since—above all, a great one in aviation—the instruments of naval warfare used in that battle are the instruments available today.



BRITISH		GERMAN
28	DREADNOUGHTS	16
9	BATTLE CRUISERS	5
0 NONE	PRE-DREADNOUGHTS	6
8	ARMORED CRUISERS	0 NONE
26	LIGHT CRUISERS	11
5	FLOTILLA LEADERS	0 NONE
74	DESTROYERS	61
3	SUBMARINES	24
1	AIRCRAFT CARRIERS	0 NONE
0 NONE	ZEPPELINS	10

A detailed comparison of the British and German forces that met at Jutland.

As a consequence, every incident of this battle has been studied by all naval staffs and war colleges. What the different instruments of naval war did in this battle and why, plus the best obtainable deductions as to what those same instruments, with their subsequent improvements, could do in war today, is the basis of the war games played by each class of naval officers during their terms at our Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. The changes in the powers of the different machines brought about by improvements since the Battle of Jutland are determined by experiments conducted from time to time under conditions as nearly approaching war ones as is possible during peace.

THE strengths of the two fleets which met at Jutland are compared in the accompanying table. (All figures in this article concerning the battle are taken from British sources.) Both sides had submarines operating in the waters through which the fleets passed. While several were reported during the battle proper, there is no evidence to date that any participated.

Of the total of 344 British heavy guns, 332 could be fired on broadside; that is, to either side at the same time. The projectiles from such a broadside weighed 392,310 pounds. Similarly, of the 244 German heavy guns, 212 could be fired on broadside, the projectiles weighing 165,520 pounds.

Admiral von Scheer, fully realizing the British superiority, had decided that his strategy must be such as to lead the British fleet to divide into several parts, one or more of which would be weaker than his whole fleet. In this way he hoped gradually to wear down the British superiority.

Admiral Jellicoe's strategy was to entice von Scheer's fleet far enough out from the protection of the German mine fields and seacoast defense guns to be able to cut off its return, and then to destroy it.

Admiral von Scheer had taken command of the German High Seas Fleet January 29, 1916. On March 5 and 6, in pursuit of his strategy, he took the whole German High Seas Fleet far out into the North Sea. Early in April, Jellicoe swept across the North Sea, having been informed that Scheer was putting to sea. However, in both cases, the weather and other factors prevented either admiral from succeeding in his strategic plans to bring about a battle. April 24, von Scheer was out again. This time his fleet was preceded by seven Zeppelins.

While lighter-than-air craft had been used frequently in previous naval operations, this was the first time in history in which a large force of these ships was used in close coöoperation with a fleet of battleships. The Zeppelins bombed British towns, German cruisers shelled two coast towns, and a certain amount of fighting, in which no German battleships and only light British forces were engaged, took place. Jellicoe just missed cutting off Scheer's retreat into the German ports.

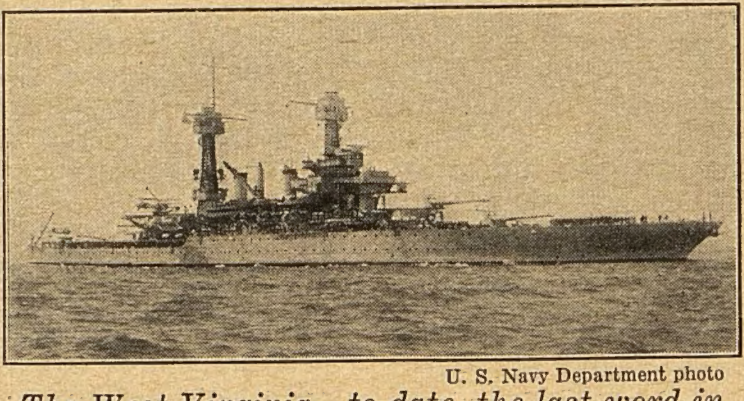
Early in May Jellicoe was out again, but Scheer did not know it. The middle of May, Scheer planned an operation to bring out and split up the British fleet in detachments during the last week of May. Shortly afterward Jellicoe planned an operation, to begin June 1, which he hoped would bring Scheer into battle.

Scheer had posted sixteen large and six small submarines off British North Sea ports from May 23 to June 1. They had two missions—to wireless him information as to British warships steaming out of port, and to attack such ships with torpedoes as they came out.

A considerable force of Zeppelins was to assist by an extensive aërial reconnaissance over the North Sea.

The submarines could stay out only until June 1 because of the necessity to renew fuel and other supplies. As the weather was too bad to permit successful air reconnaissance, Scheer waited until May 29. He then decided to go out, regardless of the weather, so as to have the advantage of the use of his submarines.

By noon of May 30, the British Admiralty, by directional wireless, learned that part of Scheer's fleet was moving to its outer roadstead. The Admiralty warned Jellicoe, who put to sea. The German submarines saw some of his ships and reported by wireless to Scheer. However, they did not find out that the whole fleet was out. Neither were such torpedo attacks as they made successful. At early dawn, May 31, Scheer put to sea. Vice Admiral Beatty commanded Jellicoe's advance force of six battle cruisers and four fast battleships, all of the latest design. The battleships, under Rear Admiral Evan-Thomas, were five miles in rear of Beatty, who was in the Lion, the leading battle cruiser.



U. S. Navy Department photo

The West Virginia—to date, the last word in American battleships.

Evan-Thomas was covered by a screen of one light cruiser and nine destroyers to guard against torpedo attack by enemy destroyers or submarines. Beatty's battle cruisers were covered by a close screen of three light cruisers and sixteen destroyers. Eight miles away toward the enemy was a scouting and screening force of eleven light cruisers, occupying a front of twenty-five miles. With them was the seaplane carrier Engadine. Beatty's whole force was moving at 25 knots, or 28¾ land miles per hour.

AT 2 P. M., May 31, Jellicoe was seventy-seven miles north and west of Beatty. His twenty-four dreadnoughts were in a line of six columns of four ships each, covered by a close anti-submarine screen of four light cruisers and about thirty-four destroyers, preceded at three miles by five light cruisers. Sixteen miles ahead of the light cruisers were seven armored cruisers, each with one destroyer, spread on a thirty-mile front. Four miles ahead of this, or twenty miles ahead of the dreadnoughts, was Rear Admiral Hood with three battle cruisers, two light cruisers, and four destroyers. The whole fleet was steaming at twenty knots, but as it was zigzagging to confuse any submarines which might be about, it moved forward at fourteen knots.

At 2 P. M. Scheer's advance force, under Vice Admiral Hipper, was about fifty miles east of Beatty. It consisted of five battle cruisers, five light cruisers, and thirty-three destroyers. Besides an anti-submarine screen of destroyers, close to the battle cruisers, there were a semicircular scouting screen of destroyers and the five light cruisers ten miles away.

Fifty miles south and somewhat east of Hipper, and roughly 150 miles southeast of Jellicoe, was Scheer with the main German fleet. His ships were in columns, the sixteen dreadnoughts leading, followed by the six older battleships built before the dreadnought type had appeared. This column had a close-up destroyer anti-submarine screen. The rest of Scheer's forty-four destroyers, with six light cruisers, were spread about ten miles ahead in a scouting screen similar to that ahead of Hipper.

Between 2 and 2.30 P. M., May 31, Beatty and Hipper learned of each other's presence through their light forces getting in touch with each other. About this time, a seaplane was sent up, by Beatty's orders, from the Engadine. It was up about an hour, came under enemy anti-aircraft fire, and sent several wireless reports, telling of the enemy's numbers, type of ships, position, speed, and direction.

Five Zeppelins, which were to support Scheer, were unable because of bad weather to get out of their sheds until nearly noon. They received wireless messages telling of the battle after it had begun. Three of them, according to their course, must have flown over the battle while it was going on. The visibility was very poor, so they saw nothing. Furthermore, they heard nothing. The uncertain weather caused the recall of all Zeppelins in the late afternoon.

During the main battle the airplane carrier Engadine was ordered from her place in rear of the fleet to tow to port the armored cruiser Warrior, which was in a sinking condition. Thus, during the greater part of the battle, neither side had any help from its air forces.

ABOUT 3:30, Hipper and Beatty sighted each other, and at 3:48, being within range, opened fire almost simultaneously. Shortly before opening fire Hipper turned south, with the intention of leading Beatty's force into range of Scheer's superior fleet. For something over an hour the two forces raced south, firing heavy gun salvos at each other. At four o'clock, Evan-Thomas got within range and, opening fire, joined in the race south. During this fight the British battle cruisers Indefatigable and Queen Mary blew up and sank as the result of repeated hits by German shells.

At about 4:40, Beatty, finding himself confronted in the distance with Scheer's whole fleet, turned north, followed soon after by Evan-Thomas. Beatty now had two things to do—first, to escape from the greatly superior German force; and, second, to lead it into range of Jellicoe's much greater fleet.

Thus began the second phase of the battle at about 5 P. M. It lasted, roughly, an hour and three-quarters.

First, Beatty, with his four remaining battle cruisers, followed by Evan-Thomas' four battleships, speeding north, led Hipper's five battle cruisers, followed by Scheer's main fleet—the backbone of which was fifteen dreadnoughts and six pre-dreadnought battleships—into the presence of Jellicoe's main fleet, the backbone of which was twenty-four dreadnoughts.

As is always the case when two fleets engage, the light forces, made up of cruisers and destroyers, came into action against each other first, while the heavier ships used their long-range heavy guns to fire over them at each other. At this stage Jellicoe deployed his battle fleet into one long line of ships, one following after another.

While this was going on, the armored cruiser Defense was sunk; the armored cruiser Warrior was so badly damaged that she had to limp out of action and later to be abandoned; the Invincible, one of Admiral Hood's three battle cruisers, which was in advance of Jellicoe's fleet, was sunk; and the Warspite, one of Evan-Thomas' battleships, was so badly damaged that she had to leave the fight. All this damage was done by German big guns.

Beatty took station in the gap between Hood's two battle cruisers at the head of the line and the leading one of Jellicoe's battleships. Evan-Thomas, with his four battleships, took his station at the rear of the line. Thus Jellicoe had deployed five battle cruisers and twenty-seven dreadnoughts, totaling 300 guns of 12-inch caliber, or bigger, in line pointing toward the Germans during this deployment. This tremendous force of long-range artillery was carried by the latest types of capital ships.

Scheer not only found himself in the presence of this greatly superior force of naval artillery, but also found Jellicoe's deployed fleet in a long curved line across the head of his column, just like the top stroke of a carelessly made T—a stroke both curved and some distance above the upright stem. This, in naval parlance, is called T-ing an enemy's fleet, and is the favorite position which all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IS THE BATTLESHIP OBSOLETE?
Continued from page nine

admirals maneuver to get. The fire of the heavy British guns at ranges of from 10,000 to 12,000 and more yards—that is, around six and seven land miles—was delivering smashing blows. Hipper's flagship, the Lutzow, was so badly damaged that she could no longer keep her place. The Von der Tann had all her heavy guns put out of action. The other battle cruisers and the leading dreadnoughts following her also suffered.

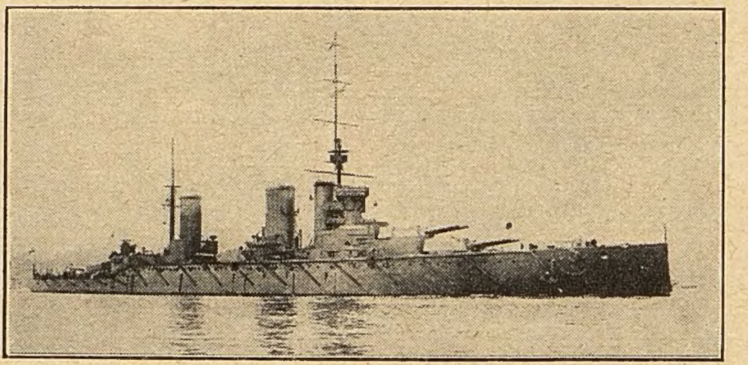
Thus Scheer found himself in the highly unfavorable tactical situation it had been his strategy to avoid. He extricated his fleet by a maneuver which the German fleet had practiced again and again, but which in the British and most other navies was considered to lead inevitably to collisions. This was to have all ships turn simultaneously to the right or left, in the same way that a company of infantry in column of squads quickly goes in the other direction by every squad turning right or left about, and all at the same time.

As Scheer turned away, a number of German destroyers advanced to attack the British, firing torpedoes. One dreadnought, the Marlborough, was hit. Nevertheless, she kept her position with the fleet.

The clouds of smoke made it very difficult to see what was going on; most of the German ships could no longer be seen. Scheer's sudden withdrawal left Jellicoe uncertain as to exactly what had happened.

The third phase of the battle lasted little more than half an hour. While Scheer had got out from under the terrific big-gun pounding he had been receiving, he had not got entirely out of range, because soon after seven, some of the smoke having lifted, the British battle fleet again saw some of the Germans and opened fire. In getting away, Scheer had turned toward the southwest and thus was headed away from his home ports. Also, the direction in which the British fleet was going was tending to put it more and more between him and these ports. Furthermore, it would not be dark until nine, nearly two hours and a half later. Scheer decided that under these circumstances the best thing he could do was to make a sudden, unexpected, and quickly concluded attack on Jellicoe's fleet, thus tending to slow it down and give him more time to get clear away.

At about seven, he repeated his " ships about " movement, thus turning directly toward the British fleet. Advancing at 23 knots, the Germans moved forward in line toward where they supposed the head of the British fleet to be. However, when they came into view, their leading ships were opposite the center of the British line.



The British battle cruiser Lion, Beatty's flagship at Jutland.

FINDING themselves thus again T'd, Hipper's battle cruisers and the leading dreadnoughts turned to the right in order to parallel the British. However, the British superiority of gunfire soon made itself felt again, particularly on Hipper at a range of 9,000 yards, or five and a half miles, and upon the leading dreadnoughts at about 13,000 yards.

Scheer, therefore, gave the order for the dreadnoughts to retire by a third simultaneous " ships about," under cover of a light cruiser and destroyer attack upon the British fleet, the attacking forces covered by a smoke screen and supported by the fire of Hipper's battle cruisers. The German destroyers attacked in two waves. To avoid the torpedoes Jellicoe had his ships, in columns each of four ships, turn away for the time being. The time it took for the British to turn away and back again allowed Scheer to get entirely out of range.

Hipper's battle cruisers suffered heavily from the British guns during the short period they gave supporting fire to the destroyers' torpedo attack. The Derfflinger had all heavy guns but two temporarily put out of action, while at the same time 3,000 tons of water poured into her from hits in her hull. In addition, the heavy British fire prevented the torpedo attacks being effectively pushed home. No British ship was torpedoed.

This was the end of the main battle, as the British battleships were not again engaged. Both fleets moved a little west of south, Scheer trying to get back to his home ports and Jellicoe trying to cut him off.

About 8:30, Beatty, with his four remaining battle cruisers and Hood's remaining two, making six, came in contact with Hipper's remaining four, the Lutzow having dropped out of line. After six minutes' engagement Hipper, finding the British gunfire much too strong, sheered off out of range. During the night Scheer managed to pass in rear of Jellicoe's main fleet, cutting his way through the British cruisers and destroyers which were in his path. There was confused and close fighting, during which both sides lost light cruisers and destroyers, and a number of torpedo attacks were made. The British armored cruiser Black Prince was sunk by gunfire, and the German pre-dreadnought Pommern was sunk by a torpedo. But no German dreadnought or battle cruiser was hit by a torpedo.

DURING the night Jellicoe had stationed three submarines off the entrance to the German mine field through which Scheer subsequently went. He also sent a mine planter to scatter mines in that entrance. However, these ships did not succeed in inflicting any damage upon the escaping Germans. The dreadnought Ostfriesland ran into a mine laid on a previous occasion. Though damaged, she got into port.

In the night the Germans sent out five Zeppelins on reconnaissance. Starting at 3:10 A. M., or just about the time that Scheer was entering the channel through the German mine field, they sent him reports of the positions of different parts of the British force. Several British ships saw and fired upon two of these Zeppelins.

On June 1 Jellicoe cruised north, passed the channel through which Scheer had escaped, passed over the scene of the battle, and returned the Grand Fleet to its bases.

The British loss in personnel was 6,097 killed, 510 wounded, and 177 prisoners, totaling 6,784, or 11 per cent of those engaged.

The German loss was 2,551 killed and 507 wounded, totaling 3,058, or 6.8 per cent of those engaged.

No dreadnoughts were lost on either side.

Four battle cruisers were lost, three British and one German.

One pre-dreadnought, a German, was lost, the British having no ships of this out-of-date class in the engagement. Three armored cruisers were lost, all British, the Germans having present none of these ships, which went out of date with the building of the first battle cruiser.

The Germans lost four light cruisers and the British none.

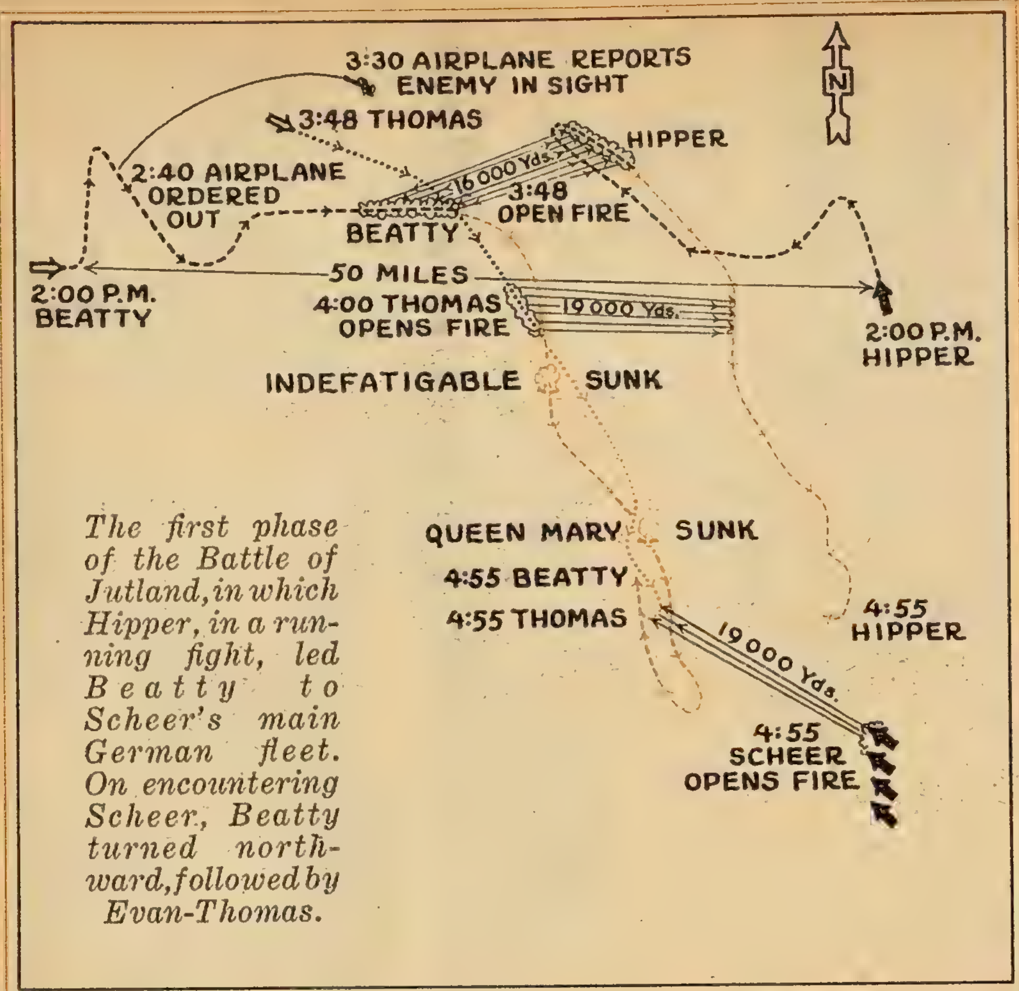
The British lost one flotilla leader and seven destroyers; the Germans, five destroyers.

With the exception of the one German pre-dreadnought and one German light cruiser, which were torpedoed, practically all this damage was done by gunfire.

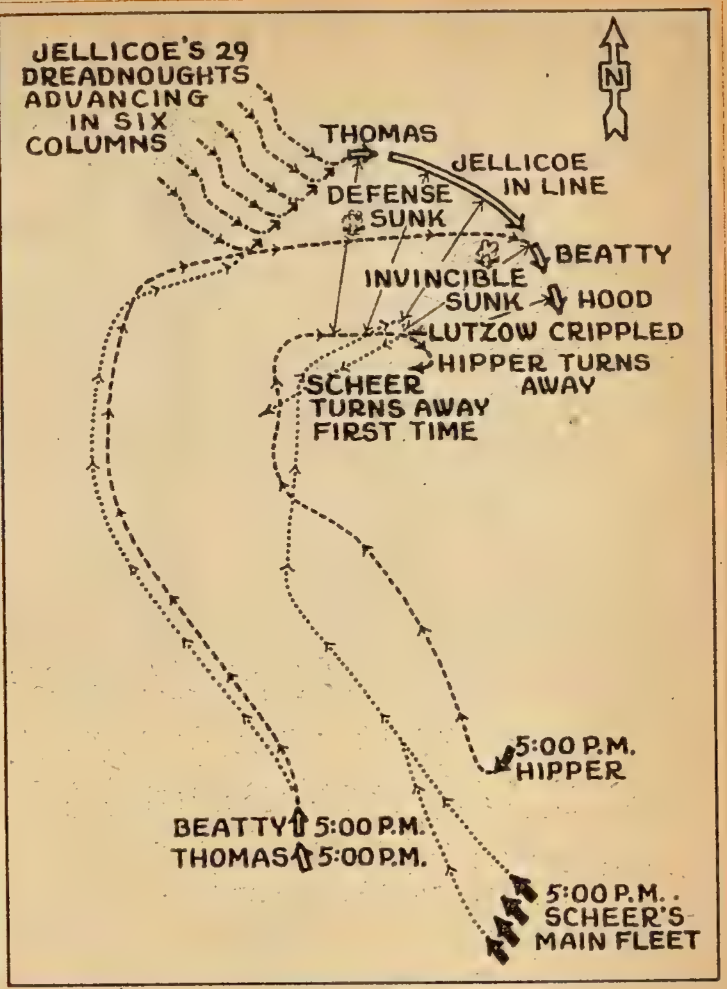
Of the ships which survived the action, seven British and three German had losses in their personnel of over 10 per cent.

Aside from those lightly damaged, a number of ships on both sides suffered such heavy damage as to necessitate from something under a month to three months repair work, and, in the case of the German battle cruiser Seydlitz, three and one-half months, and of the Derfflinger, four and one-half months. These ships were: British, four dreadnoughts, three battle cruisers, three light cruisers, and eight destroyers; German, five dreadnoughts, four battle cruisers, four light cruisers, and two destroyers.

The British dreadnought Marlborough was torpedoed at 6:57 P. M. However, she kept her station in the fleet until 2 A. M., June 1, when, due to the amount of


3:30 AIRPLANE REPORTS ENEMY IN SIGHT
3:48 THOMAS
HIPPER
2:40 AIRPLANE ORDERED OUT
16000 Yds.
3:48 OPEN FIRE
BEATTY
N
2:00 P.M. BEATTY
50 MILES
4:00 THOMAS OPENS FIRE
19000 Yds.
2:00 P.M. HIPPER
INDEFATIGABLE SUNK
QUEEN MARY SUNK
4:55 BEATTY
4:55 THOMAS
19000 Yds.
4:55 HIPPER
4:55 SCHEER OPENS FIRE

The first phase of the Battle of Jutland, in which Hipper, in a running fight, led Beatty to Scheer's main German fleet. On encountering Scheer, Beatty turned northward, followed by Evan-Thomas.


JELLICOE'S 29 DREADNOUGHTS ADVANCING IN SIX COLUMNS
N
THOMAS
JELLICOE IN LINE
DEFENSE SUNK
BEATTY
INVINCIBLE SUNK
HOOD
LUTZOW CRIPPLED
HIPPER TURNS AWAY
SCHEER TURNS AWAY FIRST TIME
5:00 P.M. HIPPER
BEATTY 5:00 P.M.
THOMAS 5:00 P.M.
5:00 P.M. SCHEER'S MAIN FLEET

The second phase. Beatty in turn led Scheer into contact with the British battle fleet, and Jellicoe, deploying, T'd Scheer, who turned away by executing a "ships about" maneuver.

water she had shipped, she had to fall out. Two months later she was back in service.

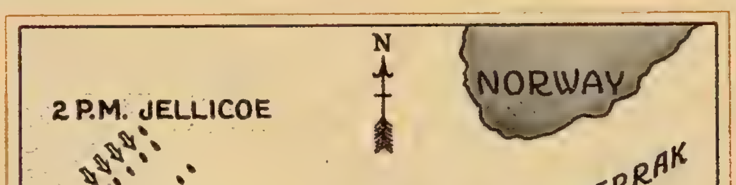
The German battle cruiser Seydlitz, which took part in the battle from first to last, was hit by one of three torpedoes fired at her about 4:30 P. M. Although a large hole was blown in her side and 2,000 tons of water rushed in, she kept her station in Hipper's squadron until well into the night. Then, though apparently sinking, she finally succeeded in making port. It was the heavy pounding she received from British guns, more than the torpedo hit, which caused her to be so long under repair. The dreadnought Ostfriesland, which struck a mine, was back with the fleet in something under two months.

Thus, as with the ships sunk, by far the greater part of the damage done to the personnel and material of the ships which survived was done by gunfire.

IT was the heavy artillery pounding by large-caliber shells at a range around eight miles which caused Scheer to turn about and retire the first time, approximately but fifteen minutes after Jellicoe had started to deploy his main fleet of twenty-four dreadnoughts.

It was a similar heavy pounding at about the same range, and endured for about fifteen minutes, which caused him to repeat his retirement, this time to withdraw entirely from action and run for his home ports.

His considerable superiority in the air because of his Zeppelins, and under the surface through his submarines, gave him no advantage that even began to offset Admiral Jellicoe's superiority in guns.


N
NORWAY
2 P.M. JELLICOE
SKAGERRAK
HOOD
SCENE OF BATTLE
2 P.M. BEATTY
2 P.M. HIPPER
JELLICOE'S AFTER BATTLE COURSE
SCHEER'S ESCAPE
2 P.M. SCHEER
JUTLAND
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
CHANNELS THROUGH MINE FIELDS
MINED AREA
CUXHAVEN
ELBE R.
GERMANY
BREMERHAVEN
HOLLAND

The battle's third phase and conclusion, with Scheer's retirement. This chart shows the scene of action in relation to the coast and the German mine field.

More torpedo tubes than heavy guns were carried by the two fleets. There were 588 heavy guns.

All the battleships and cruisers on both sides had torpedo tubes, and the 140 flotilla leaders and destroyers carried well over 500 of them. All ships with tubes carried a reasonable supply of torpedoes.

YET the damage done by torpedoes was insignificant in comparison with that done by gunfire.

Guns cannot remain in action to damage the enemy unless the ships in which they are mounted both remain afloat and protect their crews sufficiently to enable them to keep their ships under way in their battle positions, with their guns firing.

The Battle of Jutland showed that the big ships with the heaviest and most complete armor, or in other words the dreadnought battleships, far excelled any other type of ship in doing this.

Therefore, the only conclusion to be drawn from this battle is that in it the decisive rôle was played by the dreadnought battleship, all other ships, whether air, surface, or sub-surface, being auxiliary to it.

A further discussion by General Reilly of the battleship and its place in future warfare will appear in an early issue.

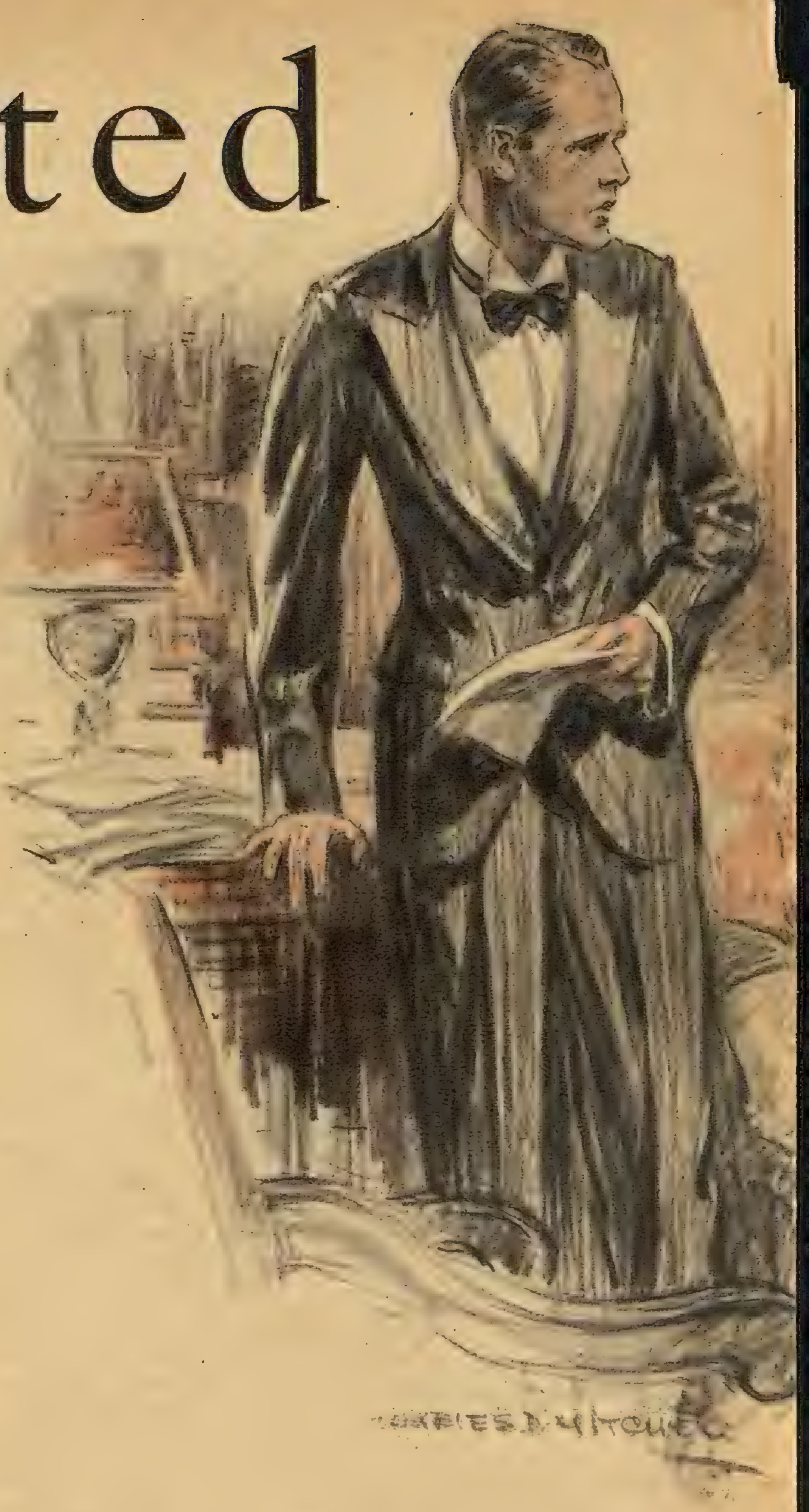
Deserted

The Story of a Wayward Wife

By

COSMO HAMILTON

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL



She began with anger: "Look here! I

WATCHING the rush of people and traffic from a window of his club Harling said to himself—there was no one there to whom he would confide—"But little do men perceive what solitude is; for a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

He had just returned from New York. He had gone there ostensibly on business, and had done business. He was a man of immense energy and a deep-seated horror of failure. At a moment when other men give way to dejection or indulge in an orgy of pain he thrashed himself into action and took it out of life by doing twice his usual work. Although no one in London knew it—his brother least of all—he had gone to America because his wife had refused to live under the same roof, and he had removed himself.

They had been married for a year. He had met the beautiful Tessa during the summer of '27, when she and her mother were taking the sun at Antibes after a strenuous London season.

Tessa's presentation at Court had been followed by an intrepid round of dances, and so she and Mrs. Flannox stood badly in need of rest. So did Harling after having kept his nose to the financial grindstone for a year without a break. At the sight of this young, slim person in a one-piece bathing suit, whose delicate skin had been tanned the color of chocolate by the Riviera sun, he had gone down with a crash. She, too, had apparently fallen immediately before what her garrulous mother had described in Elinor Glynish language as Harling's sex appeal. "My dear, that man has IT. I can't understand why he has not been collared before. Look at that torso, that delightful hiplessness, that excellent small head, and, above all, that insolent unawareness of female charms which are so openly displayed."

The marriage had taken place that autumn, and, after a brief honeymoon at a charming Swiss village on the Lake of Lucerne, the young couple had settled down to the humdrum of domesticity in a house in Eaton Place.

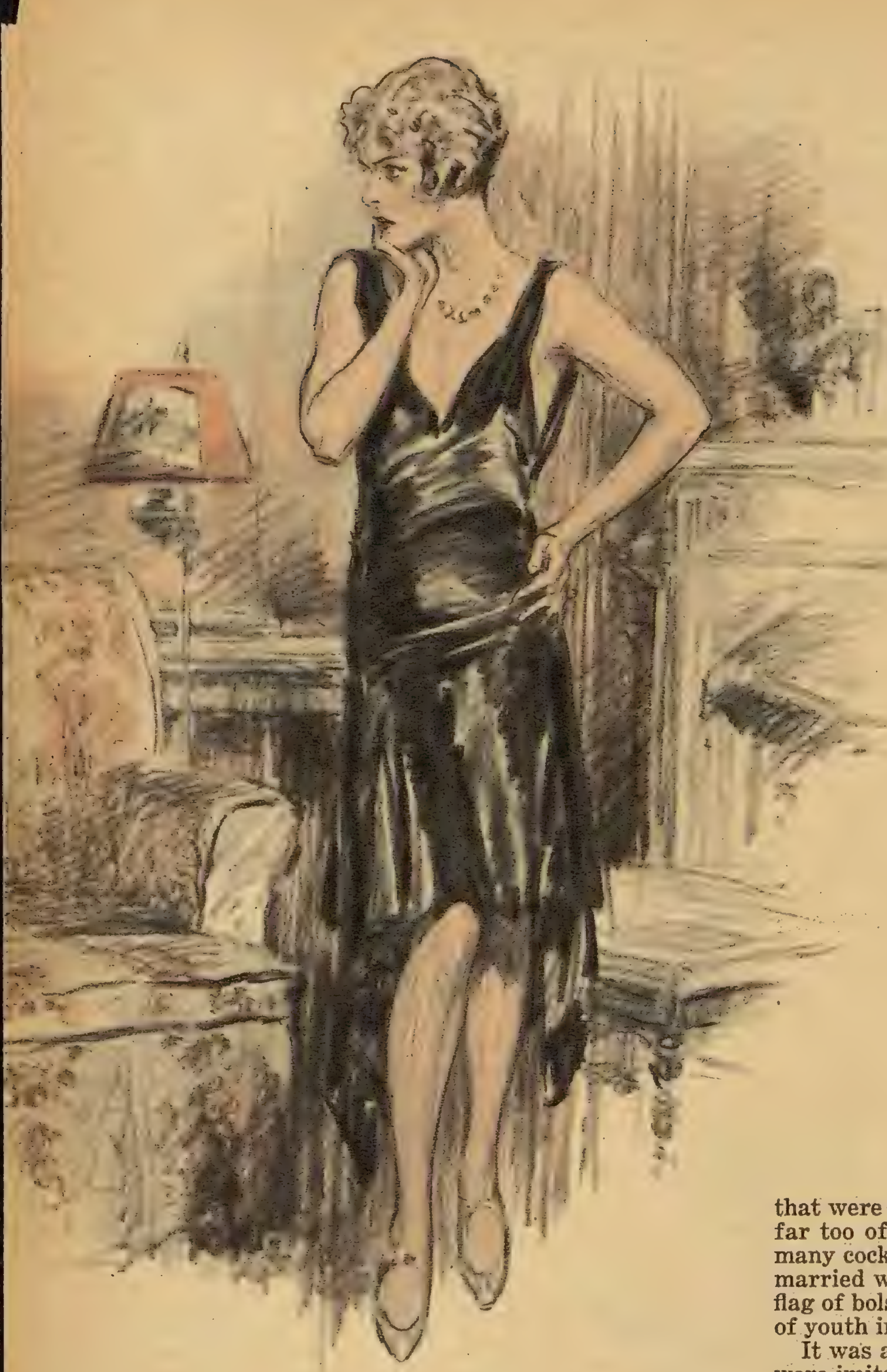
To Tessa's numerous giddy friends, as well as to Harling's brother, the members of his old regiment, and his partners in the firm, it was the sort of marriage about which one reads in books.

All these people were wrong. Whatever of heaven there may have been in the honeymoon, something as closely resembling hell as Harling could imagine had entered that charming little house before the end of the first six months. It was as much his fault as hers. He was too keen on his job.

Caught by the war at Oxford, he had been all through that lamentable business on the western front. He had gone from Cavalry to Guns and from Guns to the Flying Corps—a whiff of gas, a wound in the shoulder, a crash behind the lines. These had provided the only pleasant periods of all those messy years. He had enjoyed them very much. Then peace, the moral and physical let-down, and a transference to the army of unemployed at the age of twenty-five. By the grace of God, however, there had been an uncle, a patriot, head partner of a firm which built tramp steamers and sent them out with cargoes to all the ports of the world. He had been given a seat in the office and there, among shattered dreams of adolescent ambitions, had knuckled down.

HIS dynamic energy and intense application forced him through the door of the partners' inner room. And at the age of thirty-five. Then, glowing with success, he had gone for his first real holiday to Antibes, as a member of the firm. These ten years had developed the habit, incurable and excellent, of keeping his nose to the grindstone so that, burning with ambition, he might take his uncle's place what time his name was called.

He had gone home from the office very tired every



l up. *I'm not a squaw. I want to live."*

night. All that he wanted to do was to enjoy domestic peace, read a little, think a little, and go to bed.

Tessa? Did she like that? Nineteen and lovely, spoiled and unspanked, this deadly monotony was too appalling for words. Was it to be expected that she was to play at being forty at a time when she considered it her right to go headlong into life? Hardly. She had no work to make her tired. Her servants ran the house. It wasn't much of an effort to take her dog for a walk. Every one of her days was merely, therefore, a preparation for the nightly whirl. Every car and taxicab which passed beneath those windows carried away her spirit to the dancing floor. Every invitation to a theater and a night club which Harling refused to accept chipped her exuberant youth.

Concessions were made at first. Harling gave up Saturday night, for instance, to a weekly binge. Sunday was a *dies non* so far as work was concerned. But this was not enough. Every day to Tessa was a *dies non* to which she was anchored in the duller and duller harbor of domestic happiness. It was a case of pull devil, pull baker, and neither of them won. Harling's irritable answer to the tyranny of tears was, "How the devil do you expect me to keep up this place for you unless I do my job? How do you think that I can pull my weight in the boat if I report blear-eyed at the office every morning with a brain disturbed by the echo of jazz and clogged with nicotine?"

"Pulling my weight in the boat!" This was an expression, like those of "carrying on" and "honesty to the firm," which gradually built up a wall of resentment between the girl whose energy was never spent and the man who had stolen her life. Six months of this imprisonment was all that she could bear. Hiplessness, a magnificent torso, and what her mother called "IT"—a hideous word—did not provide a compensation for the loss of joy. She called it joy. It was joy to all her friends, to all the flapper mothers with their gigolos, to the vast mass of the people to whom homes are merely places in which to go to sleep.

TIRED of crying out, "Horse, horse, play with me," to the exhausted Harling, Tessa rejoined the gay young people and played about with them. Only as yet, however, so far as the day was concerned—the cocktail hour of the day which began at five o'clock. There was something so sound in Harling that she hesitated to make the complete declaration of independence that would carry her out at night. The fag-end of loyalty held her back, or a reluctant admiration of one who, in spite of all temptation, did his job. The fact, also, that work meant frequent clothes, a car, the proper number of servants, and a house of which she was proud.

There were ugly little scenes, of course, outbursts of regrettable words that were followed by a sulky silence, so that dinner was far too often salted with bitterness. At last, after too many cocktails in the rooms in Curzon Street of a young married woman who had escaped from her yoke, the red flag of bolshevism was displayed and the inevitable revolt of youth in slavery brought it all to an end.

It was a night in June. All poor little Tessa's friends were imitating glowworms among the trees at Ranelagh. After a more than usually unhappy dinner the rigid and unresilient Harling retired to his den. He had brought home a bundle of estimates from the office on which he wanted to work. Into this, like an overlooked yearling who was fretting for exercise, Tessa eventually stalked. She began in the usual way, with hot palms and dry eyes, and anger in her voice:

"Look here! I'm completely fed up with this."

"Oh? With what?"

"This injustice, this inhumanity! I'm not a squaw. I'm not a pathetic female who is a member of a tribe. I'm young and I want to live, and if you won't live with me I'll go and do it alone. . . . If your work has become your mistress, it's easy enough for me to find a lover in the crowd."

Harling was a very tired man. His partners, mostly old, took advantage of his admirable energy and laid burdens on his back. He said, "My God! Why can't you understand?"

"I do understand," she cried. "You're a dog in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DESERTED
Continued from page thirteen

manger—a nigger driver! You have your heel on my neck. All I've got to say to you finally is that I'm utterly fed up. I'm full of beans and I've got to work them off." She left and slammed the door.

After which Harling dined alone and sat alone, returned every night to a house the loneliness of which was ghastly, and heard his wife on the creaking stairs on her way to a lonely bed. Injustice? He considered that that word applied equally to him. He talked to himself of pulling his weight in the boat—that phrase she disliked so much, and of which, because of a lack of training, the average woman knows nothing, and, as he maintained, cares a damn' sight less.

It was a pity that he was without an elderly philosophical friend and adviser who could tell him with brutal frankness what a perfect ass he was, and talk wisely about the need of a reasonable point of view. It wasn't enough—it's never enough—for a husband to supply his wife merely with meat and vegetables, servants and a roof, especially when she's young. But this man hated failure and wouldn't own to it. And so he cracked the whip. Whereupon, with her chin stuck out and her lips made all the redder by the whiteness of her face, Tessa announced that she had finished with that "cruel house" and went off to Le Touquet with her mother and the gang.

And here was Harling in London again after a year in New York. From the perspective of three thousand miles he had looked at that unfortunate year and closely examined himself. It was perfectly clear to him now that he had done what most men do when they fall in love with a girl. He had not stopped to ask himself those drastic and necessary questions which, if duly considered, would have made him turn from marriage in a proper state of fear.

If he had been required to answer a questionnaire by parents or church he would have found in time that he had not been suited to Tessa from a single point of view. His sense of responsibility was far too great to go with thoughtlessness—the natural and excusable thoughtlessness of a girl just out of the egg. He had been handicapped, too, from having been through the war, from which he had emerged with a respect for duty and service of which the post-war generation knows nothing and finds dull and tiresome.

HE saw that he should have chosen—and the choice would have been easy in a country in which there are far more women than men—some one of his own age who had recovered from adolescence, nursed soldiers or driven generals or undergone air raids and been able, therefore, to think as he thought about the seriousness of life. A cart horse and a pony cannot be hitched together without an accident.

Various people had written to him during his absence from home. He had been informed—not always in a friendly spirit—of Tessa's goings on, of the parties in Eaton Place, of her apparent attachments to men who were as young as herself, and those, a little older, who hang about London on the lookout for those numerous girls who are married but unattached.

He had heard from his brother, sympathetically, of a man called Ian Morden who had been nosing about. He was youngish and very good-looking, the possessor of a useful income inherited from a father who had worked himself to death. He had been told that Morden had nothing to do but to put in a good time, so that he was essentially the person to join with Tessa in that modern pursuit.

And so, after deep consideration, Harling had come to the conclusion that the first of his jobs in London was to call on his solicitor to be coached in the principles of lawlessness which are necessary under the existing legal system in order to be divorced.

It was a heartbreaking conclusion to which he had had to come, because he loved Tessa more at the moment of his homelessness than when they had spent their honeymoon in Switzerland. Out of his memory had faded all those hideous quarrels. Tessa remained in his mind the lovely young thing who had danced into his life like sunshine, whose high spirits had been infectious, and whose shrewd comments and quick wit had made him laugh. He could only remember her charm and gayety, the delicious attitudes into which she placed herself, the exquisite decoration of her slim, lithe figure in the house in Eaton Place.

All the same, and oddly, he was determined to go into this ugly and humiliating legality devoid of martyrdom. He was going to be as honest in this affair as he had been in every other. It was the first great failure of his life, and though he detested failure he accepted the fact too late that he must give more consideration to Tessa than to himself. She was young and she was a woman, and his belated chivalry put everything else aside.

BUT just as he was leaving the club to go to his lawyer's office, one of the younger members whom he only knew by sight held him up in the hall.

"Oh, hallo!" he said. "I've been watching you and wondering whether you'll object to my butting in a bit."

"Butting into what?"

"Into your private affairs. Sorry, but the fact is that I know something I think you ought to know. When you went away it wasn't in your line of country, I take it, to hire a detective to keep a watch on your wife."

Harling's backbone froze. "It was not," he said. "And I don't discuss my affairs. Thanks very much, all the same."

"All right. I understand. And I apologize again. But I think I ought to tell you that as one of the gang who has been making free of your house I know that swine Ian Morden, and I heard him say something yesterday which may rather alter your plans."

"What plans? What do you mean?"

"The plans which, under the circumstances, a man of your type must make. You've been away a year, and according to Tessa, who's a pal of mine, you cleared out at her request. The other step is one that follows as a matter of course. Shall I go on—or are you going to hit me in the jaw?"

Harling found this man's earnestness impossible to withstand. "I think you'd better go on."

"Well, then, the idea is," he said, "and we all know it, that Tessa's packing her things to go off with Morden to the south of France. They're going to push off tomorrow and be away for several months. I don't know how much she cares about him, but she's given it out generally that he's most frightfully in love with her, and in spite of proofs to the contrary she's firmly under the impression that he's a little gent. I mean that he intends to marry her as soon as you've set her free. Well, that's the point. He doesn't. I heard him say that he doesn't, quite calmly, last night at half past eight. Would you like to hear his remarks?"

"Yes," said Harling, "I should."

"He was talking to a girl at Sovrani's. They were having a cocktail together outside the dining room. He said, 'What rot you talk! Do you take me for a mug? There's not the slightest question of my ever marrying her. Why should I? In any case she's had enough of that and *I* don't marry, you see. There isn't any need. A pleasant trip from time to time, an unofficial honeymoon, and that's the end of it. Somewhere about September and I shall be jolly glad to get back. By that time she

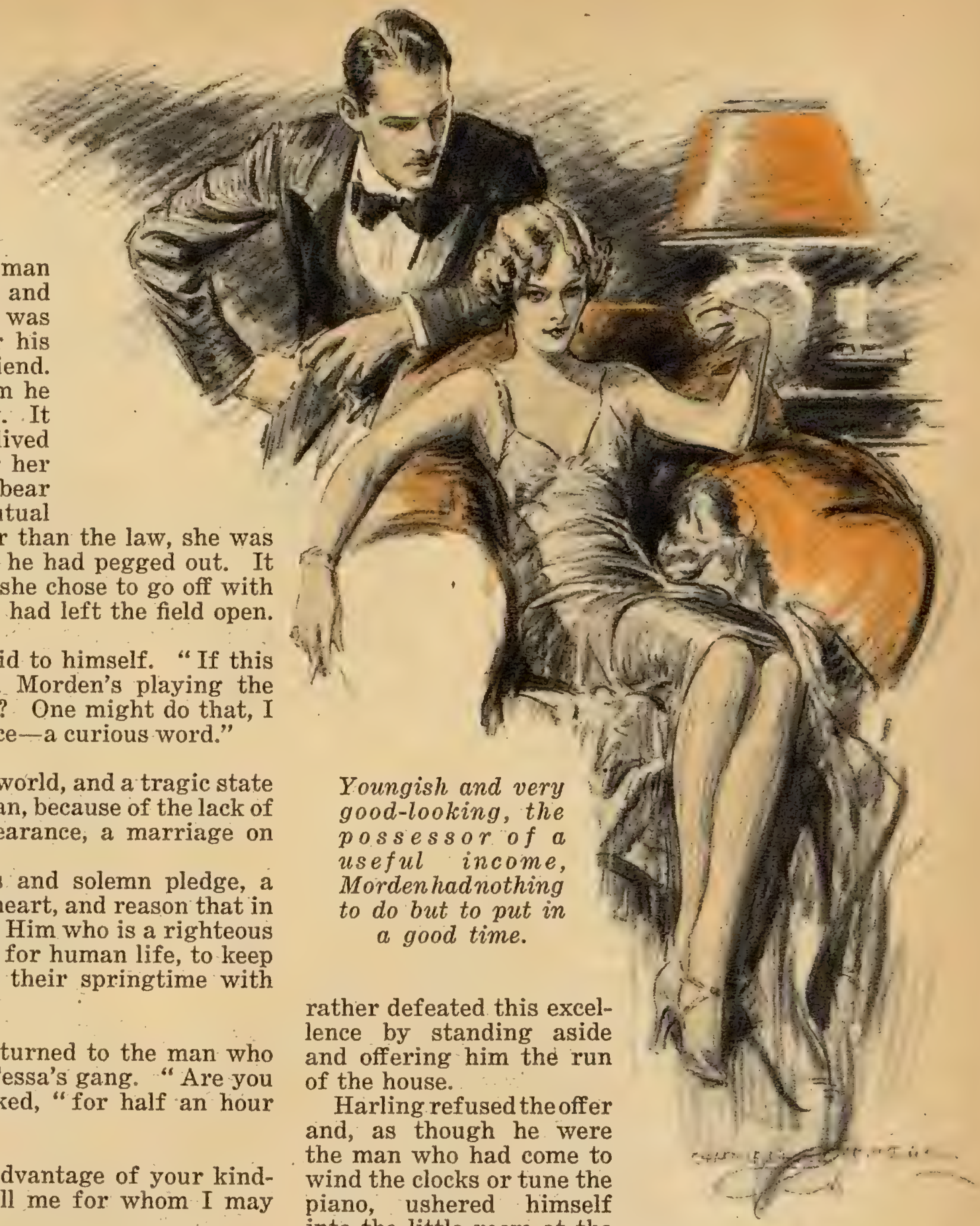
At the sight of this slim person in a one-piece bathing suit he had gone down with a crash.

will be sick of me and I shall be sick of her. The usual thing.' "

Harling's nostrils extended and he clenched his fists. If Morden had been in the club at that moment there would have been no France for him.

"Thanks so much," he said, nodded with a grateful smile, and turned away. Here was a man who had courage and decency, and they were rather rare. But what was he to do? Tessa was no longer his wife. She wasn't even his friend. She was merely the girl to whom he was married according to the law. It was for that reason only that she lived in his house, took his money for her living expenses, and continued to bear his name. Otherwise, by a mutual human arrangement far stronger than the law, she was just as much a widow as though he had pegged out. It wasn't for him to "butt in." If she chose to go off with Morden that was her affair. He had left the field open. She was leading her own life.

"But hold on a second," he said to himself. "If this man's right as to her belief in Morden's playing the game, why not tell her the truth? One might do that, I should think, without impertinence—a curious word."



Youngish and very good-looking, the possessor of a useful income, Morden had nothing to do but to put in a good time.

A CURIOUS word in a curious world, and a tragic state of things. No more tragic than, because of the lack of mutual understanding and forbearance, a marriage on the rocks.

"Why do not words and kiss and solemn pledge, a nature that is kind in a woman's heart, and reason that in man is wise and good, and fear of Him who is a righteous Judge—why do not these prevail for human life, to keep two hearts together that began their springtime with one love?"

"Oh, my God, yes. Why?"

Harling wheeled round and returned to the man who had called himself a member of Tessa's gang. "Are you going to be in the club," he asked, "for half an hour or so?"

"Yes. I'm lunching here."

"Good. I may take further advantage of your kindness to ring you up, if you'll tell me for whom I may ask."

"Gartlett, George. Any time you like. Good luck."

"Thanks."

Harling left the club, called a taxi, and drove to Eaton Place.

He had loved this little house and been very proud of it. And if six months of intense happiness were not much to boast about they were more than the average allowance in the lives of other men. That is, married happiness, if what he heard was true. The pity was that the effort which had made it his and which had gone to keep it up was the one which, because of a difference in years and responsibility, had broken it as a home.

He was swamped with pain as he drove to it through those familiar streets. The sleepless nights of his exile had brought accusing figures to the foot of his bed. He had never been fair, they said. Injustice, inhumanity—she was not a squaw. She was young and had wanted to live. It would have been simple though trying to have lived with her, ceased to be a dog in the manger, and given her what was called "joy." A year at the most would have shown her how little that was worth. . . . "But of this alone even God is deprived," said Aristotle: "the power of making things of the past never to have been."

A latchkey was on his key ring, but he rang the bell. The door was opened by a maid whose face he had never seen.

"Is Mrs. John Harling at home?"

"Yes, sir. What name is it, please?"

"Mr. John Harling," he said.

The girl swallowed her surprise. For a modern, untrained servant she did it remarkably well. But she rather defeated this excellence by standing aside and offering him the run of the house.

Harling refused the offer and, as though he were the man who had come to wind the clocks or tune the piano, ushered himself into the little room at the back of the dining room in which, during his time, such people had been shown. As then, it looked stiff and unused. It was the "poor relation" room of the house into which had been relegated those inevitable pieces of furniture which go with nothing else—wedding presents mostly, including an ugly clock and a pair of bright pink vases which had an instant effect on the liver that was far from good. It had been devoted by a former occupant to a nursery governess who taught there during the morning and in the evening read romance. It had always seemed to Harling to vibrate with a mixture of children's yawns and virginal regrets.

HE was left there less than two minutes and on the maid's return was asked to "Come this way." So, then, he was to be seen—much to his surprise. And as he went up the well known stairs hung with his bachelor prints, his blood raced, his hands were damp, and there was a pain at his heart. He knew that he would give everything that he had made and stood for to begin all over again. But outside the drawing-room door, from force of habit, he straightened his tie and hid his feelings behind a conventional mask.

"My dear Jack," she said in her high, light voice, as though she had seen him at the beginning of the week at the Kit Cat Club, "how nice of you to drop in."

Harling took her hand, but was quite unable to speak. So he put on his best cocktail-party grin and bowed. But he saw in a flash, with a mixture of horror and joy, that the marks of Tessa's freedom were stamped upon her face.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DESERTED
Continued from page fifteen

All her freshness had gone. She looked like a single rose which had been left in stale water in a too hot room. There were dark rings round her eyes, and although she had tried quickly to put health on her face with rouge and powder and a lipstick quickly applied, the effect was counterfeit. She had done something queer to her hair. What? He saw that she was letting it grow so that in the place of its charming neatness it wore the look that is affected by effeminate poets and the people who rough it for months at a time in a wherry on the Norfolk Broads. Or she might have been a May Fair gypsy who had gone back to nature in a motor caravan.

Too many cigarettes had stained her soul with nicotine and brought a curious tremble to her hand. She stood in need of sleep and ozone, honest food and beer. Champagne, cocktails, stale air, and affectation had given her a droop. God! Was it possible that he had caught her at the moment when she had found out that the joy for which she had longed and revolted was Dead Sea fruit? If so he had a chance.

"How well you look," she said. "So brown. I didn't know you were back. You might have let me know." She laughed and removed her hand. But her voice broke as she added, "How incredibly funny it is. Why didn't you let yourself in, or perhaps you chucked your latchkey overboard when you went to America? The final mark of disapproval and relief."

"No," he said. "I've got it. It's on my ring. But I don't break into other people's houses, and this is yours. . . . You're going away, I hear."

"Yes. Tomorrow. I shall be glad to get away. I'm frightfully fed up. I mean with London and the gang. Do you know that it's almost exactly a year since you left me to my fate?" She used this word with sarcasm, like an actress in a play. "You've timed it rather well. Lucky, because if you'd waited until tomorrow I must have missed this pleasant chat. What have you done to yourself? You seem to have left your shell."

Harling shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't what one does to oneself, it's what is done to one. . . . I'm a year older, a year wiser, a year less intolerant. That's all. Then, too, perspective—always a good thing—has widened my point of view. It enables me to tell you that I'm sorry—most awfully sorry—for very many things. It has that knack, I find. But don't let me keep you from packing. I only came to ask you if you want anything from me."

"What, for instance?"

"Money, or . . ."

"Advice?"

HE laughed and said, "Oh, no. You're living your own life. You're not a squaw any longer. My foot is not on your neck."

"On whose have you got it now?" She looked him full in the face. Her whole expression told him that she didn't imagine for a moment that he had not found compensation with another feminine thing—though not a girl, not a mere irresponsible fly-by-night who found it so tiresome and boring to pull her weight in the boat. One was enough.

"No. I'm alone," he said. "Too much work, I suppose—though I find London a deserted city, an atrociously lonely place. I'd rather like to hook on if I could find some one who's been through it and wants to get out of the traffic for a change. Meantime, you may like to know that I'm arranging to set you free."

"Oh, thanks so much," she said as though he had announced that he had booked two seats for a play. But it was borne in upon her as she looked at his lean brown face and sane eyes, his muscular height and squareness, how different he was from the listless, smoke-dried men with frozen faces who blinked at daylight after having lived so many hours of every night in electric-lighted cellars. He brought sea air and health into that exotic room, and his very words were plain and unaffected so that she listened to them with a pleasant sense of shock. He was to set her free for what? He made her feel like a city urchin with a sudden ache for trees. He made Morden appear suddenly as a vain and petulant ass.

"All right," he said to himself, but nervously. "I'll have a shot at it. If she's really fed up with this rotten mess, reaction may set in. I'd be thankful for the chance to use my latchkey again."

The point was, of course, whether after a year among what she called sophisticated people she would care a tinker's dam as to Ian Morden's views. She might now think of marriage as incredibly *vieux jeu.* And as that thought hit him rather violently in the face, his plan to ring up Gartlett and ask him to repeat to Tessa Morden's choice remarks seemed amazingly naïve.

AND so he said, losing his nerve, "Good-by. I hope you'll have a very jolly time."

Tessa ignored his hand. "No. I'll give you lunch."

"But aren't I in the way?"

"Whose way? Not in mine. Why pay for lunch at the club or at any other place in this deserted city when you can have it with me at home?" She looked him full in the face and saw something in it which made her think of the white cliffs of Dover through a suddenly lifting fog.

She went to the telephone, and there was something all about her that reminded him of Antibes. She asked for a number and while she waited for an answer began to whistle through her teeth. How many times he had heard her practice that trick in the bath!

"Ian? . . . Tessa speaking. . . . Yes, splendid, thanks. . . . That's good. Look here, old thing, it's off. I'm sorry to mess things up but I've changed my mind. . . . Yes, I know, but it's often been done before and will often be done again. . . . Thanks. So very nice of you to take it so sportingly. Cheerio, old thing. See you soon."

Harling stood bewildered. Was he hearing this, or dreaming that he heard it?

She laughed as she hung up the receiver and opened her hand as though she were dropping something nasty on the floor.

"I'm appallingly tired. Really rather badly tired," and as though to illustrate that fact she placed herself on the sofa at full stretch. "Another cushion. Do you mind?"

"I'm sorry," said Harling. "No, of course I don't." And he fetched one for her and put it behind her head. He would have given several years of his life to have had the courage to go on his knees and put his arms round her and hold her tight. But, damn it, she might object. Because she had scratched Morden it didn't follow that she was in the mood for marriage again. And so he went clumsily to the fireplace and stood with his back to it. It was the unconscious attitude of the master of the house.

She laughed again. There was a queer little catch in her voice. "The latchkey attitude," she said. "Tell me, do you happen to feel like Antibes? I do. Excessively so.

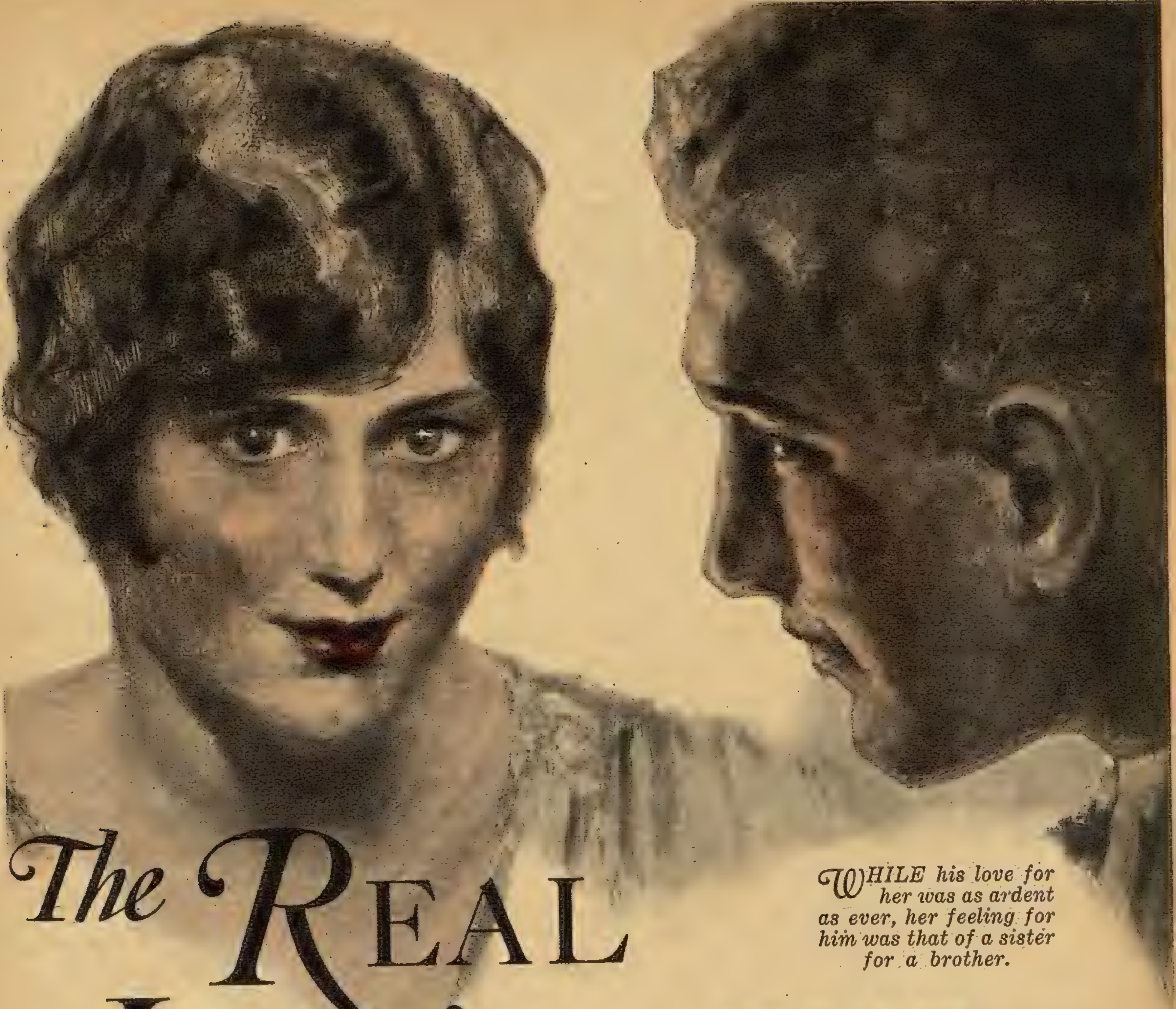
"Somehow or other I have a feeling that I'm a better oarsman than I used to be, Jack, and am ready to pull my weight.

"One learns a lot in a year. . . . But, of course, if you can't get away from the office, or if it doesn't appeal . . ."

It was then that Harling dropped his self-conscious mask with a clatter and left the last remnants of his shell.

Several minutes later Tessa found herself able to say a little breathlessly, "Yes, I see that it does," and seized the opportunity to add, before being rendered speechless again, "This is what I've missed most frightfully since the day you went away."

THE END



WHILE his love for her was as ardent as ever, her feeling for him was that of a sister for a brother.

The REAL Incompatibility

Straight Talk About the Keystone of Marriage

By

JUDGE CHARLES A. OBERWAGER

who, while a New York city magistrate, presided in the women's court and the domestic relations court, where marital troubles present themselves seamy side out. He has long been a practical worker for social betterment and a writer about it. He is a former labor leader.

MY friend was discussing the marital troubles of a pair we had known intimately for years. It seemed to him almost past belief that two persons so ideally suited to each other should ever have reached a divorce court. "There's something behind it," he reiterated. "Something they're hiding."

He was right. There was something behind it—the same something that is behind most of the unaccountable divorces. In fact, it was the same something that, in the final analysis, is behind a majority of all divorces.

This pair had been inseparable since childhood. Neither had ever had another sweetheart. They had precisely the same tastes, the same ideals, the same ambitions. Physically, mentally, morally they seemed to be in absolute harmony. They loved each other devotedly—not with the blazing ardor of youth, which so often burns out, but with a calmer affection based largely on mutual respect and appreciation of each other's qualities. The rosy prophecies of all who knew them should have been enough to carry a dozen pairs safely through.

And yet within a year after they were married the husband came to me. He confided that despite the seeming success of their marriage it was an utter failure. I in a judicial capacity having analyzed many marital problems, he reasoned, might be able to advise him.

Between him and his bride, he explained, there existed a strange barrier. Their marriage had shown that her regard for him was purely platonic. Spiritually and mentally their mutual interest in each other was undiminished. But while his love for her was as ardent as ever, her feeling for him was that of a sister for a brother.

They had discovered this situation immediately, but they had hoped that time would work a change. They no

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longer hoped. Things had gone rapidly from bad to worse. Where in the beginning she had tried to hide her feelings, simply discouraging his caresses, now she had ceased to dissimulate.

He was terribly upset. They both realized, he said, that neither was to blame. This was something beyond their control. And though they still cared for and respected each other, they had thrashed the matter out to the conclusion that a divorce was the only decent solution.

"Don't misunderstand me," said the young husband earnestly. "There is no other woman in my mind and certainly no man in hers. But with both of us there's a feeling of incompleteness, a nagging of frustrated instinct. We're actually embarrassed. We realize that a marriage like ours is an absolute mockery."

When I told him divorce was very seldom sought on such grounds, he was back at me quickly. "Good heavens!" he said, horrified. "You surely don't think we would offer such a reason. That would be beastly!"

And so they drifted—as I anticipated—into the divorce court. He was the defendant, charged with infidelity. He made no defense, though always before he had been characterized by a jealous regard for his good name.

It is illuminating to check off the long list of reasons given by persons who seek divorce. They range all the way from simple incompatibility to infidelity, depending on whether the legal action is brought in a state that recognizes the former as sufficient cause, or in a state like New York, where only the latter constitutes grounds. In between is a sorry list, including desertion, nonsupport, physical and mental cruelty, drunkenness, and so on.

In most cases these given reasons are a camouflage, a smoke screen to hide the real reason. At most they are usually but incidental. The given cause may exist in addition to the true cause, but it is most often the result, not the reason, for the dissatisfaction with each other.

These mismates, shackled by tradition, shrink from revealing the true reason because they think it involves something shameful. So by thousands they resort to conspiracy, collusion, perjury. Some, against their inclination, actually resort to immorality in order to supply legal grounds, though the majority only pretend to do so, finding the way out through perjury. They find either of these a lesser evil than telling the truth.

"Marry in haste . . . " runs the old saying. And, like many of the time-honored axioms, it fails utterly to fit modern conditions. The duration of the courtship seems to make no difference whatever. Impetuous lovers plunge headlong into marriage and then, despite the croakers, continue to be ideally happy. Just as many other pairs are extremely deliberate in approaching matrimony, only to discover that their marriage is a failure almost before the ink is dry on the register.

TAKE the case of that first pair who failed, although they had known each other from childhood.

Surely they had every opportunity to know each other.

Each tried it again with another mate, and the result in both cases illustrates which of all the factors in matrimony is most essential to continued felicity—that is, for normal men and women.

I had thought the wife would never again marry. There seemed no reason for her to do so. She had enough money to take care of herself, and her social position was secure. Her first marital experience had been abhorrent, convincing her that she was lacking in sex emotions or reactions.

Yet within a year after her divorce she was married to a man she had known but a month. This was love at first sight, love that was ardent and unashamed. Her affection for her first husband had been but a pallid thing compared with her flaming interest in this man, though by conventional measures he was not nearly so eligible, nor even so good-looking. But here was radiant happiness, because here was the real compatibility! They have two children now and they still act toward each other like newlyweds.

I was discussing this side of wedlock with a physician of high standing. "A married pair," I argued, "might be mismated in any other respect than this and still be measurably happy, whereas, if they were mated in every other respect but not in this, their lives together must at best be colorless, if not unendurable."

This was too sweeping, he thought. Not but that to his personal knowledge such incompatibility was the cause of a great deal of marital unrest. The point he made was that he did not believe it was always a bar to happiness.

Among his patients, he said, were several married persons who seemed happily married although they displayed not even the most remote interest in matters of sex. Usually this indifference affected wives. Very seldom was it to be found among men unless age had dulled their instincts. Occasionally it existed in both. A case of the latter sort occurred to him as doubly upsetting my theory.

"This pair," he said, "is entirely contented. Their home life is beautiful. They respect and admire each other more than any other persons in the world. They constantly refer to their peace and happiness."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "there will be a different story if either happens to meet someone of the opposite sex, someone who kindles their imagination and awakens dormant instinct."

"No danger of that," countered the doctor. "That could never happen. I am in their confidence and I know that neither of them has ever felt the slightest stirring of what the world calls ardent love. They are incapable of it."

THERE was the riddle solved. My theory was safe. Here was no incompatibility. Here was absolute compatibility. This was a mutually sexless pair, happy with each other because neither one desired ardent love. The marital unhappiness I have in mind occurs where both are normal in this respect, yearning for a complete marital existence, yet failing to find the necessary interest in each other, or where one is still ardent and the other becomes indifferent.

The lack of connubial harmony between any pair is a sad thing. It becomes an out and out tragedy where for some reason or other the mismates, although realizing the true state of affairs, continue to live together in a loveless bondage that is revolting to one or both of them. Such a condition is very widespread.

Government statistics which show one divorce for about every seven marriages supply a hint. Because for every pair courageous enough to seek divorce there are several pairs privately divorced. They may live together, even keep up the fiction of harmony to the outer world, but actually they are as far apart as the poles.

Of deep significance is a recent report of a referee in a domestic relations court which disclosed that of 600 cases of marital trouble which are analyzed, 580 were due to the very sort of incompatibility I am discussing. Although these pairs had ceased to find mutual connubial interest in each other, they continued to live together, although living together in their state of mind was the very thing which had inspired the misunderstandings bitter enough to bring them to court.

Remember, these litigants were not seeking divorce, but simply to have their domestic differences straightened out. Mismated, utterly divorced in mind, body, soul, they intended to go on living together, lying, wrangling, cheating; hating each other because they were shackled together against their inclination; every hour of their lives debasing themselves mentally, physically, spiritually rather than look facts in the face and translate their private separations into honest divorces.

A married pair were before me. These were not youngsters made hysterical by a passing misunderstanding. She was all of thirty, he about five years older. Although

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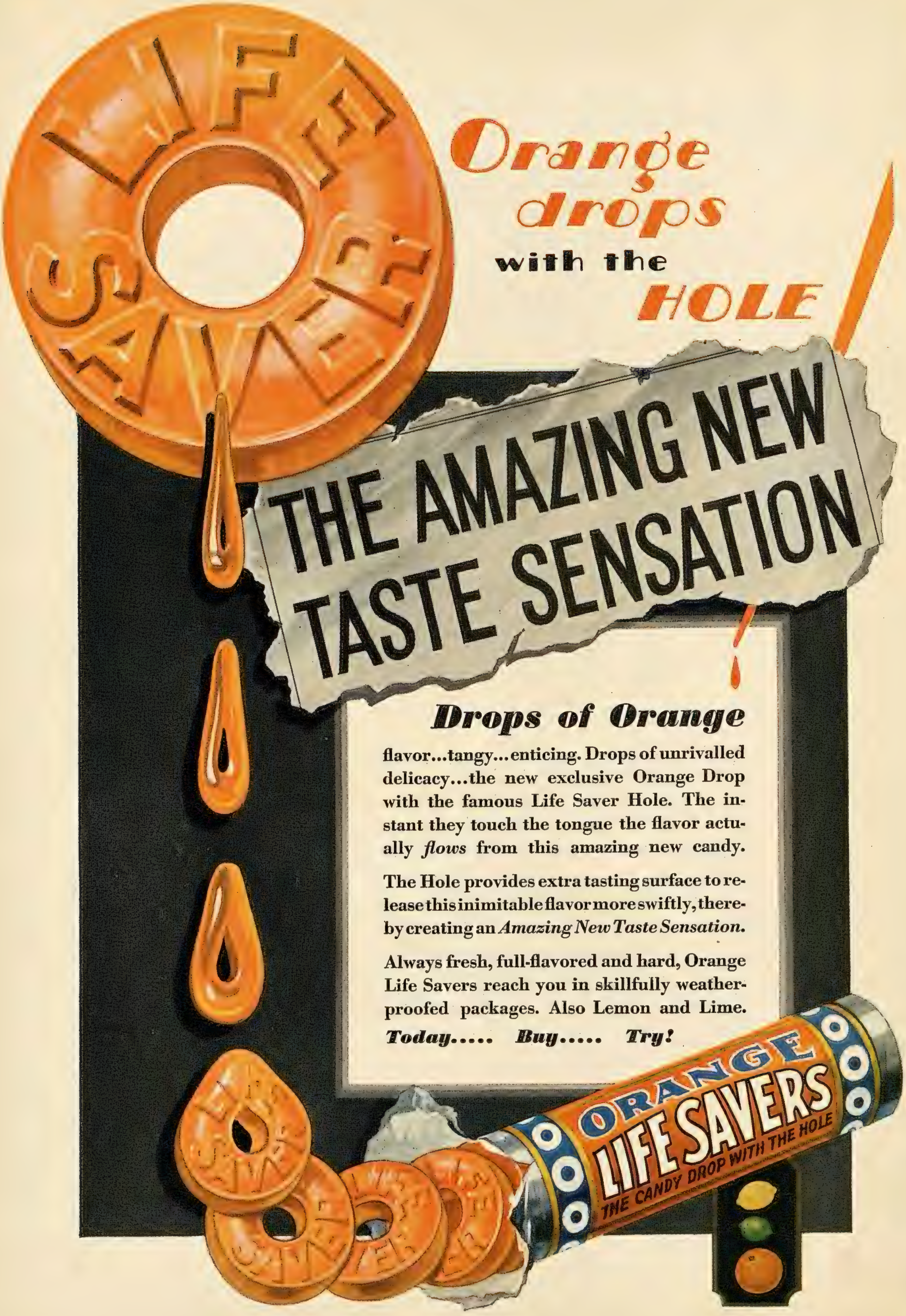

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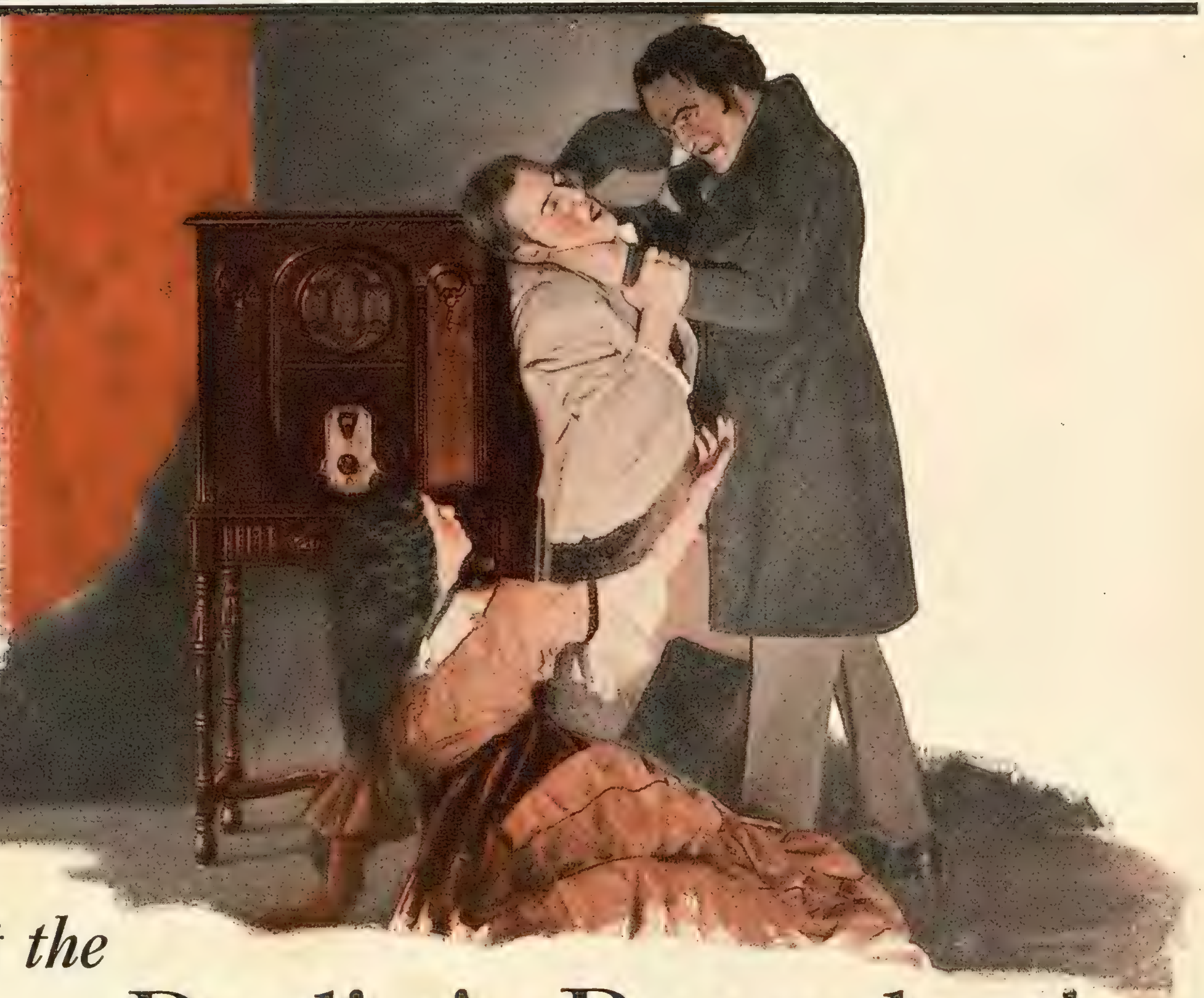

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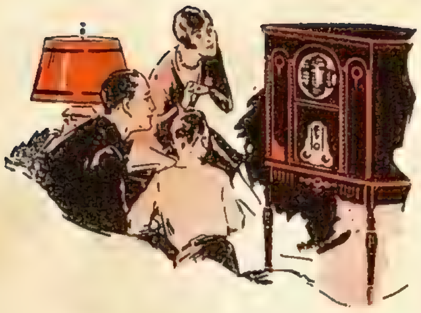

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

they had lived in the same house for the ten years of their married life, eight of these years they had lived apart. He had refused to increase her allowance, and she argued he could well afford to do this in view of the fact that he was spending a lot of money on immoral women. He smiled sarcastically.

" If the truth were known," said he, " she's not entitled to any allowance. She's only guessing about me. I could prove positively that she's been unfaithful."

" If that is true why don't you divorce her? "

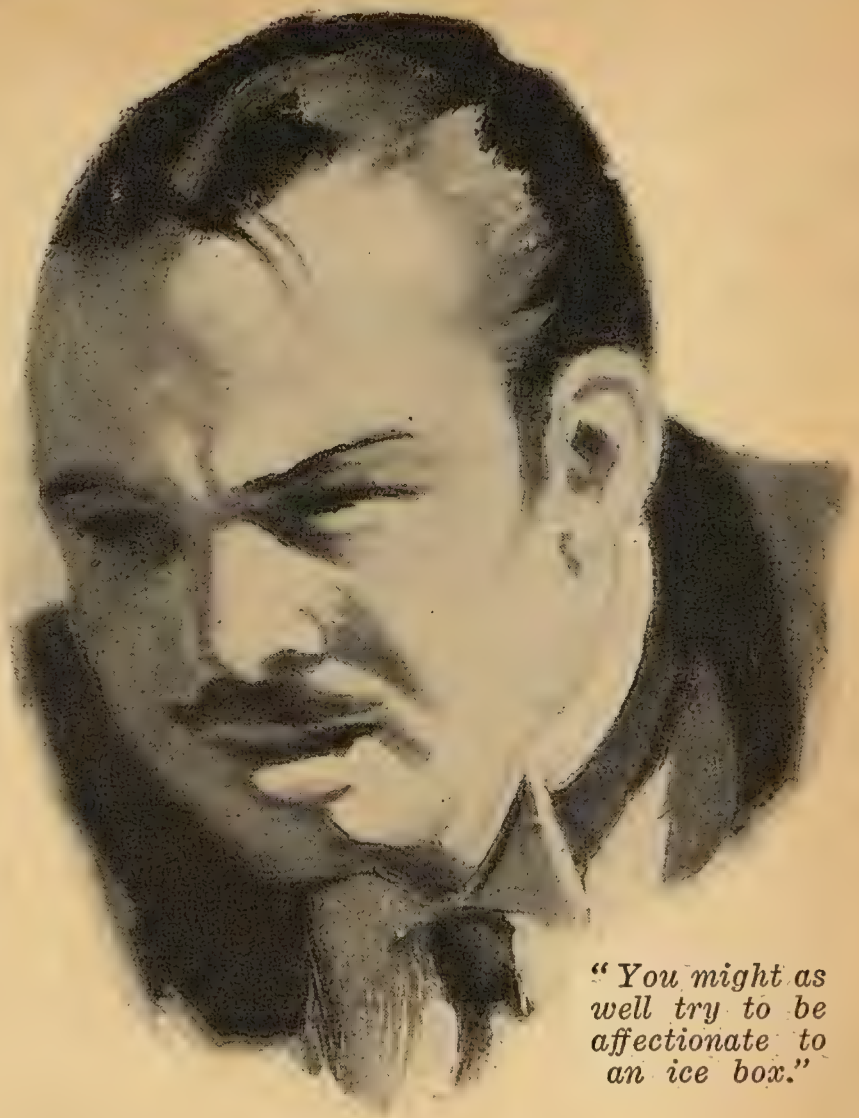
" Oh, I don't care what she does," he replied, " as long as she doesn't try to interfere with me. Besides, Judge, we don't divorce in my religion."

" But you," the woman was reminded—" you're not hampered that way. If he's living the life you say why don't you divorce him? "

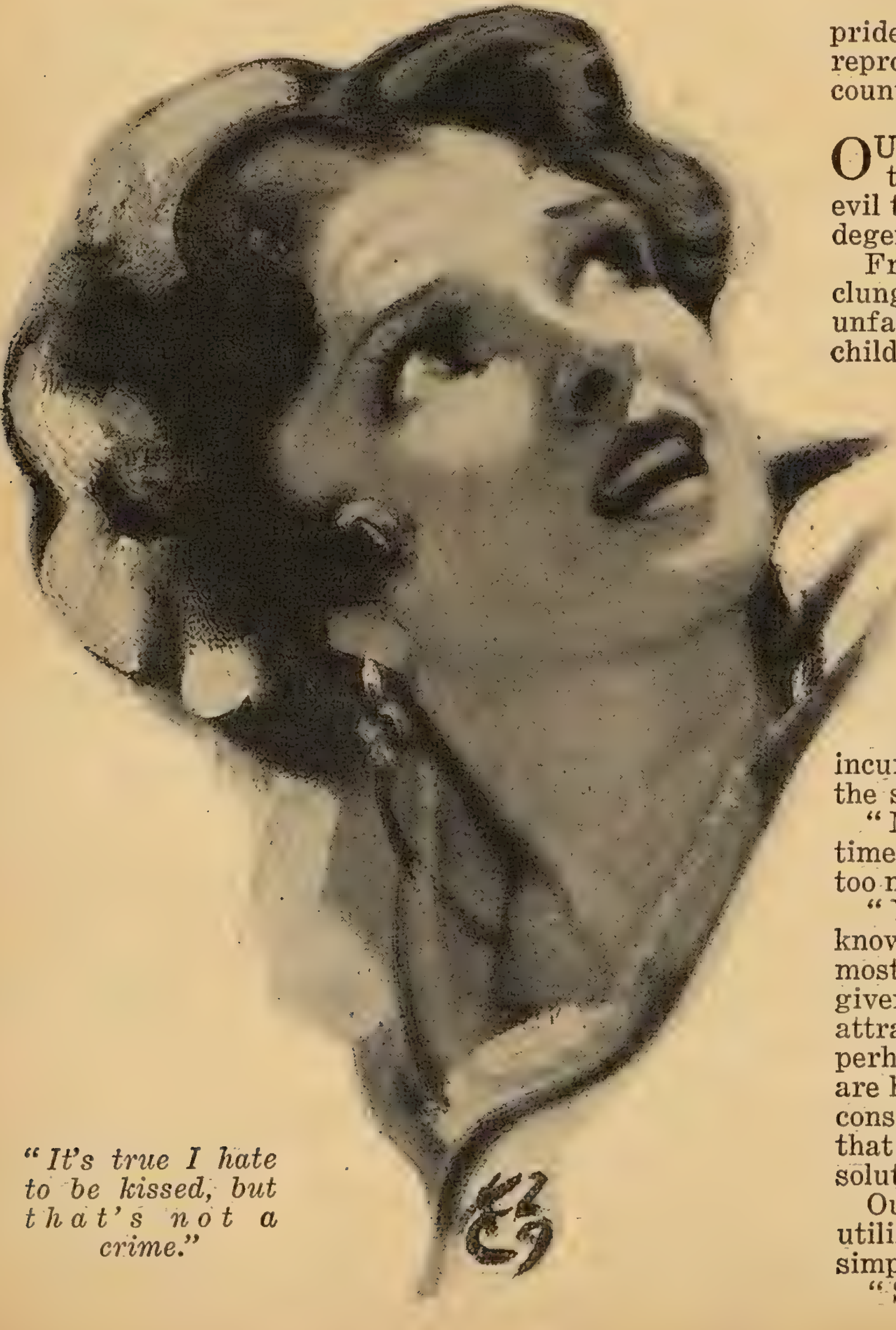
" I'm not such a fool," she replied. " I'm not pretending to care how many women he runs around with as long as he supports me. If I divorced him he'd stop that."

Mutual complaisance such as this is not at all unusual. It is one of the evils resulting where a pair keeps up the farce of marriage though both have lost interest in each other. If only one has lost all desire for the affection of the other, that other one, still interested, will remain loyal in the face of everything. And instead of condoning they always condemn bitterly the transgressions of the other.

Often these mutual mismates keep up a pretense of being blind to the philandering of each other, but it is only a flimsy fiction at most. They do not object because they no longer care, and they do not care because with the passing of ardent love for each other there passes any concern except for outward appearances. It is only when pride forces them to take cognizance, or when one reproaches the other, that the fiction is dropped and counter-accusations are hurled.



" You might as well try to be affectionate to an ice box."



" It's true I hate to be kissed, but that's not a crime."

OUT of this situation spring all the evils of married life, the least of which are far worse than the biggest evil to be charged against divorce. Infidelity, treachery, degeneracy are among these—even murder.

Fresh in mind is the notorious case of a husband who clung to a wife who despised him and whom he knew to be unfaithful. He was complaisant for the sake of their child. He submitted rather than subject it to the odium which he thought might accompany a public scandal. And now he is dead at the hands of the wife and her paramour, and she has paid in the electric chair. That husband and wife might both of them be alive and happy today, apart from each other. And the child would not have had her whole life shadowed by the terrible tragedy.

I was one of a group which began to speculate on the part sex played in the amazing increase of divorce in this country.

" Nowadays people are more frank about such matters," I ventured. " When they discover any incurable barrier to their complete happiness they take the short way out."

" Not at all," interjected one of our group. " The only time sex enters into marital failure is where the pair give too much thought to sex."

" You are reversing the matter," interrupted a well known psychiatrist. " I have found that marital trouble most often occurs because too little thought has been given the matter. The pairs have been idealistic perhaps, attracted to each other by mental or spiritual qualities, perhaps by good looks alone. The very fact that they are honestly attracted tends, in our code, to inhibit other considerations as improper. It is only after marriage that the problem arises and then it is too late. The only solution lies in divorce."

Our conservative was unimpressed. " People who would utilize this sort of thing as an excuse for divorce are simply surrendering to the animal in themselves."

" Stop! " almost shouted a well known minister, famous

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REAL INCOMPATIBILITY
Continued from page twenty-one

for the modern spirit of his preaching and writing. “I am tired of hearing that bosh! It is not such people who seek liberty and take other mates who are animal-like. Far better apply that charge to those pairs who continue in wedlock although one or both of them have lost interest in each other.

“To argue that it is right to hold such a pair together is to deny to mankind the right of natural selection, something that nature has provided. It ignores in man spiritual qualities and the gift of imagination which mark the important difference between him and the lower animals. Because in man's imagination the miracle of romance is born, and romance is the biologic urge that comes straight from God, a stirring of soul and mind and body that impels each normal being to seek a mate suited to him or her mentally, spiritually, and physically.”

Government statistics show one divorce for about every seven marriages.

“You can't argue that, in America at least, the marital failures do not select their mates of their own free will.” The conservative was triumphant.

“To declare that a mere human being should be held to account for his mistake in this respect,” said the preacher blandly, “is to exact of him more perfect judgment than was displayed by God, or nature, or whatever force it was that led him to his mismating.”

Of course we came to no agreement. We “radicals,” as the others called us, held that the contract of marriage was not of the first importance in the situation. The procreative urge, we argued, was not shaped by nature to fit smoothly into man's convention of wedlock, but that, to the contrary, man had devised marriage to fit and control, as far as possible, the instinct of sex.

An idea most persistently impressed upon youth is that the sex appeal in marriage is but a passing lure; that other considerations, such as mutual respect, character, ambition, industry, and so on, are immeasurably more important. Eventually, however, every one of us must discover, from the examples all about us, that a marriage may include all these virtues and still not be a happy marriage, while, on the other hand, the partnership may include few or none of these essentials and still seem to prosper amazingly. What is wrong, then, with the formula? Alas, too many persons find the answer only in their own unhappy marital experiments.

ONE day a settlement worker—a very nice, earnest young woman—was in court when there came before me a woman shabby, toil-worn, worried. She wanted her husband put on his good behavior—made to contribute more of his earnings to supporting the family. The trouble was, it seems, that when he got to drinking in speakeasies he forgot he had obligations to meet.

“How long has he been doing this sort of thing?”

“Over ten years,” the wife replied. “The first year he was all right.”

I happened to remark afterward to my visitor that a great many wives of this sort stick to worthless husbands.

“It is due to the maternal instinct,” declared the young woman. “Duty to their offspring makes them submit. Nothing is stronger than mother love!”

There it was again, the usual misinterpretation of the presence of children in wedlock.

This wife and her husband were a typical pair. Almost every neighborhood has at least one of them. He is usually a wastrel, often dissipated, invariably lazy. The wife is always the family head, so far as providing goes. She takes in washing or boarders or goes to business, according to her class or capacity. And there are always children, babies arriving at intervals to the consternation of the good ladies of the neighborhood.

These women cling to their husbands, ready enough to berate them for their shortcomings, but quick in their defense if an outsider criticizes. By all odds these wives would be better off separated from such husbands. Why, then, do they stick? The children supply the answer. But not as the settlement worker interpreted it. Nor yet because the children bring marital stability. But children, coming one after another, show that there is a persistence of ardor between the pair. The interest is indubitably mutual. Otherwise, in the face of the worthlessness of such a husband, his wife would quickly rid herself of him; while a man of his type not held by continued interest would desert her without the least qualm.

It is unfortunate when a married pair come to realize that all their beautiful dreams of home and happiness and children are mirages and that their only possible chance for a happy future lies in divorce from each other. It is worse when a different sort of pair, similarly alienated, decide it is better to stay together, satisfying their romantic yearnings by philandering with others.

BUT the saddest of all is the plight of that pair where one, loving ardently, comes to realize that the other is indifferent, perhaps absolutely cold. For the very worst meannesses of wedlock take root in this situation—the injustices, the dissension, the retaliations, eventually the actual hatreds. And the strange part of it is that a husband or wife can feel genuine regard for the mate, and at the same time a distinct aversion from any demonstrations of affection whatever.

“Why do you drink and persist in showing attention to other women?” I asked a certain defendant whose wife had charged him with such delinquencies.

“Why not?” he said. “My wife hates me and doesn't hide it.”

“That's untrue,” declared the wife. “I love him dearly. I'm always looking out for his interests.”

“Yes, like a paid housekeeper,” he retorted. “I'm too good a meal ticket to be dropped altogether. Loves me, huh! Why, your Honor, whenever I try to be the least bit affectionate she shows that it's hateful to her. I'm actually beginning to think there's another man.”

The wife's protests were so sincere that I had a woman probation officer question her privately. Thus I got the explanation. The wife did love him dearly, but in a platonic way. She wanted him to love her, too, but in the same way. That was why she discouraged his demonstrations of love. And because she felt no need whatever for affection, she could not understand why he should feel otherwise.

There is drama for you—both miserable through no fault of their own. The man loving his wife enough to be jealous, yet faithless. The wife loving him enough to want to hold him in spite of her aversions, and tortured by the thought that she was driving him to other women.

Of an entirely different sort are those cases in which the husband or the wife is emotionally normal, yet feels that strange aversion only for the one to whom he or she happens to be married.

A young wife before me was intelligent and very modern in her views. I had certain information that she had been unfaithful to her husband. This, however, did not enter his mind. In fact, he denied such a possibility even before it was suggested.

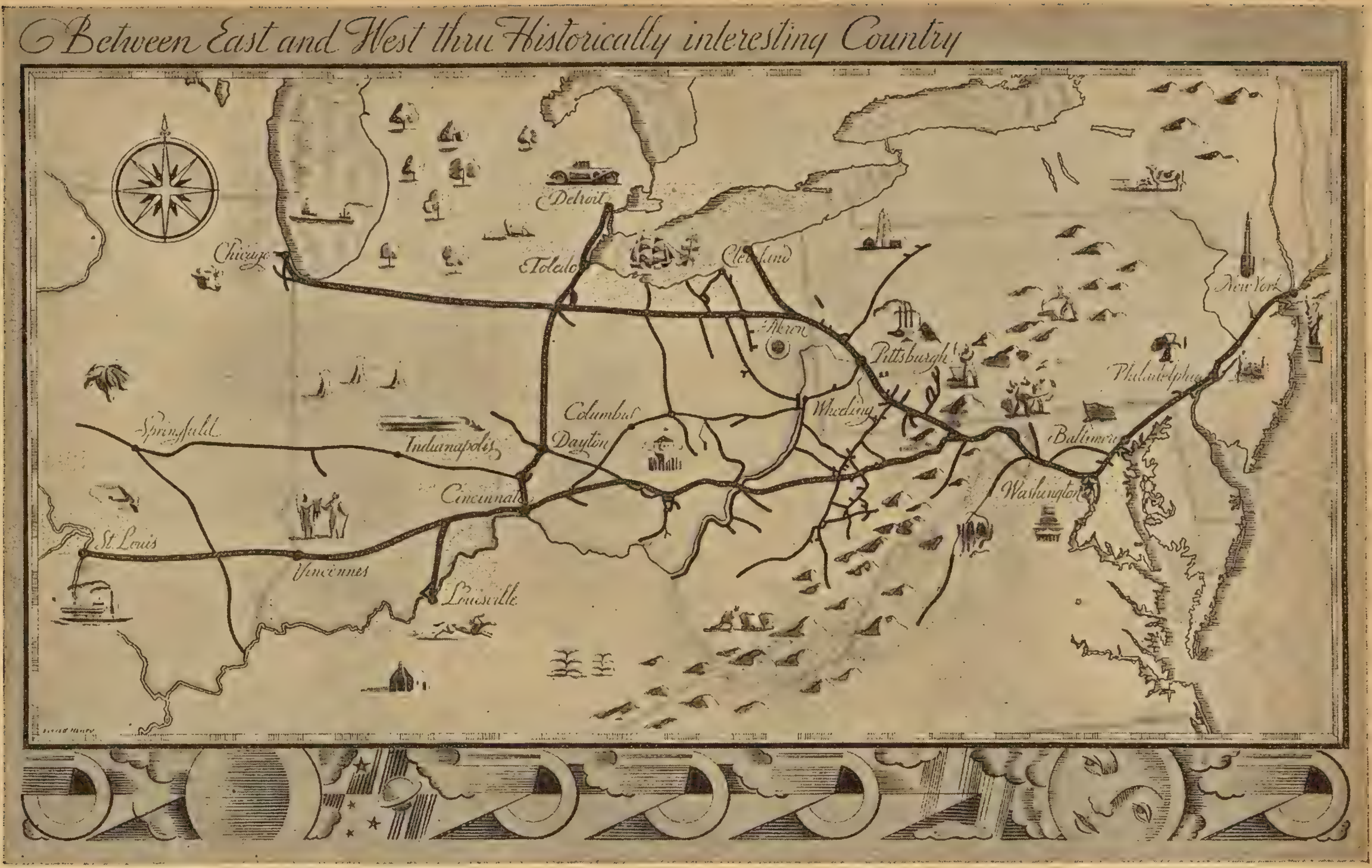
“I know she sometimes drinks too much,” he said, “and is often indiscreet. But one thing I will say—she's straight, absolutely! I'm sure of it.”

“Why?”

“Because she likes going around and having a good time, but there isn't a particle of sentiment in her get-up. Love-making bores her to death. Why, she holds me off, and I know that she loves me better than any one in the world.”

There was his proof. Because his wife was thoughtful of him in many respects she loved him—because she

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

discouraged him in other respects she was cold by nature. Such is the ego of many husbands—an ego that seldom afflicts wives.

Privately this wife made no denial of her infidelities. "I hide it from him," she explained, "because I care for him too much to want to hurt him. There has never been another man I would marry. I want to be fair. When he complains about the things I do I tell him we'd better be divorced. But he will not listen."

Cases like that run on until something happens to force open the eyes of the wronged husband or wife. And then almost invariably they display the more rage because they have no one but themselves to blame for having been hoodwinked so long.

NEXT WEEK—

The Angel of the Palms

A tale of the New Hebrides

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Ronald Colman

A close-up of a movie star whom Hollywood can't understand

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

What Is Beauty in Sculpture?

By GUTZON BORGLUM

To court one day came a young wife who wanted her husband restrained from annoying her. It turned out to be a case very similar to the foregoing, except that this wife had recently left her husband and was earning her own support. She, too, had begged him often to settle their hopeless alienation by divorce.

Then, unable to stand his constant recrimination and fighting because of her indifference, she had struck out for herself. Unable to be his wife in every respect, she said, she wished to be under no obligations to him.

"I've found out why she left me," said the husband. "She has a lover."

The wife did not answer.

"Pretending to hate love-making—the hypocrite!" he went on.

"I'm not a hypocrite," she interrupted quietly. "I did hate it—from you."

"You — you —" he exploded. "Why, you're worse than a woman of the streets!"

"Oh, no," she replied with quiet dignity. "But I would have been worse than one if I had pretended to care for you when the very thought of your caresses made my flesh creep!"

Say what you will, this woman at least had honesty in her favor. Denied legal release from an obnoxious union, she had self-respect enough to refuse her husband's support when she seized release in the only way within her power. And in some respects she and her sisters are better than many wives who brag, and truthfully, that their honor is above reproach, who cleave to their husbands and are paragons of all the domestic virtues.

I RECALL a wife of this sort, one of many who have come to me for assistance. This one wanted to live apart from her husband and yet be supported by him. It seemed he got drunk frequently, when he would denounce her, often publicly, for not caring as much for him as a wife should.

"And I've been a good wife, your Honor, as all our friends and neighbors will bear out. I've taken good care of him and our home and actually worked myself sick at times. He has no gratitude."

"Gratitude!" almost shrieked the husband. "Gratitude for what? For being allowed to sleep and eat in my own house? That's about all our married life ever meant, your Honor. I might just as well be a lodger. Why, if she was ever to show me the least bit of affection I'd drop dead."

"Perhaps you don't invite it by showing her affection."

He laughed. "Judge, I stopped that long ago. You might as well try to be affectionate to an ice box."

The wife read the speculation in my eyes as they turned upon her.

"What of it?" she demanded. "He's a mushy fool if you let him be. It's true I hate to be kissed and fussed over, but that's not a crime!"

She was right. Marital coldness on the part of a wife is not a crime. Nor is it unusual. I have heard it estimated variously that from forty per cent to sixty per cent of all wives come under that head. And, certainly, since the sexless wife is not to blame I do not suggest that she should be punished. But I ask the opponents of divorce, is it just or reasonable that her husband should be punished by having to remain shackled to her?

I do not believe that sex indifference is inherent in women more often than in men; simply that it is more apparent. There is a good reason for this.

With the average man marital interest in a woman is usually awakened by sex urgings first and other things afterward. Whereas with many women marital interest in a man can be, and often is, awakened by interests or motives in which sex plays no part. It has been so, no doubt, since housekeeping was done in caves. The man is a good provider, he is generous, he is kind; for this reason or that he is eligible.

The average girl does not consciously choose her man for this; but, provided she is not in love with another man, it is very apt to turn her interest and ultimately her affections toward him. Then through the marital association she has her awakening, learning that affection, amply adequate where companionship only is in question, can never take the place of the ardor that takes root in pure romance. And this awakening often brings with it acute discontent, teaching the wife that, while she is not lacking in emotional instincts, these are not centered in her husband, perhaps are leaning elsewhere.

NOT long ago an eminent neurologist said to me that to discourage or deny divorce to normal persons from mates who were indifferent was equivalent to condemning the former to a choice between impaired health or immorality. Sex repression, he declared, is responsible for much mental aberration, particularly in women.

This in his opinion was because adherence to the traditional code of morality is stronger with women than with men.

This physician went on to argue that in a broad sense a marital state like this is ample justification for infidelity.

So far as this goes I do know that philandering husbands beyond number defend their dereliction on that very score.

It is not strange that most persons are so confused on the subject of the sex factor in wedlock. Our moral preceptors have always been so evasive and contradictory in the matter that mankind has gained the false idea that there must be something shameful in sex emotion.

Even in its relation to marriage the matter has been treated as something to be kept in the background. Whenever sex is touched upon at all it is only in warnings against its dangers and potential sinfulness.

It is axiomatic that a happy and fruitful marriage is the highest social achievement, the ideal state for men and women, the bulwark of the human race. Yet, strangely, the most ardent advocates of such marriages are the very ones who strenuously oppose divorce for sex mismates. They stand for the permanence of marriage, they declare.

Apparently they overlook the fact that without sex harmony there cannot possibly be a happy or fruitful marriage.

They do not seem to realize that in denying to a man or woman who has made a mischoice the right to seek another more suitable mate, they are opposing the very things they advocate, combating a law of nature and defeating the most important reason for marriage.

THE END

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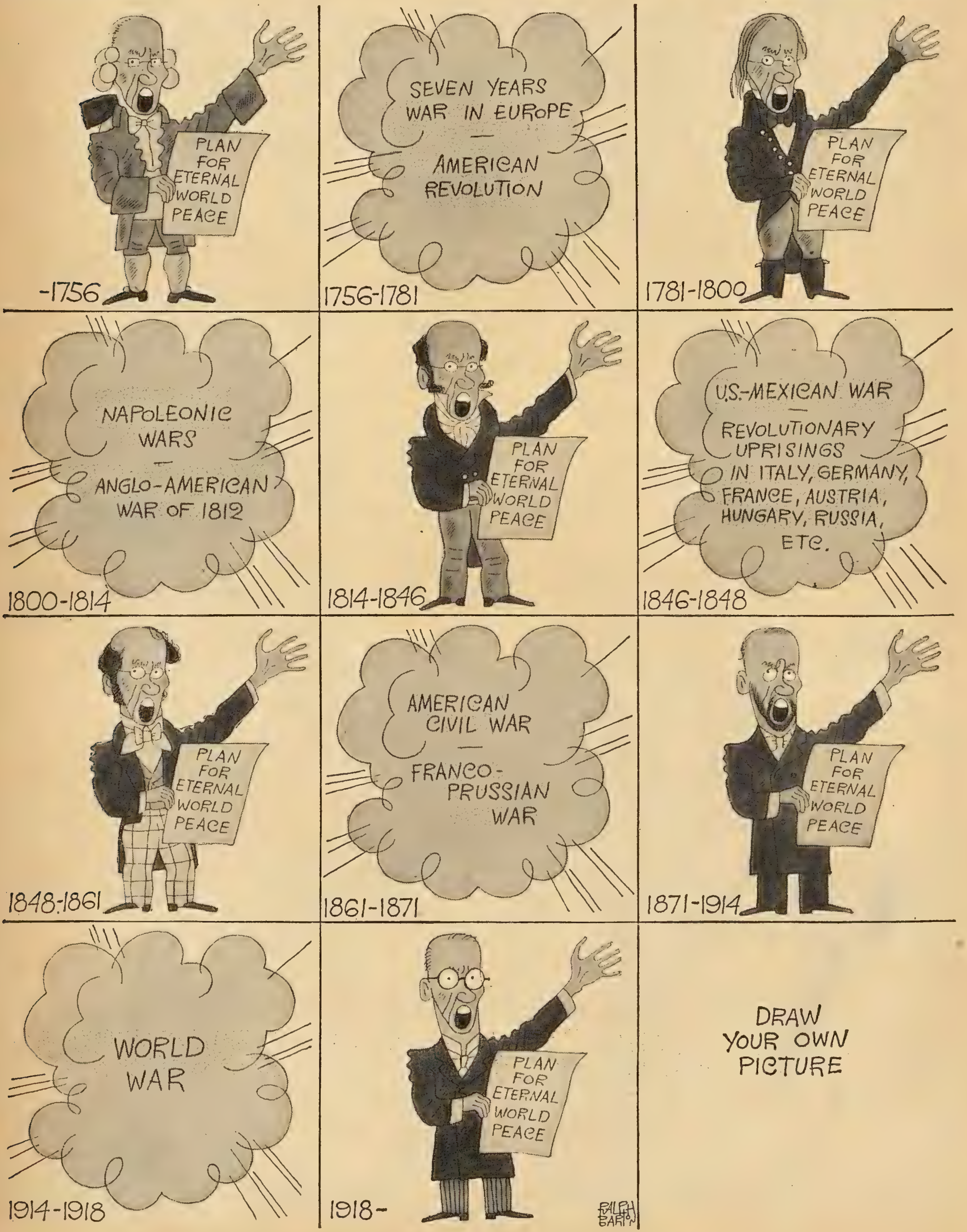
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON


PLAN FOR ETERNAL WORLD PEACE
-1756
SEVEN YEARS WAR IN EUROPE — AMERICAN REVOLUTION
1756-1781
PLAN FOR ETERNAL WORLD PEACE
1781-1800
NAPOLEONIC WARS — ANGLO-AMERICAN WAR OF 1812
1800-1814
PLAN FOR ETERNAL WORLD PEACE
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U.S.-MEXICAN WAR — REVOLUTIONARY UPRISINGS IN ITALY, GERMANY, FRANCE, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, RUSSIA, ETC.
1846-1848
PLAN FOR ETERNAL WORLD PEACE
1848-1861
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR — FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR
1861-1871
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80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; other kinds in trench mouth. Authorities believe 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with the teeth.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all the ordinary methods fail in combating film effectively.

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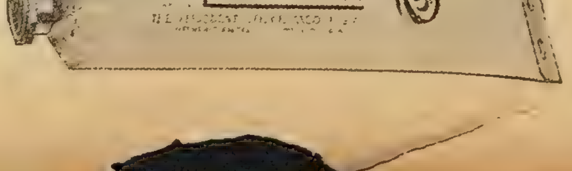

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LOVE in the Talkies

Involving a Variety of Vicissitudes: the Happiest for Mary Brian

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND

BASED on Edith Wharton's novel, The Children, Paramount's The Marriage Playground turns out to be one of those intelligent and sincere little film dramas that happen along only now and then. Here is a story of easy divorce—and the unhappy penalty paid by the children. The background of Mrs. Wharton's novel is the gilded bathing sands of Europe where loll those awaiting their newest divorces.

Mary Brian, Philippe de Lacy, and Fredric March, caught by the camera at a moving moment of The Marriage Playground.

Judy, the eldest of a brood of children, is trying to keep mama and papa and the kiddies together. Divorce hovers behind every Lido beach umbrella—with inevitable separation for the offspring.

Into the drama steps a mining engineer back from three years in Africa. He is on his way to marry a rich widow, but, being a college chum of the philandering daddy, he decides to wait a few days and help ward off the domestic smash-up.

Much of the genuineness of The Marriage Playground comes from Mary Brian's tender and sympathetic playing of Judy.

Not so very long ago Miss Brian was the timid Wendy of Peter Pan.

Step by step she has moved through dozens of pallid flapper rôles. She has been the gaunt Gary Cooper's inspiration. She has been the adolescent ideal of Buddy Rogers. She has been admired in a nice way by Adolphe Menjou.

Out of all this she seems to be emerging, the most competent ingénue in films. She has one superb moment in The Marriage Playground—when she realizes that she loves the good Samaritan, her father's conscientious chum.

The direction of Lothar Mendes is both expert and gentle.

You will like Fredric March as the engineer.

You will find such pleasant players as Lilyan Tashman playing the modern mother, Kay Francis as a rival charmer, and little Philippe de Lacy, the best of all child actors, as one of the poor little rich children.

And Seena Owen, once the Princess Beloved, adored of Belshazzar, in Griffith's Intolerance, is the plain and middle-aged widow who waits in vain for her engineer.

The Marriage Playground has many penetratingly moving moments, thanks largely to Miss Brian.

★ ★ THIS THING CALLED LOVE

This Thing Called Love, which the Pathé studios made from a play by Edwin Burke, has pretensions along the same path of shrewd and smart observation, plus a playfully daring intent.

Here is the situation of two young people wary of the matrimonial rocks.

So the wealthy husband and his wife sign a business agreement, she to be his wife, hostess, and house manager for a certain price per year.

It is a companionate love nest, for they oc-

Dance Hall features Olive Borden and Arthur Lake—here shown in an intricate step.

Coffee and liqueurs for two: a worldly little scene in This Thing Called Love, shrewdly played by Edmund Lowe and Constance Bennett.

Lupe Velez as the French-Canadian minx in the film drama of the northwest, Tiger Rose.

cupy separate rooms—and no questions asked.

But they fall deeply in love and the contract begins to topple.

This Thing Called Love has an interesting cast. Constance Bennett, who has been away from films for some time following her marriage, and Edmund Lowe lend a shrewd and incisive touch to the rôles of the couple. Such interesting players as Ruth Taylor, Zasu Pitts, and Carmelita Geraghty are in the cast.

Maybe Lowe's hard-boiled Sergeant Quirt has made you forget his abilities in smart comedy. This lad certainly has varied abilities.

Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon as they appear in Skinner Steps Out.

★ ★ Tiger Rose

This was once a David Belasco vehicle for Lenore Ulric, who played the French-Canadian spitfire in the midst of the drama dean's canvas presentation of the great northwest. Willard Mack was the author and the Royal Mounted officer who got his man, the heroine's sweetheart, after pursuing him for hours, only to let him go free out of goodness of his heart.

All of Belasco's melodramas seem to stand revealed on the screen as plain hokum.

Tiger Rose is like the others. The suspense falls out as soon as the light of day hits the plot skeleton.

Lupe Velez, who does not seem to live up to her flashing promise, is the girl, Grant Withers is the chap she tries to save, and Monte Blue assumes an Irish dialect for Mack's rôle. Tiger Rose has a superb background of towering forest giants.

★ Skinner Steps Out

Years ago Bryant Washburn came to success by playing the young chap who was a browbeaten office worm until he bought a full dress suit. Then he was transformed overnight into a business riot. The film was called Skinner's Dress Suit.

Now it's a talkie, made by Universal, with Glenn Tryon as Skinner and Merna Kennedy as the missus.

It's just fair.

★ Dance Hall

Something happened, here, to one of Viña Delmar's Liberty yarns. The story emerges from the Radio Pictures studios as a weak talkie called Dance Hall.

They have clapped a blonde wig upon the raven-haired Olive Borden.

Thus do movie producers always try to improve upon nature.

Arthur Lake is the adolescent hero. Joe Cawthorne is the best of the cast as the German proprietor of the Charleston emporium. Mrs. Delmar deserves better than this by Hollywood.

Do you know that—

George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin are to direct for United Artists? . . . Norma Talmadge is to do Du Barry? . . . D. W. Griffith has signed Walter Huston to play Abraham Lincoln in his forthcoming feature?

Christ *and the* Soviet *in* China

What the Missions Have Done and What Moscow Is Doing

By

FREDERICK PALMER

Ewing Galloway photo

Typical Chinese beggars in their cotton-padded rags. They are only too ready to turn "rice Christians."

"YOU are just the man to tell the truth about—" Writers are used to that. This time it is about the Christian evangelization in China, on the confidential appeal of foreign merchants and consuls; and also something about Soviet evangelization.

Candor about the Christian missions, the most ticklish of subjects, which a consul expresses in private, is not in order in a report to the State Department. It would mean reprobation of a sacrosanct calling, which is related to self-sacrifice and martyrdom and backed by most powerful organizations.

However, I shall try to hold up the mirror, which is a writer's business. Otherwise, I should pass over one of the most powerful of all influences in creating present conditions in China, be they for good or bad.

The last word I heard about missions was from a woman who was a fellow passenger on the homeward voyage.

"Thank heaven there are no driveling missionaries on this steamer!" she said. "Outward bound, we had a mess of them who told the little children on board that if they did not love God better than their mothers there would be a terrible storm which would wreck the ship. The compensating note was that one child said, 'Let's have the storm! I'd like to see it.'"

These missionaries were Fundamentalists. The woman was a Modernist. She goes to church regularly at home; and so do many merchants in the treaty ports who express similar views about missions.

Set against the foregoing incident is another on a long Pacific voyage. On board were two women with whom respectable women refused to sit at table. But two missionary women, Fundamentalists, having "thrown the first stone" mentally, volunteered to do so.

Before the days of steam the blue-nosed skipper who was in the "Chiny trade" sniffed and maybe cussed when mission collections were taken up in the churches at home. Why send people to convert John Chinaman who was no fool and had a pretty good religion of his own? Why not labor with home heathen, even if this were less romantic but more practical?

The first Christian missionaries to China were the Catholic fathers who went overland across Asia before the discovery of America. The first Protestant missionary was the English Robert Morrison in 1807, when British trade with China was beginning to flourish.

In 1842, after thirty-five years' labor, the Protestants had baptized six native converts. Then the treaty of Nanking, after the British war on China, opened the pioneer treaty ports. A missionary rush began, and a greater one followed after the treaty of Tientsin in 1860 which opened northern China.

Far in the back country the first white man natives ever saw was a missionary. He built his station, after the model of houses in his homeland, on a hill looking down on the roofs of the town where he preached the gospel of his sect.

The natives were puzzled about the numerous sects. One held that salvation was through baptism; another that immersion was enough; another believed in predestination; another in everlasting hell fire; another in absolution for repentance. At one time there were as many as 147 Christian sects evangelizing China.

VENERABLE viceroys, smiling into their capacious silken sleeves, might wonder what Father Confucius would say to this.

China had only the sect of universal Confucianism, touched with the superstitions of Taoism and the vague unrealities of Buddhism. It was clear to venerable viceroys that lack of logic characterized the outer barbarians, who had no respect for their ancestors, if they had any ancestors worth mentioning.

The barbarians must be very rich to spend so much money on ships and armies and in paying the cost of missions. Venerable viceroys, so subtle themselves, might further wonder if the missionary might not be playing his part in the barbarian game to exploit China; and if the fact that the missionary and the trader belonged to factions that did not mix might not be "face" to cover chicane.

But it was also clear that the champion of every one of

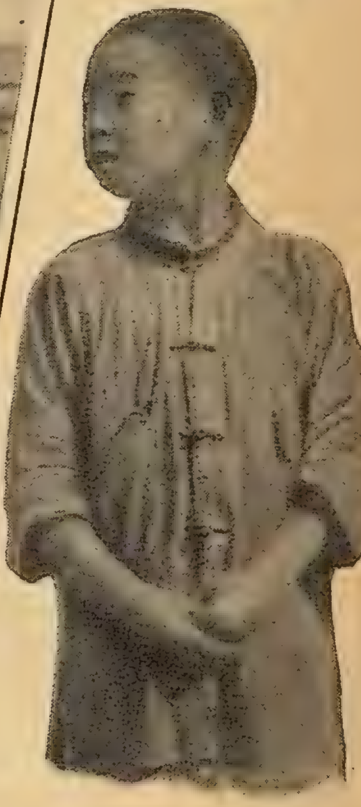
International photo

The Methodist mission station on the Yangtze River at Wuhu, in the war area of the revolution of 1927.

Paupers like these abound in the land of famines.

P. & A. photo

A scene on the station platform at Harbin during the Chinese deportation of Soviet railroad employees. At the right, a beggar boy.



the sects must be allowed to stand in the streets and preach his gospel. The crowd might call him foul names, but if he were harmed, then Peking might remove a viceroy.

Although the foreign apostle's was the gospel of peace, the answer to a blow struck at him was not a turning of the other cheek. The answer was broadsides from foreign men-of-war, which meant to Peking the loss of more national rights, and more indemnities to pay.

For the missionary was a majestic white man no less than the admiral who strode the man-of-war's deck or the minister plenipotentiary of a foreign legation. His life was no less sacred than that of the trader by the command of an admiral or a minister who took his cue from his chiefs far over the seas. The barbarian's religion might have many rituals of salvation, but his government had a singular unity.

THE early Christian missionaries from Rome won kings and chieftains of the then semisavage world of northern Europe. But the missionaries in China were not winning Chinese viceroys, who looked down upon the outer barbarians from the pinnacle of their lofty scholarship in the Chinese classics. The converts were coolies and mechanics, the poor and the humble, even as were the first Christian disciples. By 1875 there were 473 Protestant missionaries in China with a claim of 113,517 converts and 254 Catholics with 407,000 converts. By 1890 the numbers had more than doubled.

In 1897, for the murder of German missionaries, Kaiser William took Kiaochow and established a protectorate over Shantung province. Britain took Weihaiwei. Russia had Port Arthur. The Japanese had their eyes on Amoy. In '98 America took the Philippines. The break-up of China into spheres under foreign control seemed inevitable. The white man was at the zenith of his majesty in the Orient. Kipling, bard of empire, had written his exhortation to Americans to take up "the White Man's Burden" in the Philippines. And the missionaries were never more certain of the ultimate Christianization of China.

But just what constituted a convert? There was much joking among the mandarins, in the foreign consulates and legations, and among the foreign merchants about "rice Christians." As I heard one Chinese express it:

"Me b'long all sides Jese Cli pidgin. Me Pliscopal, Blaptist, Clatholic, Plesbyterian. Get plenty rice. Mlission doctor he velly good—cure dam quick!"

At first, in the manner of the early apostles, the missionaries simply preached faith and salvation. Then the early apostles' laying on of hands and miracles were duplicated by the magic of modern medicine and surgery. The merchant excepted from his criticism the missionary doctor who faced the horrible diseases in the morning line at the mission dispensary.

The doctor's apostolic colleagues of the older churches were being selected by a new system. It was no longer enough for an uneducated man or woman to feel the "call." The candidate must have a college education; he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

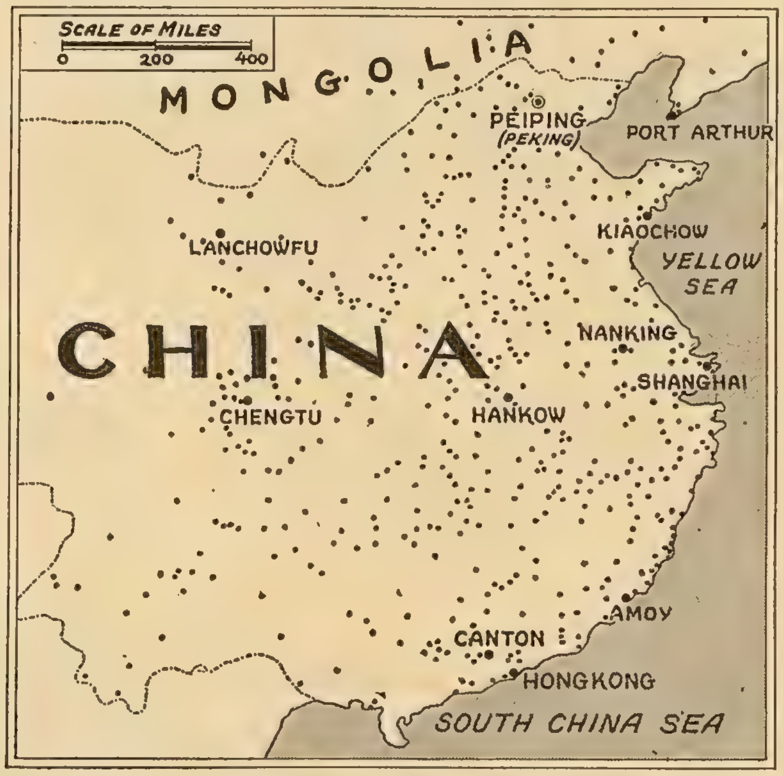
CHRIST AND THE SOVIET IN CHINA
Continued from page thirty-one

must learn the national mandarin dialect and then a regional dialect. Evangelism in China became a carefully trained profession. The product was being adapted to the market. A selling organization was being developed. Christianity was exhibited as a good investment for the convert in increase of health and prosperity.

Then the mission schoolroom as well as a dispensary was established, neighbor to the auditorium which held the pulpit and organ. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were being taught free to disciples.

The missionaries were starting primary schools all over China. When the Manchu dynasty passed, in 1911, the new era was capitalized as further argument for funds from home. China, the republic, seemed to assure prompt westernization. There must be higher schools for molding the future leaders of Chinese regeneration.

American colleges were encouraged to sponsor sister colleges in China. There should be Smith and Vassar in China, and Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in China. The walls of magnificent new universities, richly endowed, rose in Peking and Nanking. Rising prosperity in America accelerated generosity in answer to the Oriental appeal.



The dots indicate the wide distribution of mission stations in China, and mark the exact locations of some 500 of them.

Greatest of all the new plants was the Peking Union Medical College built by the Rockefeller Foundation in Peking. Its aim was in keeping with the Rockefeller idea that fought hookworm, malaria, and other tropical diseases and eliminated the scourge of yellow fever from the American continent. Better health meant increase of production and consumption through improved intelligent self-interest—meant the selling of more cars, more oil, sugar, bread, and all things.

In all the world the Peking Union is unsurpassed in its equipment. It not only trains young Chinese, but calls students from afar to experiment and research in a field where the people are afflicted with an unsurpassed variety of diseases.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Buildings of the Peking Union Medical College, erected by the Rockefeller Foundation.

One of its doctors spoke the ethics of the new gospel when he said that all human beings are so much protoplasm, and be the skin black, red, white, or yellow, biochemistry and environment are the means of producing equality.

HOPE, ever hope in China! Hope of the missionaries in Christianizing four hundred and fifty million people, hope of the merchants in expanding so vast a market. And here we have the hope of practical scientific idealism.

I was hardly beyond the walls of the Peking Union on a native street in Peking when, passing a doorway close to this conspicuously clean and ordered example of western civilization, I was nearly struck by a pail of slops of the kind which western culture sends to the sewer.

The Foundation is diminishing the allowance to the Union Medical College, for the Rockefeller method is to show the backward peoples the way, give them a start, and then let them do it themselves.

The Catholics have property interests in their missions and schools as great as the Protestants'. They have an apostolic advantage in homogeneity.

"Conferences and conferences," said a treaty-port merchant. "The missionaries are always conferring."

The conferences are for indoctrination in salesmanship of the Christian idea; to achieve unity and to prevent overlapping of effort. Out of this need grew the Protestant Council of Churches, which has 70 per cent of the sects in coöperation. The number of sects has been reduced to about 100.

There is a map of China which shows the allocation of sections of territory to the different sects which have agreed to keep to their own preserves. These include High and Low Church of England, "Wee Frees" and stalwart Presbyterians, the two branches of the English Methodists, and northern and southern American Methodists and Baptists and Lutherans.

THE brethren of the China Inland Mission, who are from Scandinavia as well as England and America, remain free lances, ranging where they choose, preaching everlasting hell fire. They have no budget, no deficit or surplus. They divide the funds they get. Some of them live on as little as $15 a month, which is enough for them as it is enough to maintain a native. They dress in Chinese clothes, live in Chinese houses under local unsanitary conditions. For that, to them, is the way of true Christian humility and fellowship, the way of the early Christians.

The missionary of the "regulars" receives, on the average, $800 gold a year aside from free quarters and outfit. If married, $600 or $700 a year is added for his wife and $150 for each child under eight years, $200 for each child from eight to fifteen, and $300 from fifteen to twenty. The children go to schools and colleges maintained by the missions. Counting free medical and dental care and allowances, the total is between $2,000 and $4,000 a year—about the average income of a clergyman at home.

In summer many missionaries get relief from the monotony of their posts at summer resorts where they meet other missionaries to exchange ideas. Every sixth year is spent at home on leave. There duty is mixed with holidaying. The man or woman missionary goes from church to church telling the story of service in China to get contributions. Such is the basis of the powerful organization built on personal contact and appeal.

After the eighty years since evangelization began in earnest with the opening of the ports, the Catholics claim about 2,400,000 converts and the Protestants about 900,000. At that ratio one out of every 140 Chinese in the four hundred and fifty millions is registered as Christian.

But these figures do not refer to actual communicants. They are the extreme claims. More moderate estimates make the total of Chinese Christians, Catholic and Protestant, 1,000,000; and some estimates say there is no real proof that there are 500,000 or even half that number. For this is one of the most ticklish aspects of a ticklish subject.

So far as I could learn, the total of sums spent on missions and allied institutions in China is not less than $50,000,000 annually. Figuring Chinese families as averaging six members, and that a family can live on $150 a year, this means that mission funds would support 2,000,000 Chinese. All the clerks in mission headquarters, all the servants in mission households, and many employed in all mission building, repair, and upkeep, as well as the paid native evangelists and pastors, are Christians.

On his part, the skeptical treaty-port merchant will tell you that it is in the nature of a Chinese to be a Christian for a good job in a land where the struggle for life is so intense.

And what influence does his life among the natives in his station have upon the missionary isolated from his own kind? Ask the "career" men of the diplomatic and consular service, who, after high education at home and passing rigid examinations, are sent to learn the Chinese language and to be stationed in China until retirement. They are the expert link of government relations with China; and, unlike the missionaries, they have western companionship.

"Our home chiefs seem to find us useful," said one, "but to find that we get 'queer.' I suppose we do. Who wouldn't, living in China all the time?"

WHAT part has the great missionary movement of the restless white man had in making China share his restlessness? What part in producing the "new" fractious China of today, with its warring generals in chaotic simulation of westernism?

Here I turn back to the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 to lengthen perspective for even a faint comprehension of the present Chinese puzzle. Then not the students, who are now on top, but the coolie mass in their hatred of the "foreign devils" rose as suddenly as a hurricane in blind mob rage. Japanese and American and Allied European troops had to be summoned to relieve the Peking legations from siege and threat of massacre.

In that crisis the missionaries were much like other human beings. Some were timid and confused, others brave. Two hundred and seventy lost their lives.

Early Christian annals hold no more thrilling story than the defense of the Pehtang cathedral by the Catholic fathers and their converts. In the legation trenches Dr. Gamewell, a Methodist, won the respect of all scoffers at missionaries by a courage and initiative which would have delighted the soul of praying Stonewall Jackson.

When it came to meting out punishment for the Boxer outrages, there were missionaries who quoted scripture that disagreed with the injunction to turn the other cheek. They would have an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There are many kinds of missionaries.

Punishment there was, and indemnities, and mandarins humiliated in obeisance; but the army officers who had been on the march to Peking made a significant comment. With all their effort, so expensive because of American and European distances, the Allies' column had traced only a thin moving line along river and rail-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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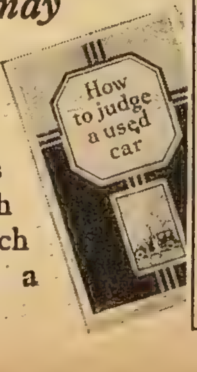
Mail the coupon at right for the free booklet. A 2c stamp is an investment which may save you as much as $200 in buying a motor car!



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1930

Underwood & Underwood photo

American Marine officers watching the recent street fighting in Tientsin. The taller officer with folded arms is General Smedley D. Butler, in command.

International photo

Father Mastin, French Catholic missionary at Shiuchow, leaving the mission building, which was wrecked by shells during the recent siege of the city.

CHRIST AND THE SOVIET IN CHINA
Continued from page thirty-three

road for only a little way into China—the thrust of a finger into a human ocean.

Controlling their spheres of influence in a broken-up China against Chinese passive resistance did not look so good to the great nations whose armed power could reach only the range of field guns which had no roads for their movement.

After every massacre and war and reprisal in China, mission funds flowed more freely. Early in this century began the era of great expansion in building schools and colleges to which I have already referred. Then, four or five years after the World War, a new missionary movement in competition with the Christian appeared in China.

In place of the easy-going Russian priest of old, distributing his crosses and bowls of rice, were the indefatigable apostles of the Soviet creed of Lenin which held religion to be " the opium of the people." Their cry was to put the foreigners out, capitalists and missionaries alike. Do away with the imperialistic " unequal treaties " (extraterritoriality) which gave them self-rule in the treaty ports. China for the Chinese!

The new revolution the Soviets nursed, the army they had drilled, the organization they had made, swept northward, led by Chiang Kai-shek, capturing Nanking. British soldiers and American Marines were summoned to the defense of Shanghai.

In their hot hour of paying off old grudges the revolutionists did not distinguish between missionary and merchant. All were parasitic exponents of foreign imperialism.

Eight thousand missionaries found refuge in the treaty ports. Five hundred stuck to their stations.

"Ridiculous that they should," said one of the organizing mission secretaries to me. But I sounded the views of a lean Catholic priest and a lean Protestant—type to type, these two—who refused to retreat.

Did the officer desert his garrison in the hour of danger? Was the apostle to leave his converts to face the storm alone? The blood of the martyr was the seed of the church. Should a man who preached eternal life through faith refuse the proof of his faith to those whom they had taught to share it in spiritual trust? Yes, there are many kinds of missionaries, as there are of converts.

In the revolution of 1927, which took more Christian lives than all previous wars and riots, there were converts who died rather than deny their faith. And I have heard Chinese say, "I was a Christian in a mission school to learn English." I heard of one who said, "I was a Christian, but now I work for the B. A. T." (British-American Tobacco Company.)

So the mixed harvest of the missionary program was being reaped. Many missionaries had played into the hands of the Soviet evangels by sympathizing with the "democracy" of the movement, the dawn of self-government—which turned on them as first victims of its triumph.

The intellectual leaders of the revolution were of the student class. Sun Yat-sen, father of the revolution, deified since his death, had gone to a mission school, but he had ceased to be a practicing Christian. Many well-to-do young Chinese had been abroad to college, mostly to America, some to England.

Bright graduates of mission schools were directed to colleges of the denominations of their sponsors, which often gave them scholarships. They were scattered the length of America in colleges large and small, not many in any one college but a considerable total, and were expected to return as native evangels in the Christianization and westernization of China.

I FOUND that the Chinese students' keenest memory of their American college days was that they had nearly starved to death on the student diet. Not that they could not eat American food. A Chinese is a master hand at eating any kind of food. He eats for the joy of eating; he eats to a capacity that suggests a rubber stomach. The trouble was that we did not serve enough.

"How I looked forward to it!" said a graduate of Cornell who had had a postgraduate course at Columbia. "Once a week a party of Chinese students used to go to a joint in the Bronx where we would get all the shellfish we could hold, cooked Chinese fashion with plenty of pork. We washed it down with synthetic Chinese wine. It was such an effort to climb the stairs of the L that we used to blow ourselves to a taxicab. It always amazed us how the American college football players could play so hard when they had so little to eat."

In a number of cases Chinese students married co-eds or town girls who returned to life in a Chinese family where inability to speak the language left them unable to answer a mother-in-law whose word is law. The children of these unions are born to a half-world in the treaty ports, recognized by neither race, and the husbands have slipped back into Chinese habits.

In the hour of his success Chiang Kai-shek dismissed the Soviet officers and advisers. But his government was on the Soviet and Fascist model. He was autocratic head of a party, the Kuomintang, as Mussolini is of the Fascists, and Stalin, in place of the dead Lenin, of the Bolshevists. But Moscow did not consider itself beaten in China. Its evangelization took a new turn.

The Christian-educated intelligentsia among Chiang's following largely forsook their church connections.

The first revolutionary demand of the students of Yale in China, which received 80 per cent of its funds from America, was for lower tuition and no Sunday chapel. Kuomintang bosses must find jobs for the hungry henchmen of the party. Today, by law, all schools and colleges built with foreign funds must have Chinese presidents. Peking Union Medical College has lately had the Minister of Health as president.

Former foreign heads of institutions might remain as advisers, their salaries paid from home. Foreign funds were still welcome. Didn't they belong to China? Hadn't all foreign wealth been taken from China by the merchants of the treaty ports? The logic of young China is sometimes as puzzling to the westerner these days as the inconsistencies of the Christian sects were to the mandarins of the past.

The new leaders, in the name of democracy, surpassed the arbitrary excesses of the mandarins. Requisition of property was simplified by confiscation. They gave no compensation for buildings leveled or land used for new roads. Backed by soldiers, they dug the bones out of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD – AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

"I wish I were a man!"

The "indoor test"

SHOULDN'T a man's associates have something to say about what he puts into his pipe? Indoors, by crackling pine-logs and over work-a-day desks, Granger's *aroma* makes many a friend who never smoked a pipe in her life!

And its taste equals this fragrance—a rare virtue in tobacco. Wellman's 1870 method, our secret, "seals in" the full relish of fine old Kentucky Burley with all its delicacy and mellow flavor.

Its compact, handy, air-tight foil package, at ten cents, may well predispose you in Granger's favor right from the start.

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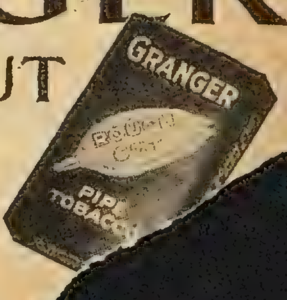
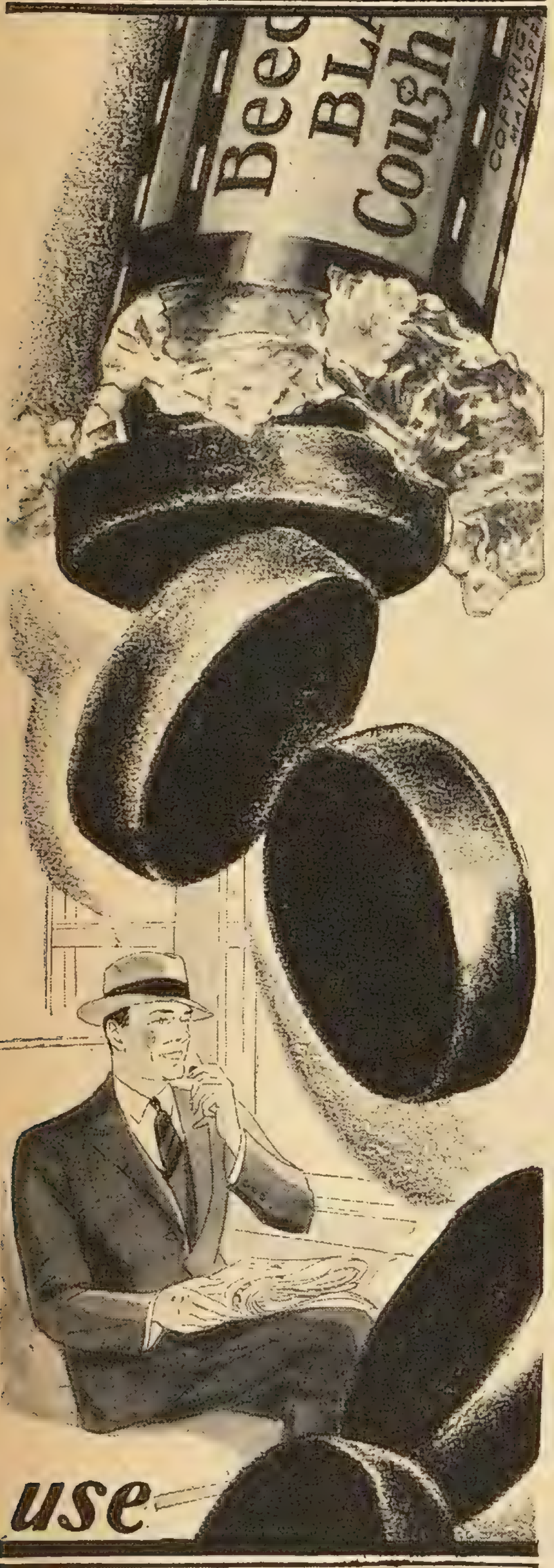


...in more pipes every day!

Whenever you have a cough



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LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

CHRIST AND THE SOVIET IN CHINA
Continued from page thirty-five

sacred graves of ancestors and carted them in matting bags to the dump heap.

And they employed foreign experts, with a purpose that will be revealed later. Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, who had done similar service in many lands, and a group of specialists, were brought from America to work out a reorganization in all branches from transport to budget.

Henry Killam Murphy, who had won renown by his talent in adapting Chinese architecture to modern educational needs in mission university buildings, was employed to draft plans to make Nanking the most beautiful capital in the world. The first of the buildings the Chinese leaders would have erected in his harmonious conception was to be the party hall of the Kuomintang; and the next would be a banquet hall to hold a thousand people. The students who had hungered in America did not forget the eats in a China delivered from foreign thralldom.

P. & A. photo

Wounded Chinese getting surgical attention from Superintendent H. G. Thompson of the Church Mission (English) hospital in Hangchow.

But soldier Chiang Kai-shek stepped in and said that the politicians would have to fast until he had a monument to the soldiers who had died for the cause.

Among the engineers associated with architect Murphy is a blade of a young American who knows his profession from bottom to top. He is America in China at its best. I met no one who had more American pep unless it was a certain salesman of tractors. When I called on him he was in a Chinese house in the old city, surrounded by graphs and maps and in the midst of compilations, while outside was the hum of coolie jargon.

HE had everything worked out for the City Beautiful on a strictly economic basis. Beauty for its own sake in old China, but as a paying proposition, too! The old city wall, twenty-one miles long, was to be breached for exits for the new asphalt streets. Its top would be an automobile boulevard.

The new railroad station near the city would raise the value of surrounding garden land and city real estate more than enough to pay the cost. The new airport would make people, in a land of such poor communications, see the time-saving value of flight. And so on with all the other details from waterworks to sewage system.

Later, when I recounted them to the American women members of the faculty of a mission college for Chinese women, with its modern plants facing the greensward and neat walks of the quadrangle, I spoke of the project as being as assured as if the order for a new uptown branch had been given by a downtown bank. I mentioned how evident it was that soon the Chinese would be running the colleges without foreign aid—in fact, doing everything themselves in the most efficient modern fashion.

Finally, the tactful loyalty of my hostesses to the Church Council and the new China was apparently strained by my evident gullibility. A sturdy red-headed young woman could bear it no longer. She was not from Missouri, but from Connecticut, one of the original "show me" states.

"Where are they going to get the money for all these things?" she asked.

THE answer was simple. China now had a modern cabinet system. Dr. T. V. Soong (A. B. Economics, Harvard, 1915) was Secretary of the Treasury. His business was to pay the government's running expenses. Didn't Mr. Mellon pay those of the United States? Draw on T. V. He had been called the Alexander Hamilton of the Chinese revolution; and certainly Hamilton had nothing on him in the way of troubles. He was respected by the foreign merchants. To them he was China's hope.

He has been distinctly an exception among Chinese intelligentsia in this sense. Others, when you meet them abroad or hear them on the platform at conferences, seem sometimes to have grasped the "it" of our civilization; but they seem to have lost it when you meet them again in China. Soong has retained it in a Chinese environment.

Old China hands see an ulterior motive in China's employment of the Kemmerer Commission. America was loaning money to free Poland. Why not a big loan to reform China? See all the improvements planned and a perfectly good American budget system in proof of China's solvency. But sentiment, which led the American to contribute to missions and colleges, was one thing—investment was another. There was China's record in interests on the long list of loans unpaid; there was the history of the consortium's effort, which she scorned, to put her on her financial feet. Yet she could fund her foreign debt for less than a billion dollars—this nation of four hundred and fifty million people, with 112,070 telephones (mostly in the treaty ports) to our 17,000,000, and 7,770 miles of railroad to our 250,000.

With the Nationalist armies calling for pay and munitions, Dr. Soong has had to carry on in face of a deficit. He had the income from the customs collected at the ports under foreign control. A national income tax? Local generals and rulers will collect what they can for themselves in an impromptu fashion when they call on the rich with a bodyguard of soldiers; and when they pass on a portion of the salt tax to the national treasury they feel very liberal and patriotic.

Provincial treasurers have their own methods. Their careers in office are often brief. The "outs" will be in so soon that the "ins" must make hay while the sun shines.

In Canton an American concern spent a million dollars on a franchise for the local motor-bus traffic on the city's new roads. When the busses arrived the "ins" of the moment said that they were too heavy for the roads. They must be put on tracks at the concessionaire's expense.

After the tracks were built, the next demand was that they be electrified. The concessionaire gave up the fight. His busses are in storage, for sale cheap, while another company with smaller busses is operating on a tax of $13.50 a day for each bus, which charges ten cents fare (local currency) and must carry 135 passengers before its license charge is paid.

MEANWHILE mission forces have not yet been recruited back to their prerevolution strength. In recent times the aim had been more Chinese churches under native conduct—an increase of paid Chinese evangelists. Many of the churches are closed or destroyed. Public opinion has cowed the congregations. Bandits hold up missionaries as well as merchants.

Not only have the mission colleges Chinese heads, but religious exercises have been eliminated in many instances; and whether they have or not, devotional homage to Sun Yat-sen, the canonized father of the revolution, must be paid. His picture is conspicuously placed in every hall and classroom, flanked with Chinese flags; and the American flag is often absent even in institutions built and financed by American money.

The Soviets, although officially banned by Chiang Kai-shek, need not be idle as to propaganda. They made capital of the situation even when the Russo-Chinese break in Manchuria last summer compelled their minister and consuls to leave China.

Chiang, at the best, controlled only five provinces. The generals of the others wanted money and arms, especially airplanes. Soviet agents could urge on in Chiang's own territory the cry, led by the widow of Sun Yat-sen, that the principles of her canonized apostle husband were being betrayed by Chiang as the leader of the Kuomintang Right.

The Communist Left, plotting in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DAINTIEST MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR SET . . . .

Yet she has "Athlete's Foot!"

ONLY this morning she had noticed it again—and her pretty brows had puckered with vexation.

Charming—sought after—exquisitely groomed—it seemed to her almost a reproach upon her delicacy—yet there it was, that affection, unnaturally white, unpleasantly moist,* between her smallest toes!

Not that it hurt her so much—it seldom *does* in the beginning—but the *thought* of it distressed her more and more. In the midst of a perfectly divine dance—during the "big" scene at the play—in wakeful moments at night—it obtruded itself upon her mind—it was *maddening!*

She is just one of millions who suffer from "Athlete's Foot" and *don't know what it is!*

Tinea Trichophyton— a National Affliction

Her escort, the big Princeton end, had he known of her worry, could have told her that she was suffering from a form of ringworm infection caused by tinea trichophyton and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"! Also he could have told her *what to do* for her trouble, for college coaches everywhere now know that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills and helps prevent its spread.*

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*. . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated Universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students involved are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums, even on hotel bath-mats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. have proved, through bacteria counts and micro-photographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for the distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure. Not injurious to the tenderest tissues.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample, write

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* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

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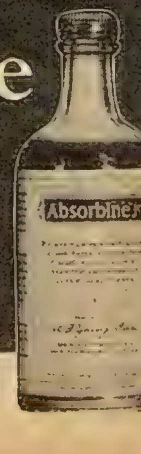
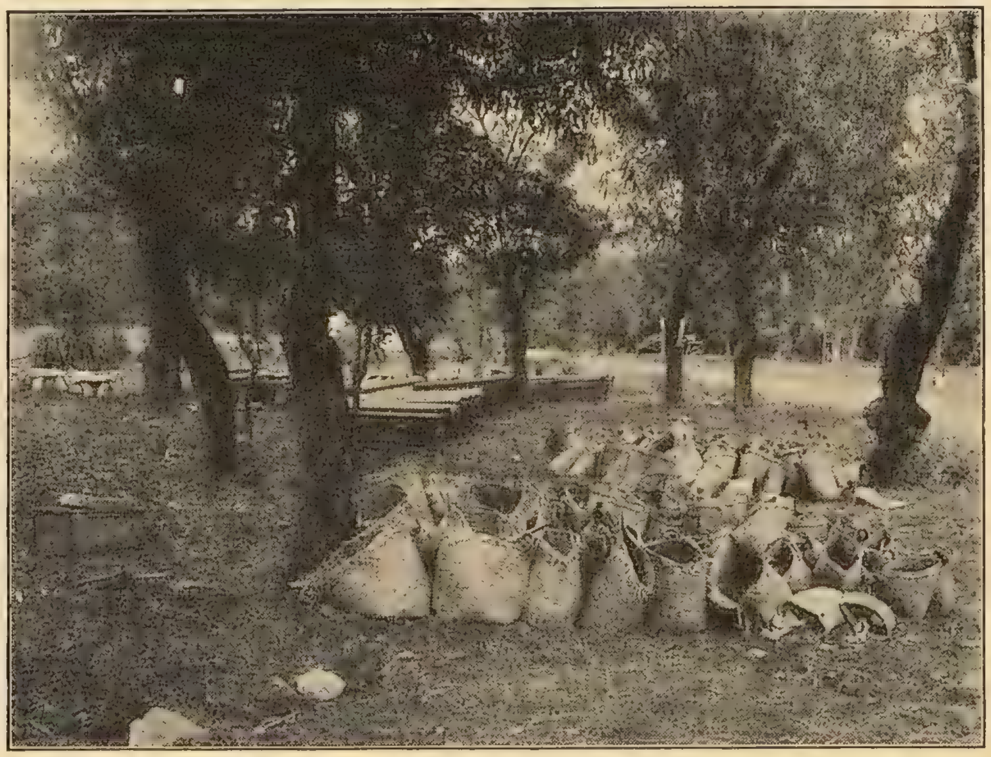
FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



CHRIST AND THE SOVIET IN CHINA
Continued from page thirty-seven

Chiang's own capital, inciting mutiny among Chiang's soldiers, could strike hands with the new Kuominchun, or people's party, which the generals of the outs were forming. After the Soviet troops drove the Chinese troops back in Manchuria, the mutiny of Chiang's soldiers grew serious and the other generals were already in the field against him. With his German-trained regulars he has recently been fighting for his life, but at the present writing he is on top again, the Communist Left is ditched, and the Christian missionaries are breathing more freely after yet another period of danger.



Showing the destruction of ancestors' graves to make room for a road in Nanking. The bags hold bones to be carted to the dump heap. Beyond them lie the coffins.

Antichrist against Christ! Soviet gospel against mission gospel; Chinese against Chinese under the banner of "China for the Chinese!"

Countering the Soviet influence, and yet working with it, is the Japanese. Too strong a China is to the interest of neither Japan nor Russia, who, however, face each other in Manchuria, where Japan's destiny is pitted against Russia's passion for an outlet to the sea. After a century of evangelization all the Chinese have heard the Christian gospel. The question is often asked up and down the China coast if the time has not come for foreign missionaries to be withdrawn.

That is not the missionary's view. He must not allow his faith to be dimmed. He sees the late revolution as another stage in China's "evolution," and through his organization he is in touch with all sections.

WHAT should he do out of China? It is his home. In China is the occupation for which he was trained. A generation of missionary sons and daughters have grown up. They learned Chinese as children. Many are advisers to Chinese presidents of mission educational institutions.

They insist that the Chinese still need their presence and are more and more leaning on their advice. Having helped China along to her present stage of westernization, they would not desert her in the most trying hour of her "evolution."

"It is Christ against the Soviet," they say. "Shall we leave China to a Soviet fate?"

And a strange thing has happened recently. The two factions of Occidental influence in China are mixing, at least in a formal manner. In Shanghai a group of missionary leaders and leading foreign merchants hold regular meetings to counsel together. A common plight has at last made them realize a common interest.

"We give 'em straight talk," said one of the merchants, "and we find they aren't so mealy-mouthed either. They don't answer with prayer, and some come back straight from the shoulder. Missionaries are changing. Some of them have become pretty good business men. They want to protect their property in China just as much as we do."

And meanwhile the Chinese intelligentsia, products of American colleges, write more laws and regulations, organize railroad systems on paper, issue decrees for woman suffrage and the most up-to-date rules about sanitation and everything else. The thing conceived, they think of it as done.

Two cabinet ministers have taken charge of commercial aviation as rival concerns in the same government. One official writes a set of orders contradicting another.

ONE day a proclamation announces the abolition of press censorship; the next, the correspondents find that it is still on and that the fellow who abolished it did so without consulting his superiors, just because he thought that it was a noble idea.

As of old, missionaries and foreigners are protected by foreign cruisers and gunboats—also by something with a longer arm than men-of-war possess. There is a British aircraft carrier in Chinese waters. Japanese aircraft carriers are two days' steaming away. Planes have a range and power which gives the outer barbarians just as great an advantage over present Chinese armament as the smoothbores of a century ago had over stinkpots and bows and arrows.

What China requires for westernization is not so many youths educated in the liberal arts or home mission colleges, and more educated in industry and engineering and the upkeep of machinery.

The General Electric Company is picking young Chinese who have studied engineering and setting them to work in overalls at the grim bottom of things, as all our corporations do with our young college graduates. This may convince the Chinese intelligentsia that a gentleman may work with his hands and not thereby fall forever into the coolie class.

"Remember that the ten years of reconstruction after the close of the American Revolution were almost worse than the Revolution itself," say the optimists. "Give China another twenty-five years. And what is a quarter of a century in the span of Chinese history?"

"China is China!" remarks the old China hand. "And what songs are they singing on Broadway now?"

Another article by Colonel Palmer on the state of affairs in the Orient will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is an anomaly?
2—What is a recluse?
3—Where is the Ganges River?
4—What color light is used to indicate the port side of a vessel?
5—What Dickens character was always "waiting for something to turn up"?
6—Who are the Igorrotes?
7—What does the Latin phrase *amor patriæ* mean?
8—Who was King of England at the time of the Revolutionary War?
9—What is the Dail Eireann?
10—What is the name of the legendary lost continent?
11—What is the most populous city in Africa?
12—Who said "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"?
13—Who was a U. S. senator after he was President?
14—Where is the island of St. Helena?
15—What is spelter?
16—What is the International Date Line?
17—Who was the first Vice President to become President through the death of his predecessor?
18—What peoples are now known as Teutons?
19—Who is said to have introduced tobacco into England?
20—What is generally considered the decisive battle of the Civil War?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-one)

"WHAT - *don't carry* LIPSTICK ?"

"*Please* lend me your lipstick, Rosalie darling. I must have lost mine."

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I forgot *mine*—don't *carry* one very *often*, in fact."

"What—don't *always* carry a *lipstick?* What on *earth* do you *do*?"

"I use *Kissproof.* It stays on *hours* longer, you know. Doesn't really matter if I *do* forget it."

"And your lips always look *so* natural. I must *try* Kissproof. Is it *terribly* expensive?"

"No, I only paid fifty cents for mine and I've had it for months already."

The modern woman, with her active, energetic life and pressing necessity always to look her best, cannot be *bothered* with lipstick that needs continual retouching. Nor can she be *embarrassed* by lipstick that leaves tell-tale stains on everything her lips touch.

That's why 5,000,000 women daily use Kissproof—waterproof, it stays on hours longer. Just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tip is all that's needed. And you have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red, youthful coloring is as *natural* as your very own.

Kissproof lips look as though they were perfect — soft, luscious Cupid's Bows on which true beauty so depends. But unlike so many lipsticks Kissproof heals and soothes the lips amazingly, preventing wind burn and chapping.

Every woman owes it to herself to try this totally *different* beauty aid — so lovely, so natural. Available in a number of attractive cases, including a darling red and gold swivel.

You won't know *your own eyes!*

Give your eyes the same chance for beauty that you give your lips and cheeks. Touch up lashes and brows with Delica-Brow. It instantly frames the eyes in long, sweeping lashes, making them sparkle with new life.

When you look in the mirror after applying Delica-Brow, you'll think you've traded old eyes for new — they will be so much more beautiful—alluring—and *lovely.*

Waterproof—never runs or smears. Will not burn the eyes. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake.

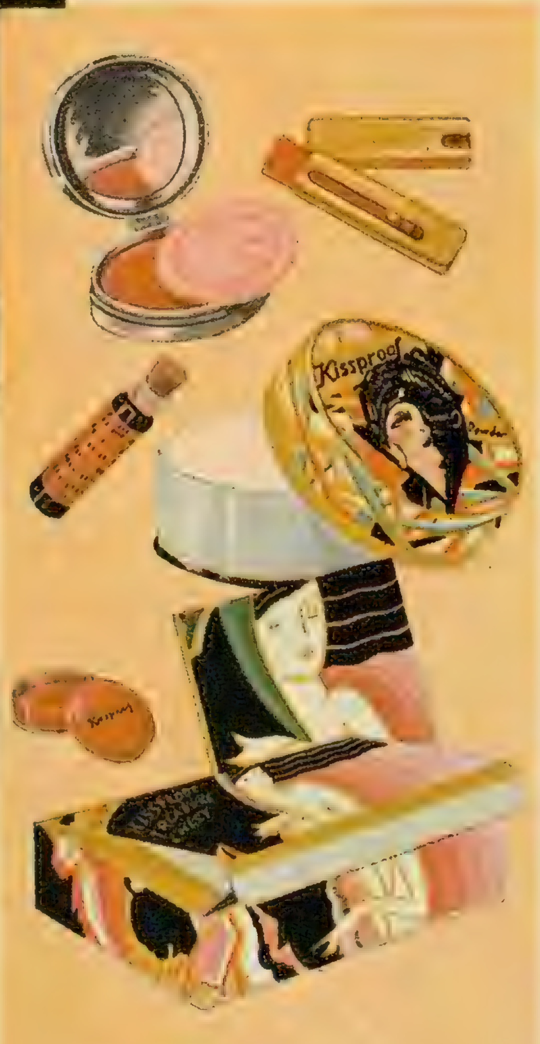
*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

So that you may know the thrill and joy of using these "worryproof" cosmetics, we will send you a Kissproof Make-up Kit as illustrated, containing every essential for the perfect make-up—

1. Kissproof lipstick (brass case).
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff).
3. Kissproof face powder (large box).
4. Kissproof cream rouge.
5. Delica-Brow lash and brow dressing (with camel's hair brush).
6. 16 page Make-Up Booklet ("Clever Make-Up—nine tenths of Beauty").

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover mailing cost and postage). Not stingy samples — enough powder for six weeks, for instance. All in artistic case— ideal for week ends or your dressing table. The full size packages would cost over $3.00.

This is a Special Limited Offer. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one Make-up Kit per person.



*Kissproof Make-up Kit

*SPECIAL OFFER COUPON!

Kissproof, I-L
538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me complete Make-Up Kit as described and pictured above. I use Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory ☐ White ☐ Face Powder.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

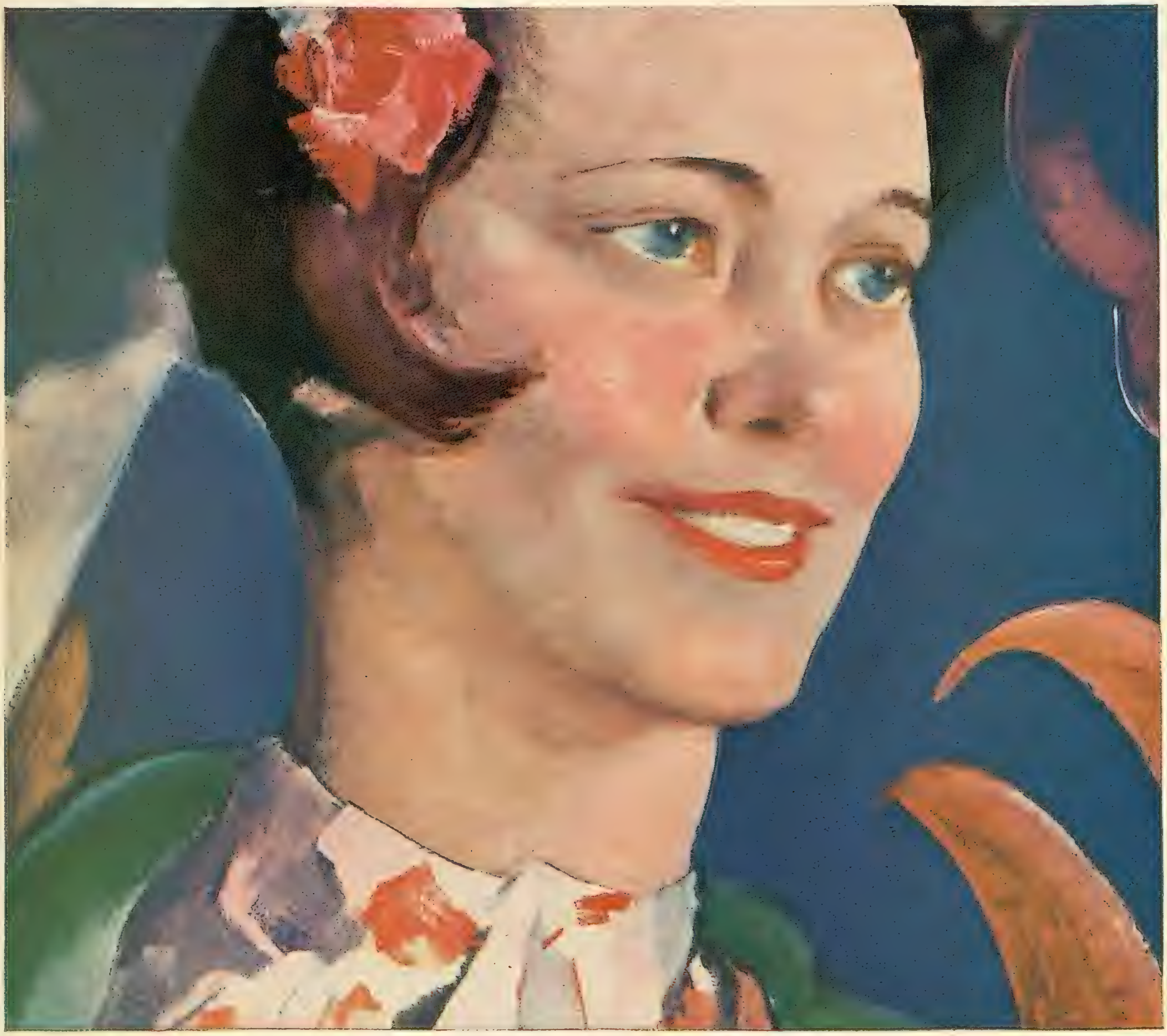
City ____________ *State* ____________

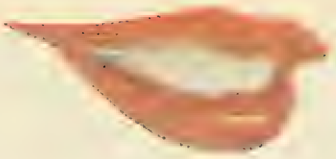
Kissproof lipstick, face powder, rouge and Delica-Brow are on sale at all toilet counters.

Kissproof

WATERPROOF . . . . . . *It stays on!*

Do you choose a dentifrice





by a dentist's standards?

FOR many years, dentists have known the name of Forhan.

They knew it first as the name of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who, in his practice, developed a preparation widely used by dentists as an aid in the treatment of pyorrhea.

They knew it later as the name of a dentifrice, based upon the benefits of Dr. Forhan's preparation—a dentifrice originated by him to supplement the care which dentists gave to gums and teeth.

Naturally, this dentifrice is made according to a dentist's standards.

It contains safe and pure ingredients for cleansing the teeth.

It combines, also, a special preparation long used by the dental profession in caring for the gums. When used as recommended with massage at the time of brushing, this dentifrice therefore firms up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to bring out the coral glow of tingling health.

When you use Forhan's as your dentifrice, you are giving your mouth two protections: the safeguard of keeping the teeth beautifully clean as well as the daily invigoration so essential to healthy gums.

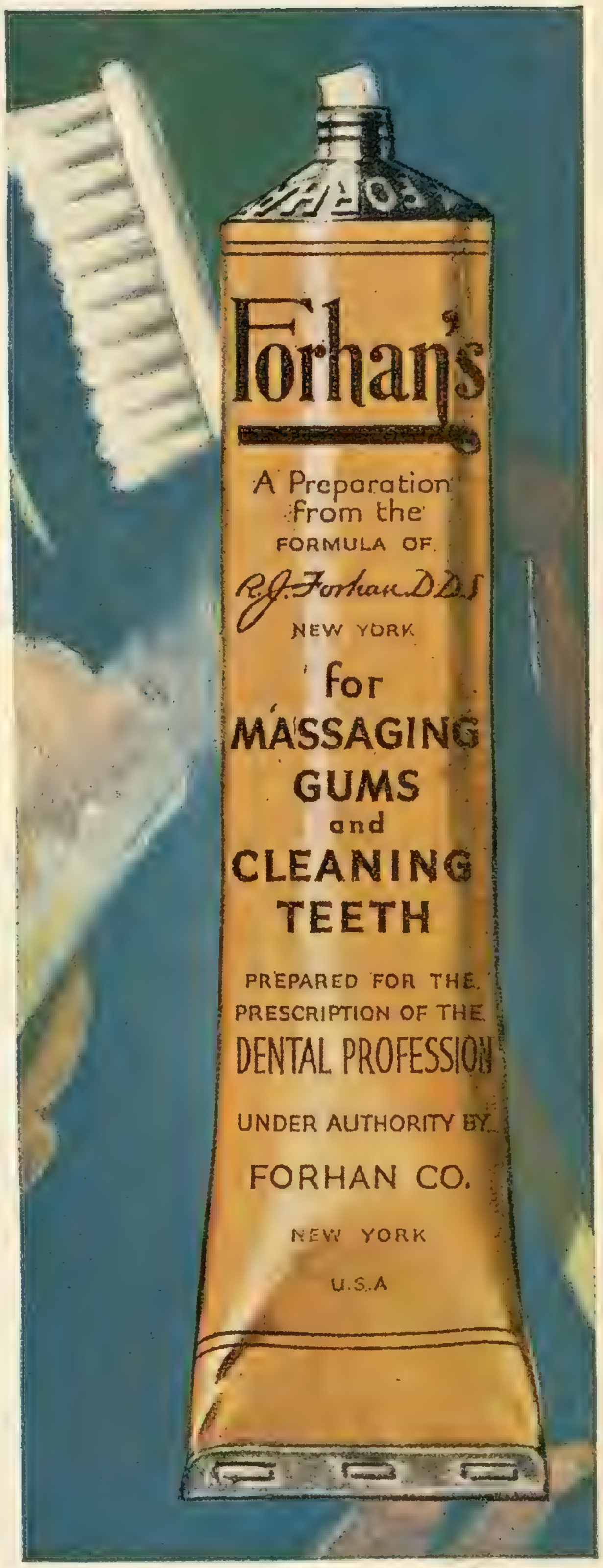
Do not wait until tender gums compel you to start the use of Forhan's. It is far better to avoid trouble than to treat it. Adopt the *dentists' dentifrice* which may help you keep the mouth of youth from becoming too soon middle-aged.

For the same reason that you would want your dentist to use only ethical and recognized preparations in his treatment of your teeth, you should cooperate with him by using only the finest dentifrice yourself.

Forhan's for the gums comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, New York.

IMPORTANT!

Forhan's is not a medicated toothpaste. Its medication is for the proper care of the gums, not for the purpose of cleaning the teeth. It cleans the teeth with the recognized and scientific ingredients which every dentist knows to be safe and good.



ANTISEPTIC

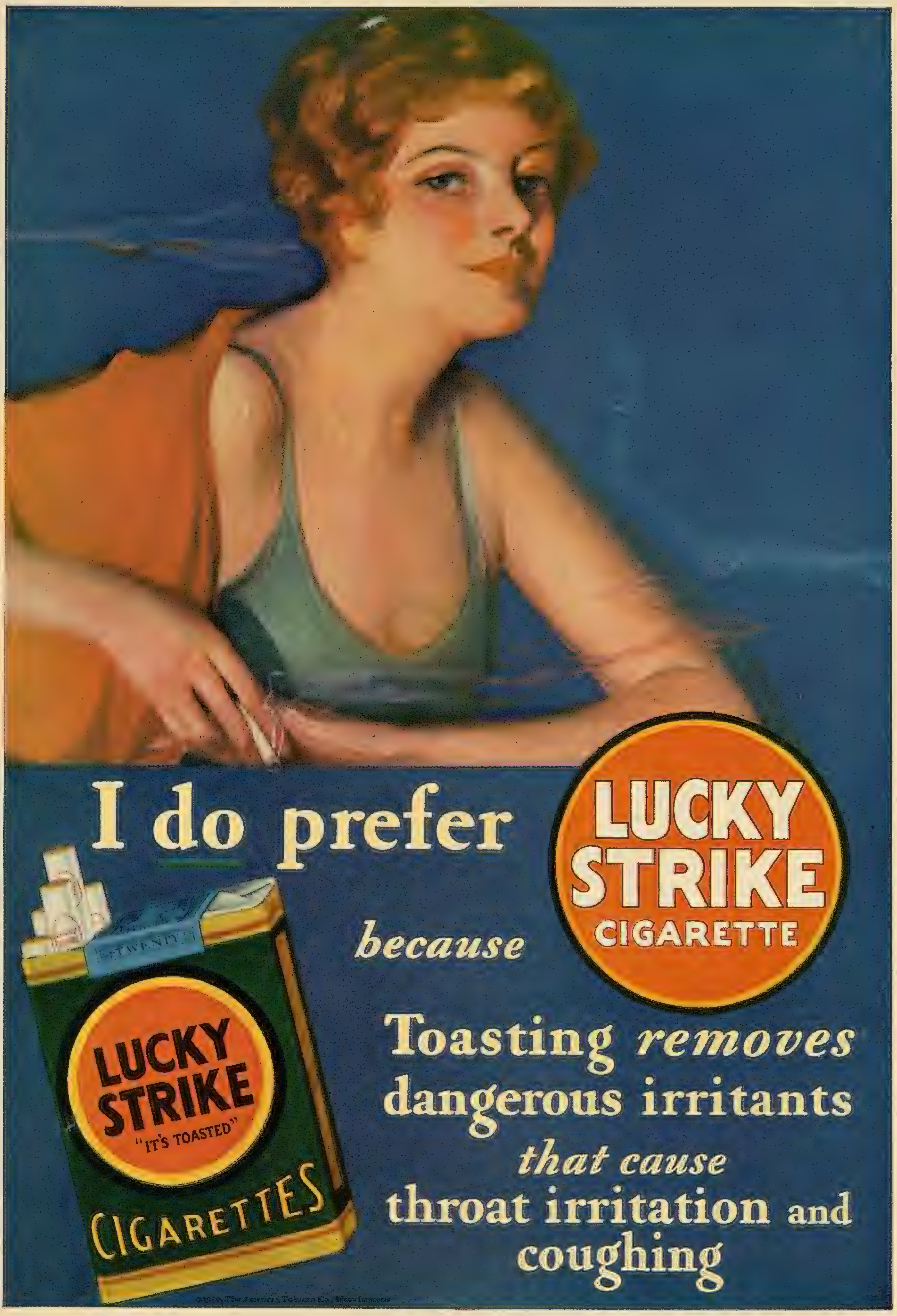
For a sweet, fresh breath—for the relief of sore throat—as a defense against colds—you should know *Forhan's Antiseptic*. Its remarkable power to destroy germs is shown by repeated scientific tests. Yet it is entirely harmless to tissues and pleasant to use. In bottles—4 oz., 25¢; 8 oz., 45¢; full pint 75¢.

Forhan's

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5


I do prefer
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE
because
Toasting *removes* dangerous irritants *that cause* throat irritation and coughing
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
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Continuing

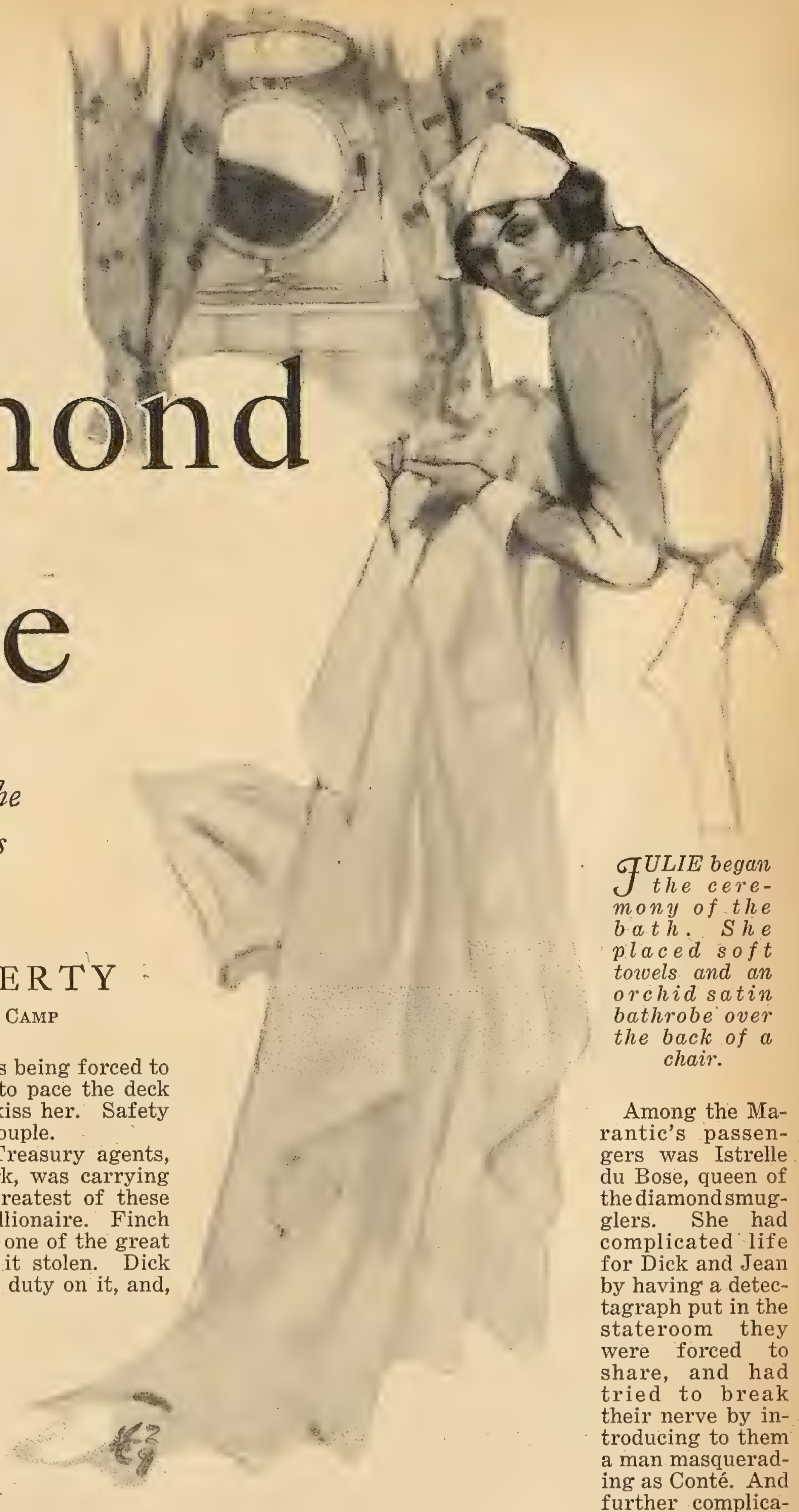
The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP



JULIE began the ceremony of the bath. She placed soft towels and an orchid satin bathrobe over the back of a chair.

DICK CLARKE was annoyed. He was being forced to introduce Jean Wood as his wife, to pace the deck of the Marantic with her, and even to kiss her. Safety demanded that they pose as a married couple.

Jean and Dick were United States Treasury agents, and the Marantic, bound for New York, was carrying several star smugglers of gems, the greatest of these being Jay Finch, fat American multimillionaire. Finch had got possession of the Diamond Eye, one of the great gems of the world. He had reported it stolen. Dick knew why. Finch hadn't wished to pay duty on it, and, moreover, he wanted to give it to Poppy Brooks, his latest whim, and to keep his wife in ignorance.

Finch's procedure had been this: In the Crown and Bull, a low London resort, he had met Henri Conté. There, in the presence of Poppy, it had been arranged that Conté smuggle the Eye into the United States.

But their plan had gone wrong, for the waitress who had served them was Jean Wood in disguise, and the blind man at the next table was Dick Clarke. Jean had poured beer down Conté's neck, the table had been overturned, and she had picked up the Eye from the sawdust. In the confusion, someone had stabbed Conté.

When everyone else had fled, Dick had found, on the floor, a woman's garter cut with a knife—the knife, perhaps, that had killed Conté.

So, on the Marantic, there was work for Dick and Jean—and danger, too, for they still had the Eye.

Among the Marantic's passengers was Istrelle du Bose, queen of the diamond smugglers. She had complicated life for Dick and Jean by having a dectagraph put in the stateroom they were forced to share, and had tried to break their nerve by introducing to them a man masquerading as Conté. And further complications lay in the fact that the beautiful Baroness De Ranisse, also a passenger, had been Diana Grant, the girl who had thrown Dick over.

PART THREE—DANGEROUS DAYS

THE wind blew from the southwest, whipping the seas with rain and hail and sleet and snow. The ship staggered and lurched and stumbled through the wilderness of wind and water, and rose again to shake its foamy mane and hurry on.

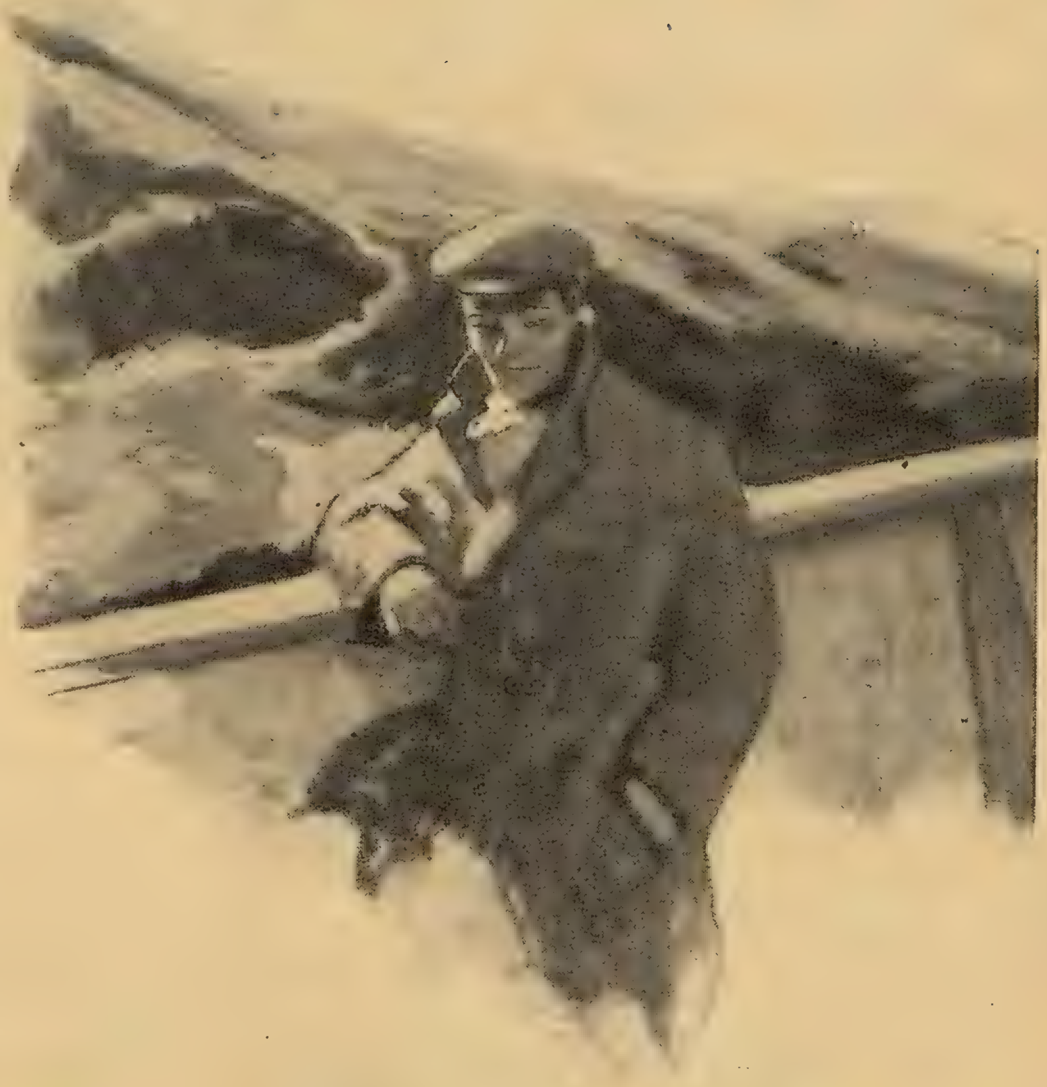
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page forty-three]

It was cold on the promenade deck, and wet. One might easily slip on the damp heaving floor and slide into the scuppers. Yet Dick Clarke and his make-believe wife were glad of the weather, for it gave them an opportunity to be alone, and to talk without being overheard.

They walked slowly, his arm in hers, their coats buttoned tight, their hats jammed down to their eyes, their heads and bodies bent to the fury of the wind, their legs surrendered to the sea's caprices.

Yet even here, in this crazy bobbing world of wind and spray, they discovered that hostile eyes were observing them, watching their every move. There was a hunchback who sat in the library and glared at them as they passed: a dwarf with little red eyes, a straight thin mouth, and a nose as sharp as a knife edge. He sat with his chair pulled close to a window, one hand clutching each arm of the chair. He wore a stiff white shirt without a tie. The shirt was fastened with diamond studs. Jean believed he had left off wearing a tie because it would hide his studs.



THERE was a tall Jap who walked behind them. He wore an English overcoat and a tweed cap. The cap was set back on his head that it might not cover the straight black bang that fell almost to his eyes. He wore a bright red tie. His wrists were covered with bracelets. His face was powdered and rouged.

Clarke had seen him once before, in the Claridge Bar. He was sitting at one of the little tables with an American girl, an insolent rangy girl in evening dress. As Clarke looked, she lit the Jap's cigarette from her diamond-studded lighter. She looked at the man with a sort of reverence, Clarke thought, and the Jap's gesture of thanks was indifferent and condescending. The girl lit her own cigarette, and helped herself from the bowl of potato chips on the table.

That little scene had been played a year ago—and Clarke remembered it only when he saw the Jap following him.

" We are adding to our enemies every day," he said.

" I noticed," she replied, walking a little faster. " First, there's the man who shot at me. He's probably watching us too. There is Jay Finch, and Poppy Brooks, and Istrelle du Bose, and that terrible hunchback—he really frightens me, his eyes are so deadly cold—and this powdered Jap. Do you think he uses perfume? "

She laughed, and a pennon of hair escaped from beneath her blue felt toque and waved in the wind. It was as black and as soft as the smoke the wind snatched from the stacks.

" That's only six," Dick said. " Surely there are one or two more who would like to see us go overboard. Do you know the Jap? I saw him in Paris some time ago. But I don't know his name."

" His name is Kuroki," Jean said, " and he is some sort of artist—or actor. The hunchback I don't know. Do you? "

" No. Smile at him when we go by the library again. I don't mean that you should smile at him deliberately, but we'll be laughing as we near his window, and you can turn and smile."

Jean obeyed the order implicitly, but her smile brought no answering smile from the man in the window.

" Everybody knows now that we're Treasury agents," Jean said. " We're in for it. But, then, it's just as well. We'll be able to spot the smugglers by their reactions to us. Let's stand by the rail a minute and see what Kuroki does."

" He'll probably powder his nose."

Kuroki stood by the rail, twenty feet away, and looked at the twitching sea. When Dick and Jean moved on, Kuroki followed.

" He wants us to know he's following us," Jean decided. " Is he trying to frighten us? "

" Either that, or he's trying to drive us to Istrelle's detectagraph. The damn fool! But I brought you here to talk about the garter."

" And not to explain the radiogram? "

Just before they had left their cabin Dick had written a message to Moran. " Read Old Man River," he said. " Especially chapter titled Around the Bend."

" I COULD make out part of it," Jean said. " Of course, ' Read Old Man River ' means ' Search Poppy Brooks if anything happens to us and we can't do it ourselves.' ' Poppy ' for ' Old Man ' is simple. So is ' Brooks ' for ' River '—if you have the Marantic's passenger list on hand, which Moran has, of course. But what is 'Around the Bend'? "

" The garter was around the bend. Moran will get it It would have to be a garter, or a girdle, or a sleeve holder."

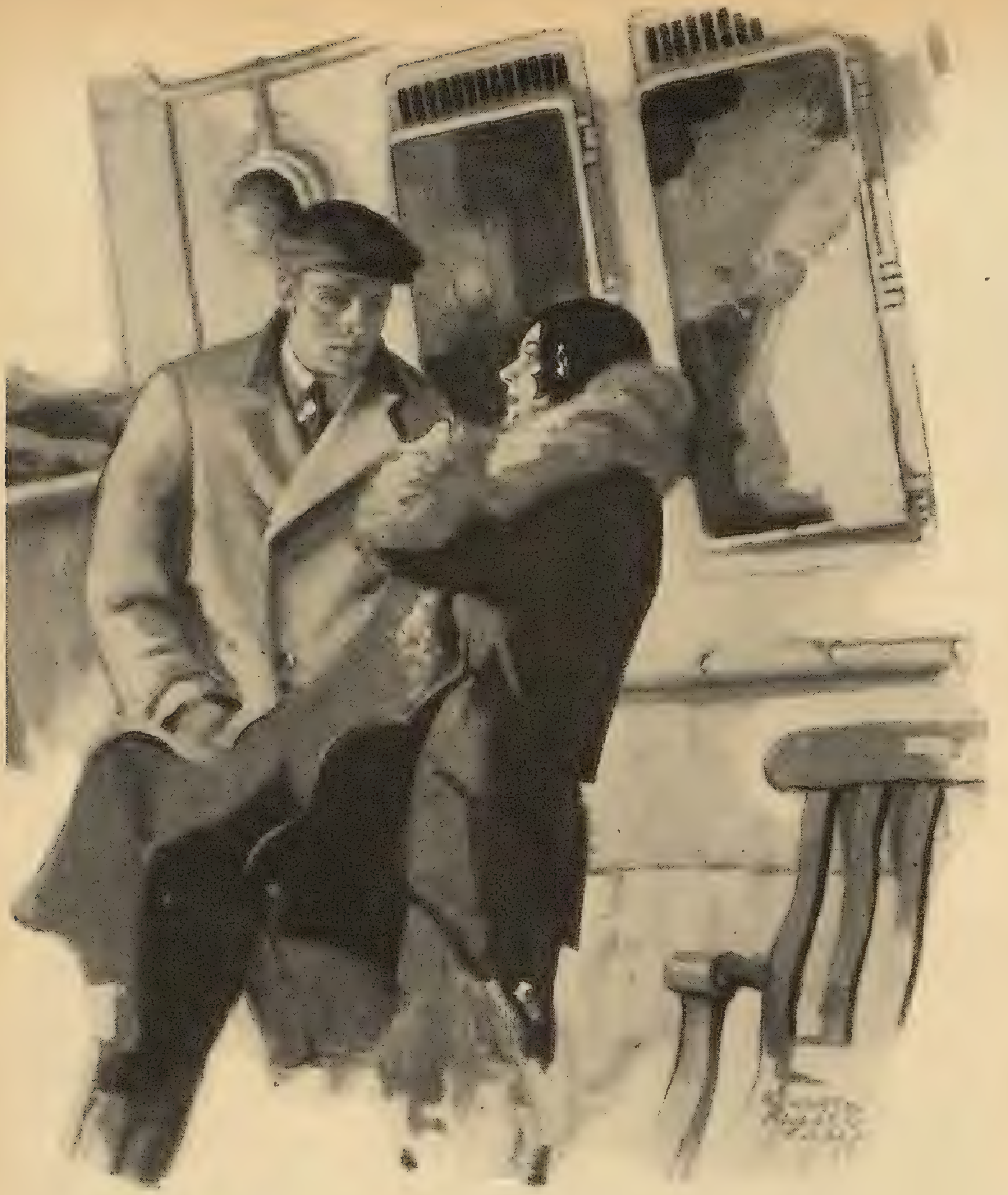
" It might be an ankle bracelet. But why not wireless New York direct, instead of having Uncle Jim relay the message? "

" I'd have to send it in the service code—and somebody might see it, and decipher it correctly. Moran's code is more subtle."

" I see. But—the garter is initialed J. You think the J is for Jay Finch—that he gave Poppy the garter? Poppy wouldn't be found dead with such a cheap thing. Unless "—she gasped, and looked at Dick with a little admiration—" unless it conceals a peck or so of diamonds."

Clarke nodded approvingly. The girl was really clever.

" You improve every day," he said, as though he begrudged her the compliment. " The garter is quite heavy, and I believe it has a nice little nest egg in its insides. And I don't think the J is for Jay Finch. I think if someone were to search Poppy's two maids or her secre-



They rested outside the library window, and talked and laughed. Kuroki also rested by the rail twenty feet away.

tary, they would find the other garter. I don't know her maids' names, or her secretary's name—but it wouldn't surprise me if they all began with a J."

"But Poppy must have worn the garter in the Crown and Bull."

"Yes."

"She was there. If she wore that garter she must have murdered Conté."

"Either you or she. You two are the only women who could have had a motive. You might have murdered Conté to get the Diamond Eye. Poppy might have stabbed him because he lost it. Poppy has a love for diamonds that no one can explain."

"I know. She takes them out of her jewel box at night, they say, and broods over them. She sits up in bed and stares at them, and strokes them as if they were children."

"How do you know that?"

"It's common knowledge. One of her secretaries has written a magazine article about her. And once, this woman says, Poppy called her up in the middle of the night. Her voice was frightened. 'Are they all right?' she asked. The girl didn't know what Poppy meant for a moment. Then it came to her. She counted the diamonds and assured Poppy they were all right. And Poppy gave her a present the next morning. That's almost unhuman, isn't it?"

"It explains how she felt when she discovered Conté had lost the diamond. And—it gives us an opportunity."

"You're not going to arrest her for murder?"

"No! No! I wouldn't put any woman in jail for killing that rat. But — if Poppy once gets the idea that I know she killed him, and that possibly the office in London knows too, she will be glad to tell me a few things."

"YOU'LL make a stool pigeon of Poppy Brooks?"

"Why not? And possibly Jay Finch will be glad to do a little stooling too—to save Poppy's neck."

"What are you going to do about the garter, besides informing Moran?"

"I'm going to take the diamonds out of it, after testing it for fingerprints — though I don't expect any prints."

"Why not?" Jean seemed disappointed.

"In the first place, the garter was full of sawdust when I picked it up. Then, it has rubbed against the lining in my pocket. It has been exposed to the fog and the damp salt air. And elastic isn't kind to fingerprints anyway. There may be a print on the buckle. Or there may be a paper wrapping the diamonds, inside the elastic, which will have Poppy's prints. Anyway, you'll make Poppy a new garter. I think we can get the same kind of elastic in the shop on the A-deck landing. I'll get it to Poppy. We'll keep the slit garter for evidence."

"You'll put the diamonds in the garter you give her?"

"Oh, yes. Otherwise, why give her the garter at all?"

They rested by the rail outside the library window, and talked and laughed for the benefit of the staring hunchback. Kuroki also rested by the rail twenty feet away. They were about to go below when Clarke noticed Jay Finch seated near the hunchback. Finch looked up and smiled, and waved his hand, and then came running out of the library door to them.

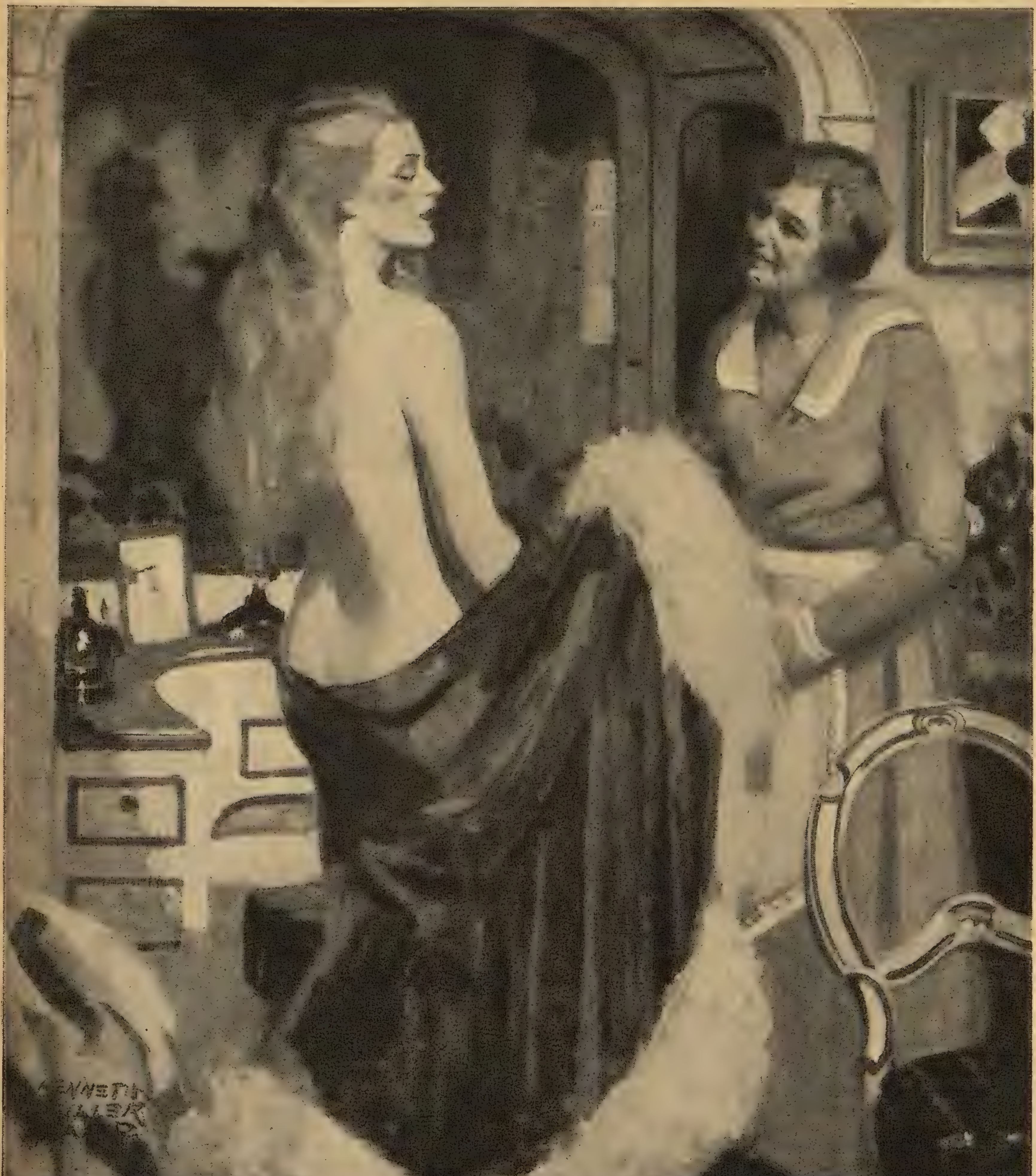
"Bracing weather!" he cried. He was without hat or overcoat, and he shivered. "But you don't seem to mind. I want to invite you to a little dinner Mrs. Finch is giving tonight in our suite."

Clarke bowed and smiled. There was danger in this invitation, he knew. He could read it in the fat red face, the eyes that never looked at one directly.

Jay Finch had spun a web, and was inviting them to step into it, fearing they would not.

"Oh, it's Mr. Finch!" said Jean, as though she had just recognized him and was delighted to see him again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"The bath is ready, madame," she announced. Poppy slipped off her orchid negligée.

[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page forty-five]

"Did you find your diamond yet, or the woman who took it? I've been just dying with curiosity."

"Yes," said Finch, laughing politely, and trying to appear as though he deemed the matter but a trifle, "I think we've spotted her. Of course, I haven't recovered the diamond. But I will. I know I will. I've been keeping in touch with Scotland Yard, and you'd be surprised the clues they have."

"Good!" said Clarke. "It's the captain's dinner tonight, but we'll be glad to pass it up for yours."

"So you've forgiven me for annoying you the other night," said Finch. "I knew you would. Come about seven, and we'll have a few cocktails before we eat. Ha! Ha! I've got a cocktail you'll vote for twice. I call it 'the pink chicken.' And how it does cackle! And, by the way, Mrs. Clarke, I've got a surprise for you. Guess! Sort of a good-will present to make up for my rudeness in interrupting your honeymoon."

"That was nothing." She brushed aside his rudeness. "But tell me, what is the surprise? I never could guess."

"How would you like to be auctioneer tomorrow afternoon?"

"An auctioneer? Oh, I never could. Tell me about it."

"Why, you know—it's the ship's auction. You just stand up and raffle off a lot of stuff for the benefit of the sailors' widows and orphans. You can do it easily—and I'll bet you fetch good prices."

What was the trap, Dick wondered. First the dinner, and then the auction. What did the fat crook intend to do? However, whatever he planned, Dick felt he could not afford to let this opportunity go.

With Jean as auctioneer they could get rid of the Diamond Eye. She could pretend it was only a cheap imitation of the Eye. Finch would recognize it, Dick thought, and Poppy Brooks, and no doubt the resurrected Conté. Perhaps even the sinister hunchback and Kuroki would bid for it. It would give Clarke a chance to spot all the big diamond smugglers aboard—for only men who knew diamonds would know the Diamond Eye. Moreover, this auctioning of the stone would give him and Jean a chance to get rid of the danger that went with the diamond.

Jay Finch, being the richest man on the Marantic, would get the stone, of course. He would keep it. He would try to smuggle it, and would get caught, and spend a few years in jail, where he belonged. Or he would declare it and pay the duty on it. Clarke hoped the duty would be large. Jean's mistake in stealing the stone would be covered up; the widows and orphans of British sailors would benefit; and Finch would suffer—if only in his purse.

"DON'T you think so, Mr. Clarke?" Finch asked. "Won't she be the ideal auctioneer?"

"Naturally," Clarke said; "she was born to be an auctioneer."

"Fine. It's settled, then." (And the trap is closing, Dick thought.) "Don't worry, Mrs. Clarke. Ha! Ha! You'll do splendidly. Forgive me, but I am freezing to death. Bracing weather, all right. And if you auction a kiss to the highest bidder, I'll bid a million francs if I have to. Ha! Ha!"

He scuttled through the library door.

Dick and Jean paced the deck again, Kuroki trailing.

"You go down now and buy the elastic," Clarke directed. "If Kuroki trails you I'll punch him in the nose."

Kuroki did not trail her. He trailed Clarke until he was tired. Clarke walked miles around the deck, and smiled maliciously at the powdered Jap when he left.

"It was lonesome without you up there," Dick said, as he entered the cabin. He wondered whether Istrelle or her maid was listening.

"I have a little present for you, darling," she answered, showing him the elastic she had bought.

"You're so sweet!"

It was hell to have to make love to her like this. It was getting unendurable. He scowled at her.

"But you're much sweeter," she said gently, returning scowl for scowl. "And did mama's lamb send the wireless to Uncle Jim?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Jim must have lost twenty pounds"

"Easily... and it has certainly made a new man of him!"

Take Three Inches Off Your Waistline INSTANTLY!

Why give people the impression that you're *slipping*—when you now have it in your power to rid yourself of that bulging waistline instantly?

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You put it on in a jiffy—over your shirt and inside your trousers. No one dreams you have it on, because it buttons to the trousers and really becomes a part of them. *Discard your leather belt and suspenders—you won't need them any more! For this InchesOFF Abdominal Belt holds your trousers snugly to the waist, with the greatest comfort and security.* And all day long, as you wear it, its gentle massaging action is loosening the fatty tissue and making it disappear.

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Scores of prominent business and professional men are already wearing this new and perfected abdominal belt. One of the best known men in "radio" states that he wouldn't be without this belt a single day. One of the leading physicians in New York recently ordered three (for daytime, sports and full dress.) A business leader whose name has many times made the front page of every important newspaper lately ordered an even dozen, for as many different suits—so as not to be troubled with even the slight bother of changing!

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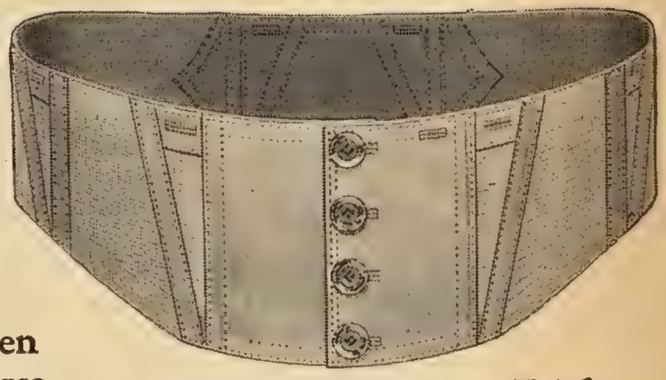

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The Sandfelder Co., 100 E. Ohio St., Dept. 113, Chicago

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page forty-seven

"No, I forgot."

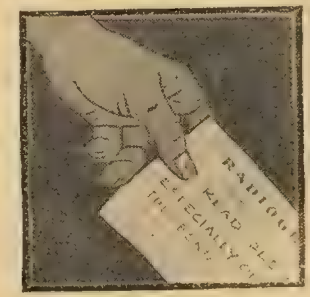
"Oh, but, darling, you must send it immediately."

She was taking out of her hatbox a little sewing basket. He was clutching the paper-wrapped garter in his pocket.

"You send the wire while I take a little nap," she said. "Kiss me before you go."

At this moment Chilly Lily Leeds emerged from the bathroom, a number of soiled towels in her arms.

Clarke crossed the room to his make-believe wife in a moment, and kissed her. He was not very expert at it, however. He shut his eyes, and the kiss landed on her nose. He had some idea of trying it again, but Jean moved her head away. She was a little breathless, a little shy. She was angry, too, he saw, and would have thrust him forcibly away had it not been for the presence of the stewardess.



"I'll just do a little sewing and go to sleep," she said. "Run along now, darling. Wake me in time for luncheon."

He went out, behind the stewardess, whistling merrily. But as he mounted the steps to the radio room he whistled not at all.

"I had to kiss you," he said, bitter and ashamed, as they faced each other across the table in the dining salon.

"Don't lie," she answered. "It's not worth it."

"You think I wanted to kiss you? I did not."

"Oh, don't worry about it, Mr. Clarke. Ha! Ha!" Her voice mimicked Finch's, but there was no humor in it. "I can take a kiss or leave it. Your kisses are no treat to me. I don't feel any palpitation of the heart."

"And," Clarke broke a roll in two with an angry movement of his hands, "I can't say you set me afire either."

"You can't get fire from an iceberg."

"Oh, let's quit making faces and talking like a couple of kids. We're in enough trouble now without fighting over a picayune kiss."

"You're the one that's making all the faces—over a picayune kiss—on the nose!"

There was a vast depth of sarcasm in the last three words.

II

POPPY BROOKS awoke about the time Dick Clarke and his pseudo-bride sat down to lunch. She awoke to the music of Spain, the smell of roses, the feel of velvet and ermine and silk. She stretched herself between the sheets of crêpe de chine, with their wide borders of Alençon lace, and smiled gently and sweetly in the semi-dark. Smiling kept her beautiful, she thought.

She found the rocking of the ship pleasant, and lay quiet some little time, enjoying it.

"Julie," she called. Her voice was sonorous, sweet, a little sleepy.

Julie was plump and elderly and wistful and gray, and her accent was more Irish than French. She entered the room quickly, making no noise.

"Madame was so lovely this morning I could not bear to wake her," Julie said. "Madame was smiling in her sleep, just like a little baby."

She turned on the lights in the orchid lamps near the head of the bed and on the dresser. She began to take up the baskets and vases of roses that had watched all night about the great four-poster bed.

This was not the ship's bed; it was Poppy's own. It was wide enough for four Poppies. It was made of solid mahogany, and had been built for a grand duchess. It had an orchid taffeta canopy over it, and little cupids sported on the wood. It was covered with an ermine quilt with a green chiffon valance. Poppy must have this bed wherever she went. It was expensive to transport, but some man was always proud to pay for its transportation.

There was a time when Poppy Brooks had traveled in the steerage, a little immigrant girl with a shawl over her head.

She was Karin Oleson then. That was many years ago, but Poppy had never forgotten Karin, and had never ceased trying to make up to Karin for the poverty and the wretchedness she had endured.

Even now, lying in her voluptuous bed, Poppy could remember the hard narrow bunk Karin had occupied on the old-fashioned steamer that had landed her at Ellis Island. She could remember the evil smells, the dirty food, the face of the steward as he doled out the day's rations, the terror of her first storm at sea. She could remember, vividly, creeping close to a bearded man who had played to her on his accordion and sung to her songs she could not understand. She could remember how his music had soothed her, put her to sleep.

Poppy went to bed every morning now, with the radio playing, or the phonograph. She could not sleep without music. She must awaken to music. There was a phonograph in the drawing-room of her suite and a grand piano that—like the bed—traveled wherever she traveled.

NOTHING could get at Poppy Brooks now. Beaten gold and silver, diamonds, silk and satin and ermine and lace and flowers and music, two maids and a secretary, and scores of wealthy men, protected her. The sun was shut out from her cabin by a square of tapestry hung over the porthole, and the sulphurous scent of the sea could not penetrate the aroma of the roses.

Julie took the flowers into the drawing-room, and changed the record on the phonograph. Poppy sat up and stretched her round white arms, and scratched her mass of golden hair. She yawned—as daintily as a morning-glory, she thought—and reached for the mirror that lay on the stand by her bed. It was set in a solid gold frame, this mirror, and there were rubies in the gold.

Julie entered with a thin gold tray that bore a jade-handled toothbrush, a tube of paste, and two little bowls of hammered gold, one of them half filled with tepid water. She put the tray on the stand, propped the pillows in back of her mistress, and held the tray while Poppy brushed her teeth and watched herself in the glass.

"Mr. Finch called about noon," Julie said. "He will return later. He said he had something important to tell madame, but I could not bear to waken you—madame was that lovely!"

Poppy looked at the cloisonné clock on the dresser, a clock with hands of gold and hours set in diamonds. She made a face.

The ritual of the toothbrush over, Julie began the ceremony of the bath. She turned the hot-water tap on full, the cold partway. She tested the water with her hands and, finding it just warm enough, emptied half a bottle of fragrant bath salts into it. She adjusted the white bearskin so that her mistress might not step on its head when she emerged from the tub, placed soft towels and an orchid satin bathrobe over the back of a chair, placed a pair of satin mules near the electric heater, arranged the scented soap and the powder and the sponge on a silver tray, and set the tray on a shelf over the tub.

"The bath is ready, madame," she announced.

Poppy slipped off her orchid negligée, and threw it to Julie.

She walked over the soft rugs that covered the stateroom carpet, while Julie watched her with adoration, and perhaps with envy.

"Madame is so beautiful," she said, almost with a sigh. "When I see madame walk to her tub I hear music."

Breakfast was served by the second maid, Sonia. It was said that Sonia was a daughter of a famous Russian statesman. It was also said that Sonia was the daughter of a Michigan City barber. Her accent, however, savored more of Brooklyn than of Leningrad or Indiana.

Breakfast was half a grapefruit lying on a bed of rose leaves and shaven ice in a silver bowl, a lamb chop with its bone tip dressed in frilled orchid paper, a plate of thin brown buttered toast, a silver boat of honey, and a silver pot of coffee.

Poppy breakfasted in bed, holding the tray on her lap, her knees drawn up under the covers. Julie read the ship's newspaper aloud, skipping the items that concerned sports.

In Paris, or London, or Chicago, or New York—the only cities Poppy ever visited—her secretary, Miss Kling, would read the papers to her, especially the society news, the scandal, and the fashion page. She would also read her interesting gossip about new fashions in jewelry, and any items the Jewelers' Circular might have about diamonds.

" There isn't a lady living who doesn't like a bit of dirt with her bacon and eggs," Poppy was fond of saying, " and a bit of high life with her coffee."

Poppy, however, wanted the society news first, especially the news concerning wealthy society men. This was not only a pleasure; it was a business.

Julie was a slow reader, and not a particularly intelligent one—but Miss Kling had been ill ever since the boat had left Southampton—and Poppy suffered, and ate, in silence. It was better than reading the paper herself.

Julie read until madame had finished her breakfast—to the last little piece of toast—and after Sonia had removed the tray she began the dressing of madame's hair.

Poppy watched her maid's nimble fingers for a moment, looking in the glass, and then forgot her in studying herself.

She was still young, though she was thirty-five. Her mouth was little and full—a baby's mouth, she called it. Her eyes were wide and blue and lovely, and they looked innocent and mild. Her lashes were long. Her eyebrows were arched and thin. She liked the curve of her short nose, the smooth firm lines of her cheeks, the rosy rich complexion of them. She liked her white even teeth, her soft rounded chin. But above all she liked her hair. She gloried in it. She had never bobbed it because she loved it too much to part with any of it, and because she believed that the more hair a woman had, the more feminine men thought her.

SHE had three solid gold toilet sets—forget-me-not gifts from men she had forgotten. One of them was studded with little brilliants. Another was sprinkled with emeralds, and her profile, carved in an emerald, gleamed on the back of the brush. The third set, not bothered with jewels, was seldom used.

" Ah," said Julie, " if madame could always wear her hair down her back—as she did just now when she walked to her tub—she could be Empress of Russia."

" Or Queen of Siam," said Poppy, who was really nobody's fool.

Jay Finch shouted from the outer door of the drawing-room:

" It's me, Poppy."

He said no more until she was ready to bid him enter. He shed his overcoat and cap, threw them on a brocaded chair near the piano, and stood in the doorway of the bedroom, grinning genially.

The room was so feminine he felt awkward, out of place. It took away his assurance, humbled him more than he knew.

Poppy did not smile at him. She drew the edges of her robe closer about her neck, pulled up the ermine quilt a trifle, and regarded him with hostility. He came toward her slowly, almost tripping on a rug. He bowed, as she had taught him. He tried to click his heels in a military manner, as she had tried to teach him. He bent over her hand and kissed it with a loud noise.

" You kiss like you're trying to bite into a watermelon," Poppy said. " What do you want? "

" Honest, Poppy," he complained, " you treat me like a husband! "

" I'm too good to you, at that."

He sat on the edge of her bed, but her covered feet kicked him off.

" Go get yourself a chair," she said. " How dare you sit on my bed? Are you trying to ruin my quilt? "

Finch snarled but did as he was told. He dumped his coat and hat on to the floor and brought in the brocaded chair and placed it close to the bed.

" Julie, mix us a couple of highballs."

" Yes, madame."

Finch watched the maid as she strode from the room, and turned to Poppy when the door swung behind her.

" Give me a kiss," he begged.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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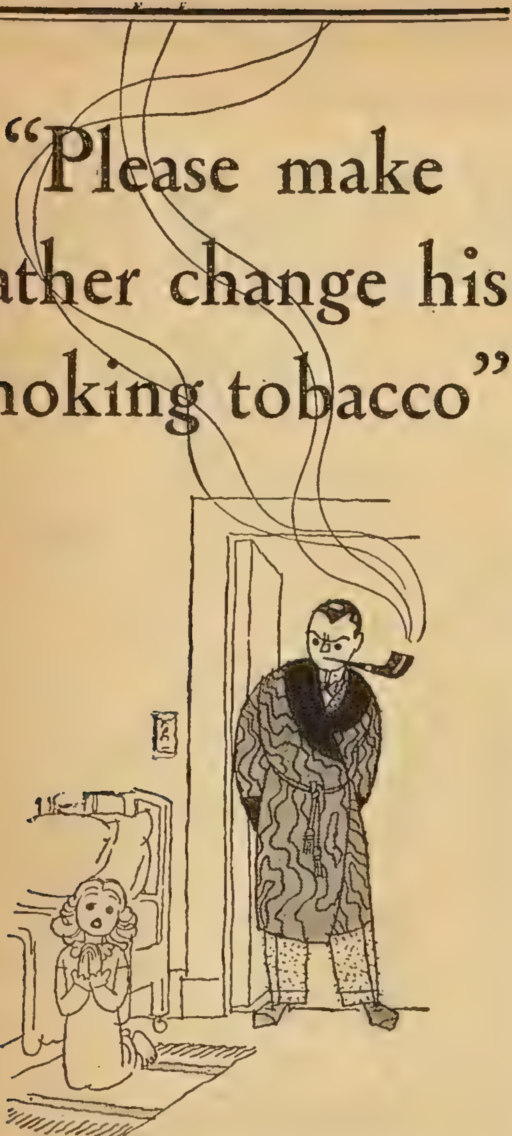
"Please make Father change his smoking tobacco"



MEN go to their graves ignorant of the suffering an over-strong pipe has caused others. But now, we trust, Father will lose no time in discovering Sir Walter Raleigh, whose mild, fragrant blend is as popular with the smoked-at, as it is delightful to the smoker. This blend of choice Burleys has plenty of body and a very special fragrance. Yet it's so mild you can smoke it all day long, with only the sensation of increasing enjoyment.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

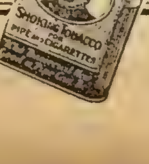
(Hint No. 1) Don't switch tobaccos when you break in a new pipe. Stick to the same brand for 30 or more pipefuls. Mixing tobaccos makes a pipe either strong or flat. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Dept. 40, The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's milder



[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page forty-nine]

"When you put the Diamond Eye in my hand."

"That may not be long." He held that out as a sort of bargain for her good will. "I've got news. The Clarkes are coming to dinner, and I expect to have the stone—tonight."

"Close the doors tight," she whispered, "and don't shout. Never trust a maid and a keyhole."

"You remember we separated when we ran out of the Crown and Bull," Finch began, sipping his highball thoughtfully. "I lost you in that damn fog. I lost the Greeks. What did you do?"

"I walked to Clerkenwell Road, of course, where I had parked my car, went home, packed up, and caught the boat train. What did you think I was going to do? Wait for you to find the diamond?"

"You look a hell of a lot different now than you did in oilskins," he said.

"Don't stall. You said you'd have the diamond tonight. Spin your yarn, and cut the compliments. And light me a cigarette."

Ordinarily Poppy would have made a ceremony of this, requiring her gold-and-diamond cigarette case, and her jade-and-jeweled lighter, and her ivory-and-jeweled holder. But this was not an ordinary moment. She took the cigarette now and inhaled it viciously, holding it in her bare hands, and throwing it abruptly into the nearest ash tray when she was done with it.

"Do you want to hear this, or don't you?"

Jay Finch could be brutally masculine when Poppy forgot to be all soft femininity. She blew a puff of smoke into his face for answer.

"I looked around for you and for the Greeks. Of course, I couldn't see anybody in that fog. I guess the Greeks beat it with all poor Conté's diamonds. Bad luck to them. I hope all their children go bankrupt. Anyway, when I couldn't find you, I went around looking for a cop."

"You! Looking for a cop! That's good!" She laughed.

"I WENT around, swallowing tons of that damn fog, and hollering 'Murder!' until I bumped into a bobby in Holborn Circus. All I could see was the outline of his helmet, and a couple of yards of red whiskers, but that was enough for me. I started to tell him my story, but he wasn't interested.

"'There's a squad of Scotland Yard men in the tobacco shop over there,' he says. How the devil he had seen them in that fog I don't know. But they were there. I led them back to the Crown and Bull, and before I knew it it was raining cops and dicks around that bar.

"They gave me the third degree right, but I stuck to my guns. I said that Conté had stolen the stone from me, and that if they wanted proof of that I could get it from the American consul in Paris. I said Conté had failed to dispose of the diamond because it was too big and too well known, and that he had called me up and asked me to meet him in the Crown and Bull, to sell it back to me. I told them how that waitress with the air-cooled teeth had seen Conté handing me the rock, and had copped it and stuck him in the gizzard.

"Some of the waitresses told the same yarn. That cleared me. One of them told the cops I kept sitting in my chair during all the rumpus. Oh, I got a swell out.

"Then we went through that door back of the bar, and it wasn't a kitchen, as I had thought. It was a cloakroom. We found the girl's apron, and it had a wig in it, a set of false teeth, and one of those folders the line gets out to advertise this bumboat.

"'What's the girl's name?' one of the dicks asks, and a runt of a woman pipes up with, ''Er nime is Mybel Willebrandt, 'er nime is.' That's a hot one, eh? Which reminds me that this is pretty good Scotch I gave you."

"WELL, drink it slow," said Poppy, "and you'll come to the point faster."

"All right. All right. I stooped to pick up that folder—naturally thinking Mybel had already planned her getaway on the Marantic, and might have been fool enough to mark her stateroom. But one of the dicks steps on my wrist and holds it on the floor.

"''Ands orf,' he says. 'That piper m'y 'ave fingerprints on it.' I was sore, but of course I saw he was right. 'Take your foot off my hand, then,' I said; 'but what the hell good will fingerprints do you unless you get the girl? Why don't you get excited about this? Why don't you get some real dicks working on her? Search the boat train. Search the boat. Put men along the road to Southampton, and tell them to stop every auto carrying a girl toward the boat.' I told them she probably had black hair, seeing she wore a red wig. I told them about the strawberry mark on her right hand. A blind man could spot her a mile off, I told them. And then that runt of a girl pipes up again.

"'A blind man!' she says. 'I seen a blind man picking something off the floor near the body. 'E stuck it in 'is pocket, and ran aw'y. He was no more blind than I am.' She was a little cockeyed, at that."

Poppy strangled on her cigarette.

"What was it?" she asked. "What did he pick up?"

"I don't know. Anyway, it wasn't the diamond. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, of course not. That damn cigarette gave me a headache. Go on. What happened?"

She reached for his drink, and drained the glass.

"Nothing. They kept asking a lot

of questions about the blind man and the girl—and then I had to make a statement, and swear to it. I had to get a fellow in the London consulate to identify me. I had to promise to return to testify against Mybel Willebrandt when they put her on trial—if they ever do—and to let them know by wireless if I got any information on the boat.

“I took a couple of the dicks with me to Southampton. I told you about that, but you were too drunk to know what I was talking about.”

“Drunk!”

Poppy jumped out of bed and walked quickly to the dresser. She poured herself half a tumbler of brandy, and held the glass to her lips until she had drained it.

“I can drink you deaf, dumb, and blind!” she cried.

She wondered if he noticed how her hands were shaking.

“What the devil are you worried about?” he demanded.

“Your health,” she answered sweetly, mistress of herself once more. “Something awful is going to happen to you if you keep stalling any more. Come clean. You've got the diamond back. Where is it?”

“But I haven't got it yet. Wait, Poppy, let me tell you the rest of it.”

SHE sat on the edge of her bed, her muled feet on the arm of his chair, her hair covering the upper part of her body like a golden vine, her blue eyes steel hard.

“We came down to the boat,” Finch went on, avoiding her eyes, “and we looked at the hands of every woman aboard. I saw more hands in one night than a ham actor hears in a lifetime. I guess that strawberry mark was part of the get-up, like the wig and the false teeth. Anyway, we found out this much: The woman who is posing as Mrs. Clarke came down by auto. Silovitch took a shot at her when he couldn't stop her. Last night, after we heard that Clarke was a big government dick, we made another Conté out of Silovitch, and Istrelle introduced him to Clarke and the girl. They didn't even give him a tumble—that's how good they are.”

“Have they got that diamond?”

“I'm certain they have.”

“Then get it!”

“Listen, Poppy. There were fingerprints on that Marantic folder—a woman's fingerprints.”

“How do you know that?”

“Radio, from Scotland Yard.”

“You're lying. Let me see it.”

She held out her hand to him.

“It isn't a message,” he said; “it's the fingerprints themselves.”

He took an envelope from an inside pocket.

“I'm the first man ever to receive fingerprints in midocean,” he said with a proud smile, throwing on the ermine quilt a series of photographs.

“I MAY be dumb,” she said, “but how can you radio a picture?”

He laughed at her gently.

“Don't you ever read anything but the society dope and the divorces? Pictures are radioed every day between New York and London. All the papers have them—the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, Texas Guinan, Jimmy Walker. Anything and everything. If they could do that, I thought, they could radio pictures of fingerprints from a London newspaper to a newspaper on a ship at sea. I sent a wireless to Scotland Yard suggesting it—and here are the pictures—pictures of the prints made by Mybel Willebrandt before she murdered Conté for your diamond.”

Poppy's eyes were soft now, and full of understanding.

“And they'll have dinner with us tonight?”

“Yes. Mrs. Clarke will put her dainty fingers on glass and china and silverware—and we'll find out whether she is Mybel Willebrandt or not.”

“You're no fingerprint expert.”

“I don't have to be.” And he laughed. “I have Kuroki.”

“Kuroki—I don't like him.”

“Neither do I. But he can read fingerprints. And if he reads them right, Mybel Willebrandt will get a rough rope tied about her pretty neck—and the diamond's yours.”

Poppy's face went white again. Again she poured herself a drink, and drank it without setting down her glass.

“Get the hell out of here!” she said.

In the next chapter the threat of the noose is overshadowed by a danger more immediate and horrible: a visitor to Dick's and Jean's stateroom whose entrance they cannot explain by any human agency.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—An irregularity; abnormality.
2—A person who lives in seclusion.
3—In India.
4—Red.
5—Mr. Micawber, in David Copperfield.
6—Savage tribesmen of Luzon, Philippine Islands.
7—Love of one's fatherland.
8—George III.
9—The lower house of the Irish Free State legislature.
10—Atlantis.
11—Cairo, Egypt.
12—Thomas Haynes Bayly, in Isle of Beauty.
13—Andrew Johnson.
14—In the South Atlantic Ocean, southeast of Africa.
15—Zinc.
16—The 180th meridian of longitude, where the calendar day begins.
17—John Tyler, who succeeded William Henry Harrison.
18—Those of German, Dutch, or Scandinavian nationality.
19—Sir Walter Raleigh.
20—The Battle of Gettysburg.

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

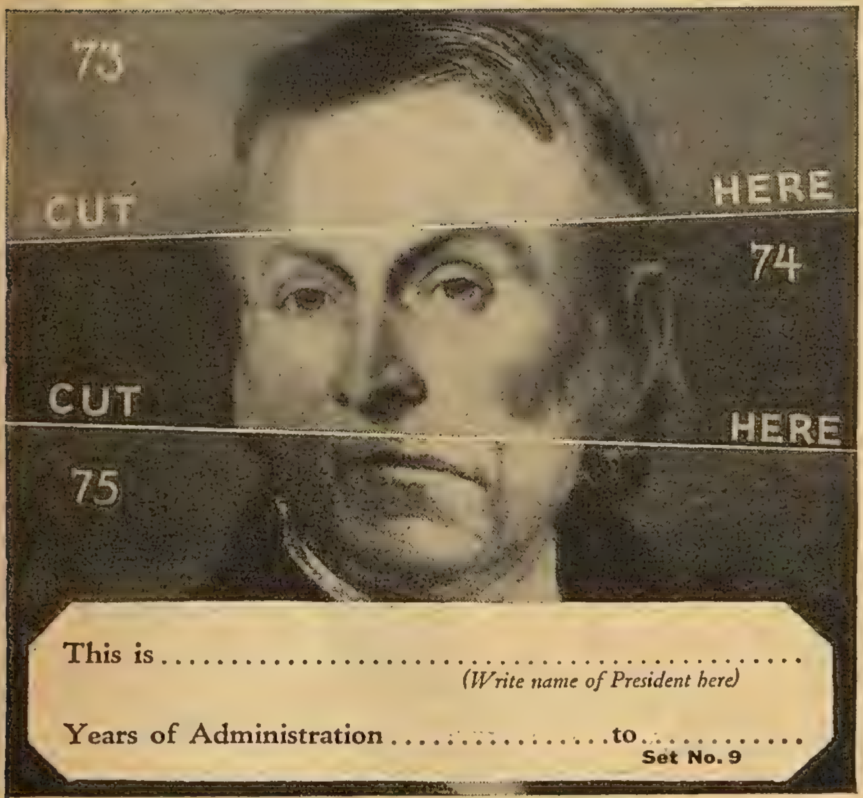
If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 9

THE forehead is of a clerk in a real-estate office; the eyes and nose are of a student in Paris, Leyden, and Amsterdam; the chin is of one whose boyhood was spent on a Kentucky plantation.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

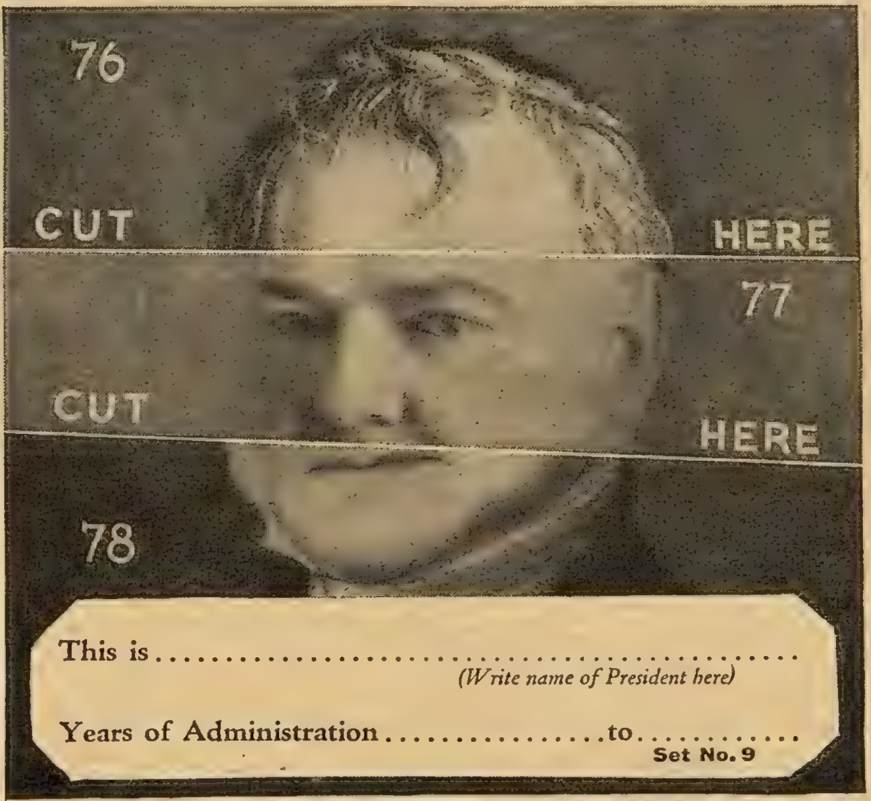
5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

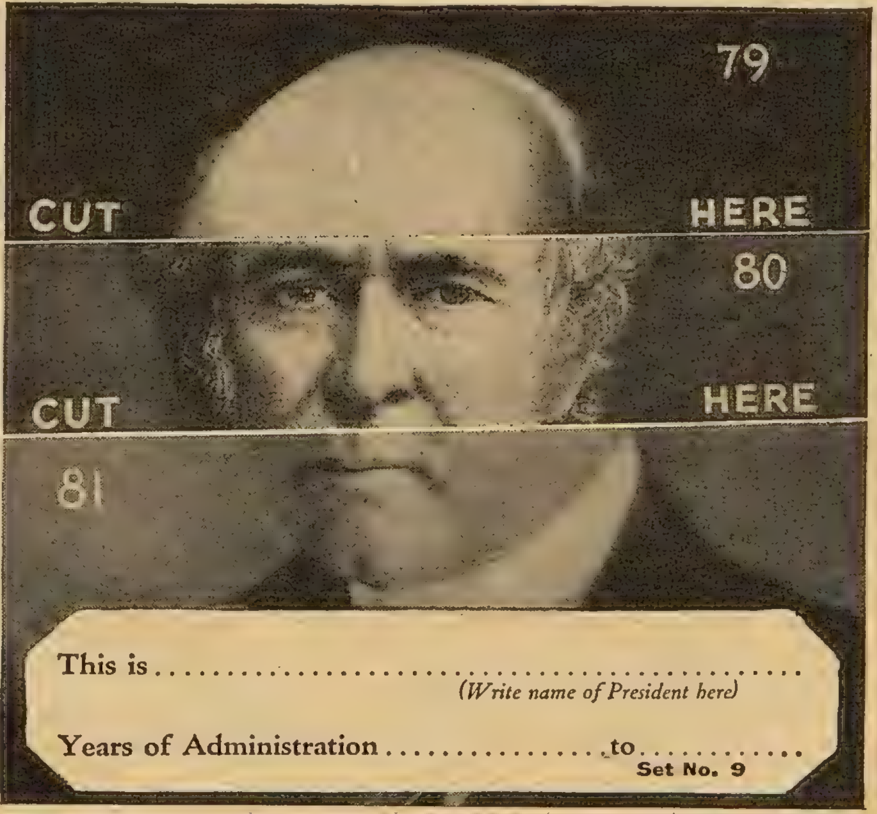
8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 9

THE forehead is of one who received his lieutenant's commission in 1808; the eyes and nose are of a member of a university's first graduating class; the mouth and chin are of a diplomat's secretary.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 9

THE forehead is of a minister to a European state; the eyes and nose are of one who defended Fort Harrison against an attack by Indians; the mouth and chin belong to an employee of a foreign power.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

This is the ninth set of the series. The final set will appear next week.

We Want A Name for this new wonderful SHAMPOO

This Offer Open to Every Reader of This Announcement

Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live, we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win $1,000—nothing else to do.

WIN $1000.00 CASH

Any Name May Win!

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this $1,000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000.00 and the extra $100 if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling. It will not break, spill nor collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of one hundred prizes, the highest of which is $8,000.00 cash.

By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1,100 cash prize may win an additional $8,000.00, making a total of $9,100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the $8,000.00, or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

You May Win Thousands Like These Folks Did

Think of the joy and happiness it would mean to you to receive our check for $1,000.00, or if you are prompt, $1,100 in all. Better still you may win the $1,100 and by participating in our other prize offers you may win an additional $8,000.00, making a total of $9,100.00 in all. The two persons whose pictures we have reproduced, Mrs. Iola E. Isley, and Mr. A. B. Morren, tied for first prize in our last contest, and received cashier's checks dated, August 13, 1929.

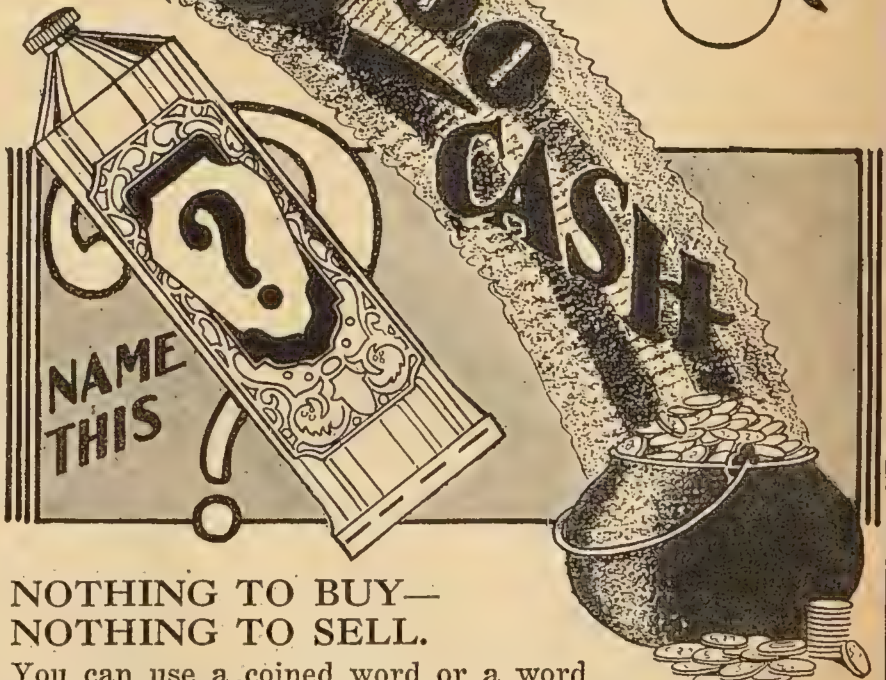
$3,425.00 Paid To Each

Mrs. Isley is a young married woman, residing with her husband in Virginia. She has a young son and her household duties to look after, but devoted some of her spare time to our contest, and won this handsome prize, which will enable her to purchase many things to add to her comfort and happiness.

Mr. Morren is a native of Holland, and has only been in this country a few years. He is employed by an oil company in Pennsylvania, and has a wife and young daughter to share the pleasure and happiness this prize money will bring.

Are you ambitious? Are you willing to devote some of your spare time to winning a handsome prize? If so, you may be even more successful than these two people have been. Do not delay! It may cost you thousands of dollars. Send us your suggestion for a name for this shampoo today! And be in time for the promptness prize. You will want to win it also. It means an extra $100.00.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
1236 McCune Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa



NOTHING TO BUY— NOTHING TO SELL.

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think would fit the high quality of this shampoo. Or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating waste and trouble. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and most suitable suggestion for a name will receive the $1,000 cash prize, or if prompt, $1,100 in all.

$100 Extra for Promptness

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE.

Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100.00 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

$1000.00 NAME COUPON

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
1236 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read..........

Date my suggestion is mailed..........

Name..........

Address..........

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

Servantless Etiquette

How to Live Without a Maid

By

© U. & U.

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

the author of Standard Etiquette and Etiquette at a Glance, among other books. She began her career in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and is now a New Yorker.

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

MRS. WORTHINGTON KENT used the phrase first. I liked it at once. "Servantless etiquette." It had a crisp, 1930 sound!

Mrs. Kent is all that her name implies. You really should know something about her to appreciate the phrase she coined.

The first Kent to live in America received his land as a grant from the king. The second Kent was served by slaves. Hundreds of them worked his plantation.

Today the Kents live in a lovely New England town, elms interlocking overhead, a village green spread before their windows, rooms filled with heirlooms—mahogany and silver from the South, pine and pewter from the North, but servantless.

When domestic help began to desert kitchens for mills, chain stores, and telephone exchanges, Mrs. Kent installed electrical labor-saving devices, engaged a handy man for two days in the week, and declared herself independent of maids. Breakfast and lunch in the sunny breakfast room, dinner at the Clover Tea Room, the country club, or the Taft Hotel, a cateress for an occasional party in their own dining room, solved the problem of meals.

The evening on which Mrs. Kent invented the phrase, "servantless etiquette," was typical of their home life. Caroline and Jerry were doing home work in the library. Junior was struggling with a cross-word puzzle. Mr. Kent was reading the evening paper. My hostess and I were sitting, relaxed and content, before the great fireplace.

"LIFE without a maid has its disadvantages," said my hostess, "but we have worked out a system of servantless etiquette which makes it possible to entertain quite smoothly. To be sure, we have had to revise many of our social customs, but the result is generally satisfactory."

"For example?" I prompted.

"Well, suppose we start where we should—at the front door. Such a few years ago, either the cook or the parlor maid was on duty evenings. Then came the shorter working day for servants—and who can blame them? There were more evenings off for the movies, church, club, or lodge.

"After servants' hours, the ring of the doorbell was the signal for general activity. Everybody rushed from every direction. We gathered in the hall, looking for all the world like a reception committee. Finally in a family council we worked out a schedule."

The schedule worked out by the Kents is something like this:

When the children are expecting friends, they open the door, ask the visitors to remove their wraps in the hall, and then conduct them into the living room. After being greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the young folks are taken to the recreation room in the basement for games.

If adults are expected for bridge, one of the older children opens the door. Mr. Kent goes to the hall, helps the women to remove their wraps. Mrs. Kent receives the guests just inside the living room. But after nine at night, Mr. Kent always answers the bell.

For special social events—"a real party," as Caroline expresses it—a maid-by-the-hour tends the door; but for an informal luncheon or supper, either Caroline or Jerry opens the door and indicates to the guests the rooms in which to lay aside their wraps.

WHEN there are no children to share in the door service, Mr. and Mrs. Kent agree that the husband should answer the bell, while the wife awaits the caller inside the living-room door. If you will analyze these plans you will see that all is arranged for the safety of the household and the consideration of visitors.

The man who appears in a dinner coat is quite out of the picture.

And there is no more delightful sight in the home than the master of the house hospitably greeting guests of any age or intention.

All over the country are thousands of families who belong in the Kent class. The amount of their income is not so important as the fact that they are well bred, accustomed to nice, dignified living and to the social amenities. And all of them are gradually working out a new set of social customs which can be followed without the aid of unreliable or temperamental maids.

Today we have three classes—the old and genteel rich, the new rich, and the not-at-all-rich. All three groups are equally interested in entertaining and being entertained. Often the not-rich hostess entertains as charmingly as the old genteel rich, and far more delightfully than the new and merely rich. All you need do is to cut your hospitality according to the cloth of your environment, and cut it smartly.

Social functions are carried off now in a way that would make our grandmothers turn over in their graves.

In the gorgeous '90s, teas for débutantes, luncheons for bridal attendants, wedding receptions, all the more intimate events of family life, were given behind heavily curtained windows. Now they are pulled off at smart hotels and clubs. In fashionable suburban communities the dining rooms and parlors of country clubs are booked up months in advance. A popular tea room whose manager can achieve new and distinctive menus will double its income through private entertaining.

Decidedly, first aids to the servantless hostess are the maître d'hôtel, the club steward, and the tea-room manager. The modern hostess must know how to deal with all three.

She selects her date, writes or confers with the hotel, club, or tea-room management on the number of guests, the decorations, and other details. The steward submits menus at different prices. The hostess is free to make suggestions. The price per guest with extra charges for service and decorations are clearly arranged, preferably in writing.

The hostess may supply flowers or the steward will look after this detail, the hostess fixing the sum to be spent. The hostess usually provides place cards, favors, and prizes for bridge.

For evening, the presence of men justifies more hearty sandwiches, with perhaps a salad.

On the day of her luncheon or tea, the hostess arrives at the club, hotel, or tea room at least fifteen minutes ahead of the hour named in the invitation. She looks over the final arrangement of the table and then receives her guests at the door of the private dining room, or in the lobby or the ladies' reception room if luncheon is served in the public dining room. For a club or hotel dinner, host and hostess receive together precisely as at home.

If no special entertainment like bridge is provided for the balance of the afternoon or evening, the party usually breaks up within half an hour after the last course is served, the hostess giving the signal to rise as in her own home.

THE second aid to whom a servantless hostess turns is the caterer. Practically every small city, town, or suburban community boasts a woman to whom cooking and serving are an art. For an informal dinner she may prepare and serve the food herself, or bring a waitress to serve it.

Ordinarily the cateress will use the linen, silver, china, and glass belonging to the hostess, and will call well in advance of the occasion to select the articles to be used.

In large cities the caterer often supplies everything used to serve the meal, and asks that all dishes, glassware, and silver belonging to the hostess be put away, to make room for what he brings.

Waiters furnished by the caterer wear the regulation black uniform. A cateress supplies dresses and aprons for her waitresses. The hostess must figure on tips for the waiters or waitresses in addition to the charge made by their employer. These vary from two to five dollars each, according to the simplicity or formality of the party.

One of these methods should be chosen by the woman who turns nervous or irritated under the strain of preparing a meal. The success of entertaining depends almost entirely upon the tranquillity and charm of the hostess. Guests will not have a pleasant time if their hostess is anxious or worried or watchful. Most of us can buy food that we like best or have it served in our own homes. We accept invitations for luncheon and dinner for the joy of social contacts.

A woman of my acquaintance who is the very soul of hospitality, and who thoroughly enjoys preparing an elaborate dinner, ruins everything by serving the meal with all the precision and dexterity of a well trained waitress. We womenfolk understand. We know that she has had a leisurely and sustaining tea an hour before dinnertime; that a day worker is probably helping her in the small kitchen, and that she experiences a real thrill when a guest takes a second helping of her delicious concoctions. But I have seen men, especially those who sat at her table for the first time, look perfectly miserable when their hostess presented a dish in true workmanlike fashion, from the left side.

On the other hand, I know a woman whose invitations are prized highly, even though her guests are called upon to help prepare or serve certain dishes.

"TOM, will you make the salad dressing tonight? You'll find everything you need on the tea wagon right behind you."

"Molly, will you cut the pie? I'm letting you use my new pastry knife and spoon for the first time. Perfect for serving lemon meringue!"

"Have you tasted Jane's rice waffles? Wonderful with fried chicken." A spirit of comradeship prevails.

What with two tea wagons, a curate's assistant, and a buffet which stands close to the head of the table, the hostess rarely rises, and there is no confusion. When we sit down, the water glasses have been filled, celery, olives, jelly, or other condiments, and usually the first course are on the table. The main dish is ready and piping hot in the kitchen; appliances for any electrical cookery are right at hand. Crackers are often toasted while the salad dressing is in the making, and mighty nice they are as they come straight from the electric toaster manipulated by the host.

If you must give a formal dinner for men and women in evening clothes, and a servant for each quartet of guests, employ a caterer or take your guests to a club, but if you want to entertain at dinner informally, and delightfully, as thousands of well bred women entertain today, strike the informal note.

One secret of servantless entertaining is to allow time. The hurried hostess is never successful or admired.

The table should be ready an hour before the time for the meal. The hostess should be dressed and ready to receive her guests at least fifteen minutes before the hour named in the invitation. In this day of traffic uncertainty, guests sometimes arrive too early as well as too late! From the moment her guests begin to arrive, the hostess should remain in her living room. Then, when they are all together and busy chatting, she excuses herself, applies the last touches needed in kitchen and pantry, and invites her guests into the dining room. She indicates the seat for each guest.

After the meal is over, the hostess gives the signal to rise, and she then leads her guests into the living room, resolutely shutting all thought of her dining room and kitchen behind her. Either she or her husband will close the door or draw the curtains or turn out the electric lights by pressing the wall button. Left-over salad may wilt, ice cream may melt, but the hostess may not slip into the kitchen after an informal dinner to put away the food.

Later either she or her husband may return to the

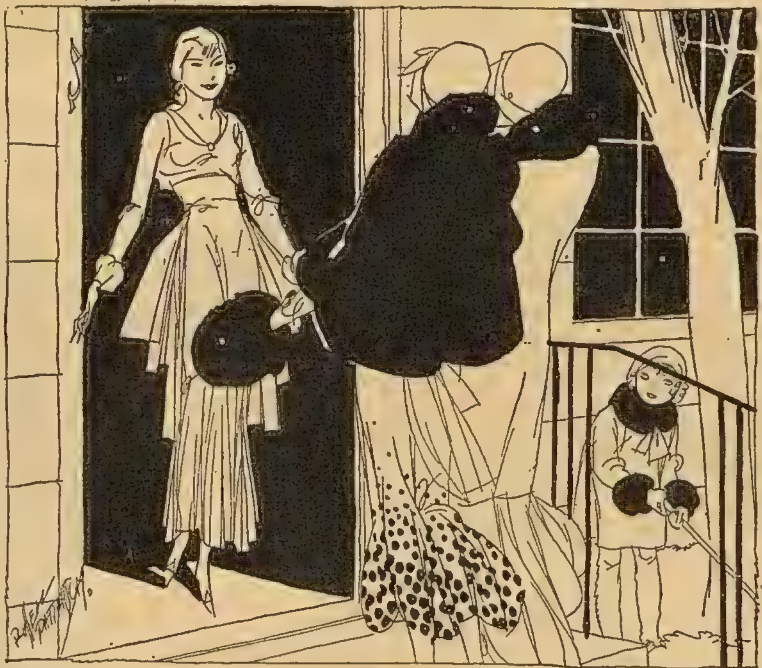
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SERVANTLESS ETIQUETTE
Continued from page fifty-five

pantry or kitchen for a pitcher of water and glasses. On just such small points as these depends the success of entertaining. They also stamp the hostess as being well bred, ignorant, or careless.

The second element which makes for success in servantless entertaining is simplicity.

The elaborate meal went out with the war. The three- or four-course dinner came in with the vogue for slenderness.



For an afternoon party the hostess opens the front door.

The ideal servantless dinner consists of three courses, hors d'œuvres, one meat or fish dish with vegetables, salad, or dessert with coffee.

Hors d'œuvres are all sorts of relishes or appetizers, including strips of smoked fish; stuffed eggs; salami; olives; celery, plain or stuffed with Roquefort cheese; canapés made from circles or squares of toasted bread or crackers, and spread with melted cheese or anchovy paste or caviar, topped off with finely chopped onion, olives, or hard-boiled eggs. For hors d'œuvres you may substitute a fruit cocktail, melon in season, or soup, very hot in winter, jellied and iced in summer.

The preferred main dish is one which requires no carving, such as broiled chicken; fried chicken with corn fritters; filet mignon or chicken en casserole with vegetables; broiled steak with baked potatoes and grilled tomatoes. When salad is the final course, it may be a mixed green salad, with French dressing, or an aspic salad. With it should be served thin crackers, plain or toasted, and a variety of cheeses tastefully arranged, from which each guest makes his own selection.

If dessert is substituted for the salad course, homemade condiments, such as sweet or mustard pickles, olives, spiced pears, peaches, or apples, may be served with the meat course.

The most desirable dessert for the informal dinner is one which can be served quickly and easily from the kitchen. Ice cream often proves difficult to handle, but one of the new ice-box cakes, a Bavarian cream, or a pie for which the hostess is famous, lemon meringue, mince, or pumpkin, or a deep-dish peach or apple pie is always safe and much enjoyed. It is served by the hostess and is passed, like the main course, from guest to guest, alternately to the right and to the left.

AT the informal dinner coffee may be served at table or in the living room from an electric percolator filled before dinner with the necessary amount of water and coffee.

But however informal the spirit of a servantless dinner, table appointments follow the established customs of the formal dinner. Linen, silver, glass, china, all must be appropriate and immaculate.

Gayly bordered or embroidered luncheon cloths with matching napkins are not permissible. The regulation damask or lace cloth or lace runners with large dinner napkins must be used.

The informal dinner gives the hostess an opportunity, however, to use her imagination in decorations. Colored glass, gay pottery, a copper basket or bowl filled with richly colored flowers or fruit, candles and sticks in rich, warm tones may be used, in contrast to the more elegant silver and crystal of the formal dinner. At intervals the length of the table or at the corners should be placed dainty baskets or bowls of salted nuts, crystallized ginger, orange or grapefruit rind, and after-dinner sweets.

Each place is set as for a formal dinner, with a service plate. On the right of this, the knife or knives, and on the left, the fork or forks in the order they are to be used, starting from the outside and working in toward the plate. The spoon for the melon or fruit cocktail is on the right of the knife, the water goblet just beyond and in front of the knife. The napkin lies on the service plate or folded oblong to the right, if the first course of cocktail or melon is on the service plate when dinner is announced.

The hostess who entertains in the modern manner has cigarettes and ash trays on her dinner table, just as she sets forth salted nuts and sweets.

As the meal progresses, the hostess quietly removes the soiled plates to the buffet or tea wagon behind her, each guest passing his or her plate. She rises only to bring on another course or to refill glasses. In fact, it is quite all right to have a pitcher of ice water on a table beside her chair.

"Ah," cries the lady who reads etiquette books, "passing plates from guest to guest is bad form. It isn't done."

Quite so—at a formal dinner, with the requisite number of servants.

But here we are discussing how to entertain graciously without a servant!

DRESS for the servantless dinner is definitely prescribed by the younger hostesses. It must be informal. The man who appears in a dinner coat or the woman who wears a low-cut frock is quite out of the picture. Men wear lounge suits, women guests the frocks shown in all shops for informal occasions, sleeveless perhaps, but more often a modification of the afternoon frock in softer, more subtly colored fabrics. They go under various names—the noon-to-midnight frock, the dinner dress, and the Sunday-night gown. Sports clothes are not considered good form even at the most informal of dinners.

The hostess gown is a mixture of the old tea gown and the new afternoon frock.

But a tea gown with flowing chiffon or lace sleeves is not appropriate for the hostess who serves at table and perhaps mixes her salad.

The hostess who is a bit extreme wears glorified pyjamas, but this garment is not so popular as one might suppose from reading fashion articles.

Speaking of clothes, new living conditions have introduced new customs in dress for the servantless house mistress.

What was once known as the housework dress has disappeared from the domestic picture. What with labor-saving devices and compact houses, household duties have been reduced to a minimum.

The woman who lives in a suburb, a small town, or even a city apartment and who makes any pretense of being up-to-date, wears sports clothes from breakfast to dinnertime unless she is booked for a formal matinée or formal tea.

What little work her housekeeping entails can be done in a knitted sports suit. Its sleeveless blouse makes for efficient motion.

Sports shoes are eminently easy for feet that must trot from room to room.

"But," demands another custom-bound reader, "what about calls? Does one receive visitors in a sports dress?"

Calls?

Who pays them now? They seem to belong to the mid-Victorian era along with horse-drawn coupés and broughams.

If your husband is a college professor, or a church worker, or a painter, and you take up your abode among his kind, the wives of his new associates will call upon you once—and you will return their calls once.

After this, you will select your own friends, or they will select you, and your relations will be purely informal.

An unwritten law in suburbs and country-club colonies protects you from visitors until after luncheon. Then women may drop down on your veranda, terrace, or tennis court, or telephone—“ Will you be home this afternoon? ”

But you are more apt to meet at the country club, at the women's clubhouse, in the church parlors.

Bridge, by the way, is an excellent starting point for servantless entertaining.

You can easily have three tables without any help except what your husband or a friend can lend. Certain preparations are essential. Covers for bridge tables should be washable to do away with the necessity of changing them for refreshments.

The latter should be simple.

For afternoon, small and dainty sandwiches, wafers, and petit fours; an unusual sweet such as homemade panocha or fudge, stuffed or crystallized fruit; tea in winter, iced punch in summer.

For evening, the presence of men justifies more hearty sandwiches, with cakes, coffee, salted nuts, perhaps a salad, and coffee; in summer, punch or ginger ale.

Everything except the tea or coffee should be ready to serve, and the ingredients measured ready for brewing or percolating while your guests hold the usual post mortem on the game.

Bear in mind that however informal your party, tea and coffee cups must be placed on saucers.

IT is not good form to use what is commonly called plate service, a plate with sandwiches and a cup of coffee or tea on it, but no saucer.

The correct service consists of a tea plate, a cup and saucer, a teaspoon, and a napkin. If salad is to be served, a fork must be added.

If the card tables are placed in the living room, the dining-room table may be utilized for serving tea or supper.

A woman friend will preside over the tea or coffee service, and guests will help themselves to the other refreshments. For a small party in the evening, a chafing-dish supper may be served, your husband or a friend concocting Welsh rarebit, chicken *à la* King, lobster Newburgh, or any dish at which he is expert. But the hostess should not attempt to cook. Rather she circulates among her guests to see that each is well served.

Prizes should be wrapped, marked, and placed within easy reach of the hostess. Tables and chairs should be set up and tables covered with cards, tallies, and pencils in place. A small bowl or basket of hard candies, or cigarettes and ash trays should also be on each table. In full sight, in living room or dining room, place a large tray with glasses and a pitcher of ice water.

For an afternoon party the hostess opens the front door, greets her guests and indicates where they shall leave their wraps.

The friend who is assisting her looks after introductions and the seating of guests in the living room.

Before the game starts, the hostess announces the rules of the game and then plays exactly as if she had a servant. For an evening party, the host opens the door, and the hostess receives their guests in the living room.

THE secret of success in all servantless entertaining is to be simple and natural.

The experienced hostess never offers an apology no matter what the emergency.

She does not explain: “ Tom and I love to have guests even if we have no maid.”

Rather she behaves as if being servantless was part of changing domestic and social life.

She shows her pleasure in her cordial greeting, in her zest for the game or the meal.

She does not jump up from the game to serve water or punch to her guests.

After announcing the rules of the game, she remarks casually that water or punch is on tap for those who become thirsty, and between games she may assure herself that there are sufficient cigarettes and candies on each table. Her husband will unostentatiously replace filled ash trays with clean ones.

In the delightful country-club colonies and suburbs where so many young couples take up residence these days, one finds this type of entertaining at its best. Guests help themselves and even offer to help their hostess as naturally as they drive their own cars, telephone their dinner invitations, or clear away crumbs with a vacuum cleaner.

Electrical devices are replacing human hands in the home.

Hostess and guests are adjusting themselves to self-service.

Perhaps the vanishing maidservant is taking with her many outgrown and useless social customs. What people *have* in their homes now seems less important than what they are. One hears less comment on furniture and table fittings; more compliments on the hospitality enjoyed.

Perhaps, after all, we who have moderate means and hospitable instincts owe a real debt of gratitude to the servants who have shaken the dust of our front walks from their shoes!

THE END

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“Speedwriting? What's that?”

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“Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A B C's!”

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“Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!”

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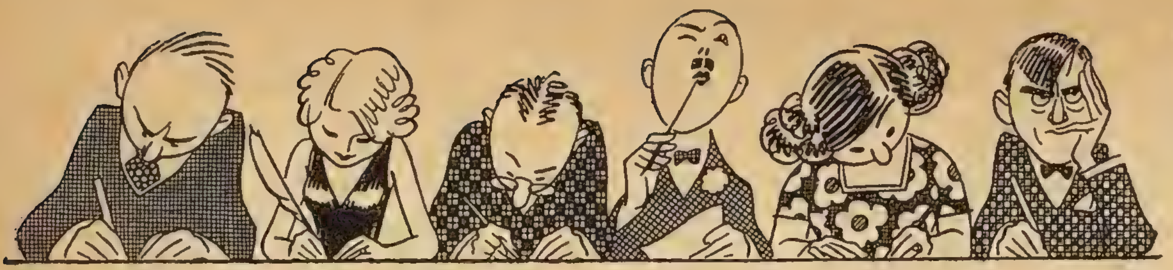

Vox

Miss Putnam—

CHICAGO, ILL.—I think I have read every article in every issue published by Liberty.

But the one that made me see red was "The Grandflapper Scores a Touchdown," by Nina Wilcox Putnam.

I am not a college graduate, but I have a son and daughter graduates. From personal observation and many talks with old grads of twenty-five to thirty years ago, I feel I can confidently state that drinking is negligible as compared to the good old times, when practically every male student with the price got drunk.—*S. J. Bronson.*

—Seems to Have—

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Hearty congratulations on the article by Miss Putnam. Everyone who has to do with modern sheiks and flappers knows that what she says is every word of it true.—*Pa & Ma.*

—Elicited—

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—How can Liberty have been so unjust as to publish Miss Putnam's article on the rising generation?

Thank goodness I am already in college, or I should have to put in a great deal of time persuading my parents to let me go after having read this article.

I say it is unfair to those aspiring collegians whose parents would hardly let them go to such a wicked place as Miss Putnam paints the average college. It is just such slanderous articles as this that give colleges and college students their bad reputations.

Miss Putnam has chosen to describe an event which occurs but once a year. She doesn't picture the student in his average guise, studying, writing, reading reams of required material, striving to maintain good enough grades to remain in college, indulging in healthy outdoor sport, and doing his best to get all he can out of the opportunities which the college offers.—*Edith Ogier.*

—Some—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The title of Miss Putnam's article is misleading, for, instead of scoring a touchdown, it seems to me that she has thrown herself for a severe loss.—*H. Hampton Davies.*

—Slight—

CINCINNATI, OHIO—"Touchdown" is right—only Nina Wilcox Putnam scored not one, but many. Why, she defeated the flip flappers and the cuddlesome cake eaters by a score of fifty to zero.—*R. Johnson.*

—Differences—

MADISON, WIS.—If the stuff Nina Wilcox Putnam is trying to foster off onto the reading public represents conditions universally existing on college campuses, then we have never spent three years of life at college.

Drunkenness is the rarity, not the rule—and we have been to more than just *one* dance, or *one* big game.

"Petting"? Perhaps Nina has her terms confused. Necking is quite prevalent, but petting, no.—*Two University of Wisconsin Students.*

—of—

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—You can't blame the people of this country for feeling that the moderns are going to the devil with such absurd articles as Miss Putnam's being printed. Anyway, I think that we could tell a forty-year-old woman from a nineteen-year-old girl, even if we had a shot or two.—*Twenty-one and Proud of It.*

—Opinion

TORONTO, CAN.—I thoroughly enjoyed your magazine this week, especially Miss Nina Putnam's article. I didn't think there were any women left like her who could see through the illusions of the age.—*Bob Patterson.*

And If an Enemy Attacks, You Fool Him. You Just Surrender

SUSANVILLE, CALIF.—Liberty notwithstanding, I am a pacifist.

I believe that, without propaganda disseminated by army and navy bureaus and others interested in contracts for war supplies, no nation would ever vote to engage in war.

Truth is the greatest enemy of war and armaments that has ever existed. No war could be waged if people were told the truth.

The war fever must be fed by wild stories of atrocities and brutalities, and everything possible done to make people forget that those they are fighting and killing are people like themselves.

At the same time the supposed enemy is being fed on the same kind of lies and rumors.

The worst enemies of any people are those they least suspect.

Army and navy men live in a war atmosphere. They study it, they talk it, and even dream war. Just in the proportion as this group dominates the life of any nation, just in the same proportion will the danger of war be increased. —*Irving W. Cornell.*

Couldn't You Occupy Your Mind Better with Something Else?

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—I quote from the short short story, "Taken for a Ride," in your December 21 issue:

"The inspectors found twenty four-gallon tins of alcohol under the back seat."

Must have been a funny-looking car, with that much space under the back seat. Or was it one of those sight-seeing busses?—*John Doe.*

New England Speaks Up

LIMERICK, ME.—I note in the December 21 issue of your magazine, page 59, that Mr. Robert W. Chambers puts into the mouth of one of his characters the vague and unfounded but picturesque statement that in the War of 1812 "New England turned traitor."

This is in line with a considerable anti-New-England barrage which has been in evidence all over the North for about two years—most of it a repetition of campaign arguments used a hundred or more years ago.

The allusion is obviously, though probably 99 per cent of your readers wouldn't know it, to the Hartford Convention of delegates from New England, December 15, 1814, at Hartford, Connecticut, about a week before peace was declared.

It adjourned after twenty days of deliberation behind closed doors, during which no treasonable act was committed and no treasonable intention proved, and it numbered twenty-five delegates, about half of them from Massachusetts.

New England at the time belonging to the Federalist party in politics (the party, incidentally, of Washington, Hamilton, and the other statesmen mentioned a little further on in Mr. Chambers' story as being "with the gods"), the people did not altogether approve of the Madisons and Burrs, etc., or of Clay and Calhoun, whose influence was largely concerned in promoting the War of 1812.

Still less did they approve of the methods of a government which, while forcing New England into hostilities in which she stood in greater danger than any other group of states, and conscripting her militia, and availing itself of her sea power, left her practically without protection in her unusually exposed position.

The object of this convention was to consider and discuss the question of states' rights and endeavor to find some way in which, should the war continue or should another war be declared, New England could protect herself against conquest and occupation.—*L. Lamprey.*

O, Maybe Not

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—

O Liberty, it is to laugh;
You're really most amusing;
We hope your problem now is solved;
It must have been confusing,
Deciding what your office force
Wanted on Christmas day—
So you asked 'em funny questions
And found they want more pay.
Now that you know what's on their bean
It's very sad, but true
That—well, you get me—what I mean:
The joke's—on—you.

—*L. H. Leslie.*

Pop

How Do You Mean, Even?

Marion, Ohio—Whether or not you will regard it as complimentary is uncertain, but I want to tell you that Liberty is the most popular magazine at the Ohio penitentiary.

A lady in Columbus who collects magazines to send to the pen tells me that the trusty who calls for them says the boys prefer Liberty to all other magazines.

And even many of us who are on the outside think Liberty is good.—*R. Beeman.*

Afterthoughts on Magnolia

Saint John, Can.—Who coached our old friend Lou Magnolia? Or does he know no better than to permit a very evident personal dislike to force from him somewhat unbalanced and certainly extravagant opinions regarding one James Joseph Tunney?

In his reminiscences in Liberty, Magnolia, referring to Sam Langford, an able ringster of a bygone day—though never a heavyweight champion—states that in his opinion Langford "could have named the round before he left his dressing room and stopped Tunney in that round."

Shades of great defensive fighters! To pick as the victim of such an extravagant statement one of the greatest of those in ring history—Tunney, always almost impossibly hard to hit in a vital spot!

And so well able to "take it" that he has been considered by leading critics to be one of the hardest of all ringmen to hurt.

And so tremendously strong and skillful that he handled the powerful and ever-dangerous Dempsey in clinches as if he were a child!

Think it over.

Elsewhere in his article Magnolia remarks that Tunney "is unmarked as he retires from the ring." After, of course, winning.

It might be remarked, also, that his opponent is not so fortunate. Most of Tunney's victims will bear forever not one, but numbers of his punch scars—results of his gentle tappings.

Tunney's opponents, at least, are agreed that he is a vicious, stunning, and accurate puncher as well as a marvelous defensive boxer, and a man of superb courage, great ruggedness, and tremendous physical strength, perfectly trained.

A set-up indeed for any man, and that one never even a champion, to name the round in which he would put him away!—*G. T. McInerney.*

Brookline, Mass.—After reading Sutherland's articles entitled "Inside the Ropes with Lou Magnolia" I think Liberty isn't so bad after all.

I would go without my school lunch if your magazine cost double, in order to get acquainted with the old fighters, as compared with the present-day pink-tea Willies.—*Jack Richardson.*

Cleveland, Ohio—I merely write these few lines to tell you and the world that I think Lou Magnolia's series, "Inside the Ropes," is the best inside information on prize fighting I have ever read, and I have read tons of literature pertaining to prize fights and fighters. —*T. O. Thomson.*

We Know You, A. P. They're Crocodile Tears

Oshkosh, Wis.—When you get severe criticism from the "wolves" who feel cheated because each story does not contain the concentrated wisdom and humor of the world's greatest writers, why not send each Vox Popping wolf a check for five cents, stained with real tears, certified to by Judge Landis, to prove honest sorrow? Also a personal letter from the author, bearing the admission of his or her weakness, with a promise to do better next time.

If you publish this, please tell the wolves I'm sorry. And if you see any spots on this letter—they're tears.—*A. P. Nonweiler.*

Testimonial from Hollywood

Hollywood, Calif.—Anyone who publishes such a magazine as Liberty ought to be strung up to a telegraph pole! And yet I buy it every Saturday. Why? To read the movie reviews of F. J. Smith. Believe me, he knows his stuff. —*Irving Shuchalter.*

Never Thought You'd Notice

Indianapolis, Ind.—At last the truth is out, my dear Vox Pop editor. I saw your picture in the employees' "Tastes" and recognized you.

I've always suspected you were bald-headed, cross-eyed, narrow-chested, stoop-shouldered, toothless, and a bespectacled son o' a gun.

Now I know I was right. I've seen you.—*An Old Popper.*

Aw, It's Psychological

Los Angeles, Calif.—The author of your story, "Don't Whistle in Dressing Rooms," has the villain of the story say "Lissen," and has the heroine say "Listen."

It would be interesting to know in what way the author thinks these two spellings make any difference in pronunciation.—*E. Chase.*

The Weekly Wise Crack

San Francisco, Calif.—Hurrah for Liberty! It has achieved the impossible. It has gotten worse than ever before.

Hearty congratulations! Keep up the punk work.—*Sergeant Hugh O'Toole, A. E. F.*

Hard Lines for Ed

Houston, Tex.—Ed Doherty's article, "What Is Beauty in News?" was just a lot of beating around the bush.

My definition of beauty would not be connected with murder, rape, or the workings of a perverted mind. Nobody can make murder beautiful, however they try to gloss over the facts with flowery words.

Beauty does not bring sadness, despair, and horror. It brings peace, and contentment, and happiness.

Maybe I'm wrong but nobody can convince me that the account of a murder or a rape, or any other crime, is beautiful.—*Winfield Brady.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—For years I have regarded your worthy correspondent, Edward Doherty, as the one accurate, libel-proof reporter for our school of journalism grads to emulate. And now he has cracked forth with his yarn on "What Is Beauty in News?"

I have changed my mind. In his article he committed a most grievous inaccuracy. And I am the goat! I am broken-hearted. He has besmirched my reportorial rep.

He credits me with one of the "most beautiful" news stories he has ever read. It was about some sort of trip through traffic at twenty miles an hour. I did not write it. Chester Hansen, then and now on the Los Angeles Times, was the author.

He's a pretty good reporter, too. But if I couldn't pound out a better yarn than that I'd quit drinking.

Quite seriously.—*Otis Wiles, Los Angeles Examiner.*

And Now—

Sausalito, Calif.—Even if your stories were no good your magazine would be worth a nickel because of the various departments such as "News of the World" and "Movie Reviews."—*Roland Applegate.*

—Share These—

Chicago, Ill.—So many think your magazine is good, and then, again, so many think it is rotten, and in trying to decide which faction I should take sides with, I find myself agreeing with both. I have come to the conclusion that Liberty must be good and rotten.—*O. E. Keans.*

—Among You

Washington, D. C.—Let the knockers knock, the kickers kick, the crabs crab, the howlers howl—you know, and I know, Mr. Editor, that it's no fun kicking a corpse, and that if Liberty weren't the livest, fightingest little mag in the country, the wailers wouldn't buy it and then wail about it.

They just simply wouldn't buy it.—*F. Lawford, M. D.*

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a quarter

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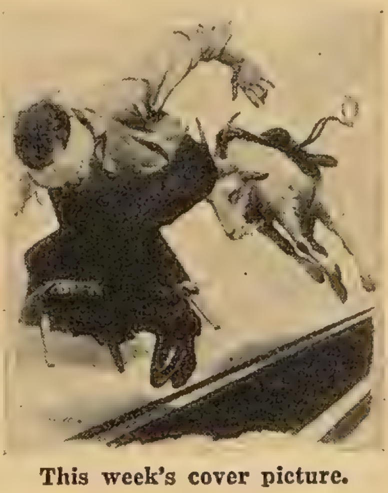
The GOAT

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SATURDAY night—and a hot time in Lil's home town! St. Anne's Church was coining half dollars at a gay get-together and grab-bag party for the benefit of poor whites up in Black Brook County. And the Grand Royal High Order of Whosies was holding initiations at the new lodge! It was Georgian outside and jazzy inside.

"Oh, joy, see what I grabbed!" Lil was shouting at St. Anne's get-together. "A milk-bottle-top spear. Now I won't have to wear glasses!"



This week's cover picture.

Sandy was shouting, too. Wasn't he being initiated into the Grand Royal High Order of Whosies? He was—and how! He'd swallowed the slimy heads of four decapitated frogs. They were warm oysters, of course. He'd stood in his lilac socks on a square of ice until it melted and left him wading on a prickly doormat. Blindfold, he'd pieced together a three-foot-long worm. The sections were only spaghetti soaked in cheese sauce, but he hated to touch them just the same.

"*Fragmenta historicorum græcorum!*" the master of ceremonies boomed. "Knight Jenkins, what does that historic passage mean to you?"

"To me?" Sandy asked meekly. He realized that his wet feet had turned him into a pessimist. "It means 'Out of many, one,' an' it's on all the dimes."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" six Whosies in red robes called through megaphones.

"I can hear all right," Sandy told them.

"Is Saskatchewan animal, vegetable, or mineral?" The master sounded like a preaching bishop.

"All three," Sandy answered. That was easy.

"The plank! The plank! The Spanish plank!" All the Whosies in the lodge seemed to be shouting at once.

"Kneel. Bow. Touch your nose to the plank," he was ordered in hollow Marley tones.

Sandy knelt. He bowed. He touched his humpy nose to the Spanish plank. But very gingerly. *It was filled with spikes!* He was yanked to his numb feet and banged between the shoulder blades until his fillings rattled.

"Now, veni, vidi, vici, verbatim," he was told. Was this a spring tonic? "Step. March. Hep, hep, hep, hep!" He stepped. He marched. He hep, hep, hep, hepped. And he prayed that his cold feet would feel insensible to the cruel spikes.

"Ah, Cœur de Lion!" many Whosies suddenly whispered. "Thou art spared thy torture."

"Amen," Sandy murmured. "Gimme my shoes."

"And now, Knight Jenkins," the master was intoning, "you may ride to the throne and be crowned as an esteemed and worthy member of the Grand Royal High Order of Whosies. Thy steed awaits."

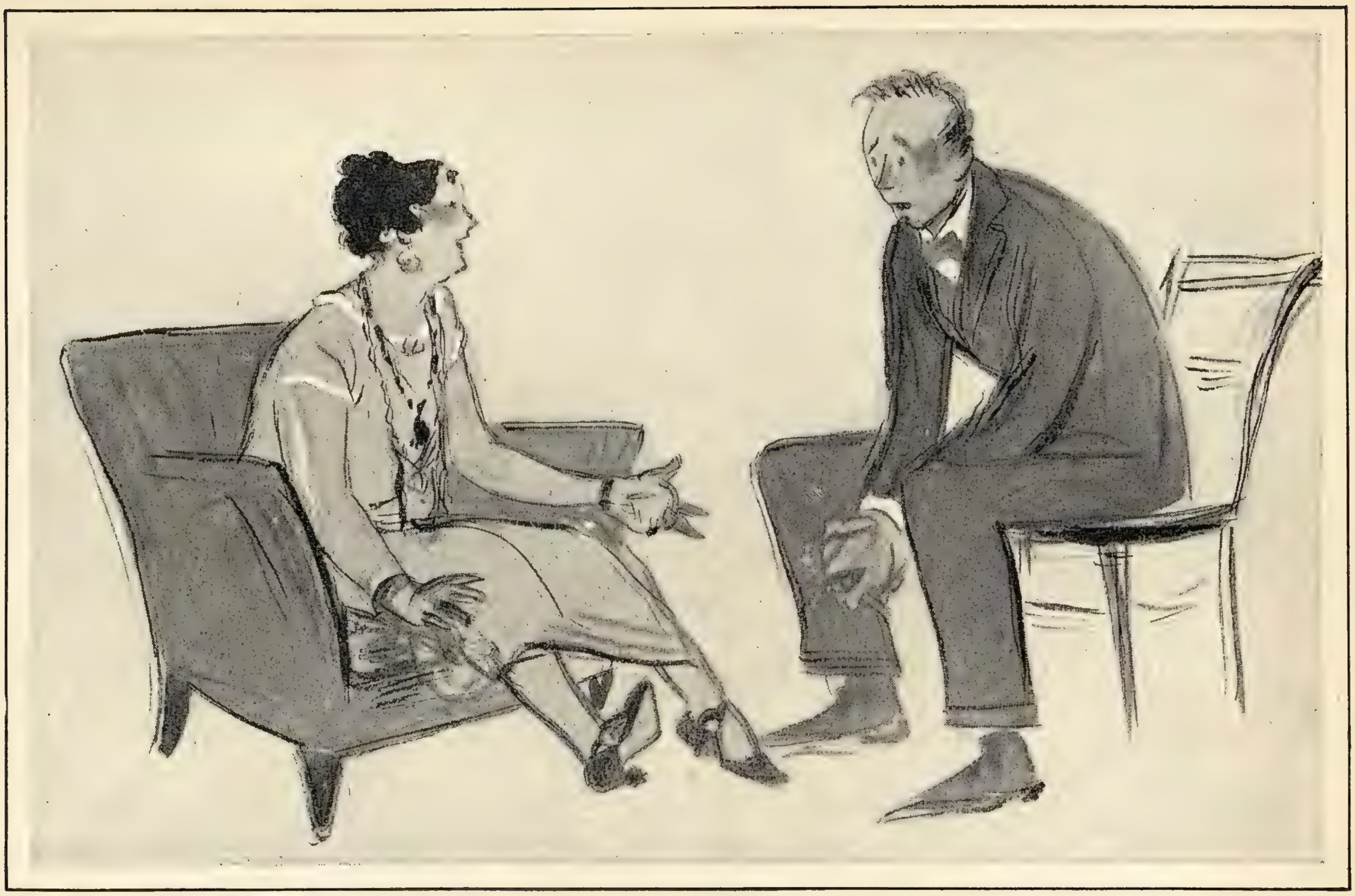
Sandy straddled the creaking saddle. He grasped two swaying wicked horns. He grunted once, twice. His steed grunted once, twice—and headed for the throne.

"Here I go," Sandy announced, but he didn't go any further as an equestrian. He was shot into the air like a dynamited store dummy and his breath was knocked to kingdom come. He knew that the seat of his trousers was as alluring to that steed as a red flannel chest protector was to a bull.

"The goat," all the Whosies roared. "The goat!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The New Neighbor)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater



“ Oh, very well,” said Ellen. “ But I do wish you would try to remember things.”
“ I know,” said Bill sadly. “ It must be the way I'm made.”

The Things that Bill Forgot

A Story for Husbands and Wives

— By —

FRANCIS F. BEIRNE

who after graduating at the University of Virginia and winning a Rhodes scholarship went into newspaper work, which he has followed ever since, with an interval off to go to war. He is now an editorial writer on the Baltimore Evening Sun. He is thirty-nine and—as you may guess after reading this story—is married.

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY RAMSEY

BILL BROWN was going home on the street car. For the moment, let us resort to the trend-of-thought form of writing and look into Bill's mind:

“ Home—all his work was done— But wasn't there something — something his wife had asked him to get for her? She always asked him to bring home something. Was it ink? No, he remembered seeing the inkwell full that morning. A vegetable? No. New candles for the dining-room table? No. Perhaps he had better begin with the alphabet, sounding each letter and leaving his mind a perfect blank. That sometimes worked: aaaa—buh—siss—duh—uh—fuh—guh—and on through to zuh. But it didn't work. Well, there were days when she didn't ask him to bring something back, and perhaps this was one of them—and, anyway, it was too late to do anything about it, for here was where he got off.”

As he left the car Bill nodded to the conductor, for he was polite by nature and, besides, he did not know but that some day he might get on the car and find he had left his pocketbook at home. He had long since learned that it pays to be friendly with persons in uniform.

“ Didn't you leave your paper? ” inquired the conductor pleasantly, pointing to the seat which Bill had vacated.

“ Oh, that's all right. I left it for you,” replied Bill. As a matter of fact he had not intended to, but he was a modest man and could not bear the thought of walking back through the car and having everybody stare. He said to himself that he could get another from the boy on the corner. It would be an earlier edition than the one he had brought from the city, but fortunately his wife did not know one edition from the other, as she was mostly interested in the department-store ads which appeared in all of them.

However, the boy was not on the corner. “ Isn't that just my luck,” said Bill. Poor fellow, he suffered from an inferiority complex. He wondered what Ellen would say. Ellen was his wife.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE THINGS THAT BILL FORGOT
Continued from preceding page

"Oh, darn!" he exclaimed, then stopped short as a thought flashed into his head.

"Darning silk—black—one spool of." Well, he had made a mess of things. Just for an instant Bill thought of numerous ways of escape, from running away with a circus to amnesia. But this, he reasoned, was not the circus season and victims of amnesia always came to at some inconvenient place. After all, amnesia was only putting off the inevitable. So he braced himself and walked on until he had reached his house.

As he entered he heard Ellen's footsteps on the second floor. He knew he should not have done it, but temptation beckoned and he paused before the desk to look at the mail instead of rushing to embrace his wife. All husbands know that this is simply asking for trouble. A circular inviting him to subscribe to a fund to preserve the redwood trees, and an advertisement of auto accessories were all that rewarded him. He was interrupted by a voice from above:

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes. This is me," said Bill, who was rather careless about his grammar.

"Oh, looking at the mail," continued the voice reproachfully. By its tone Bill knew that Ellen had had another tiring day. You sense those things when you have been married as long as Bill and Ellen had been. Bill walked to the foot of the stair and kissed Ellen as she descended.

"Did you bring the darning silk?" she inquired at once.

"No, dear," said Bill. "I forgot it." He stared dejectedly at the floor. Overwhelmed with remorse, he could not look his wife in the eye.

"Oh, Bill!" said Ellen. "And how do you expect me to do the darning? Why did you forget?"

Bill started to say that a spool of darning silk was, after all, rather unimportant. But then, that would have been defiant, a challenge, throwing down the gauntlet.

He decided, instead, to adopt the cringing attitude.

"I'm so sorry, dear. I try so hard and then—then I forget like that."

IT had the desired effect. When Bill admitted his faults there was really very little that Ellen could say. Strange that he could not always remember it, instead of trying to defend himself. While Bill was tearing the letters into bits and putting them into the scrap basket, Ellen glanced rapidly about the room.

"Hat on the chair. Closet door wide open. Mud on the floor." Ellen's voice assumed a monotonous drone. To steady his nerves Bill took out his tobacco, filled his pipe, lit it, and, with the match, stepped to the fireplace.

Ellen screamed:

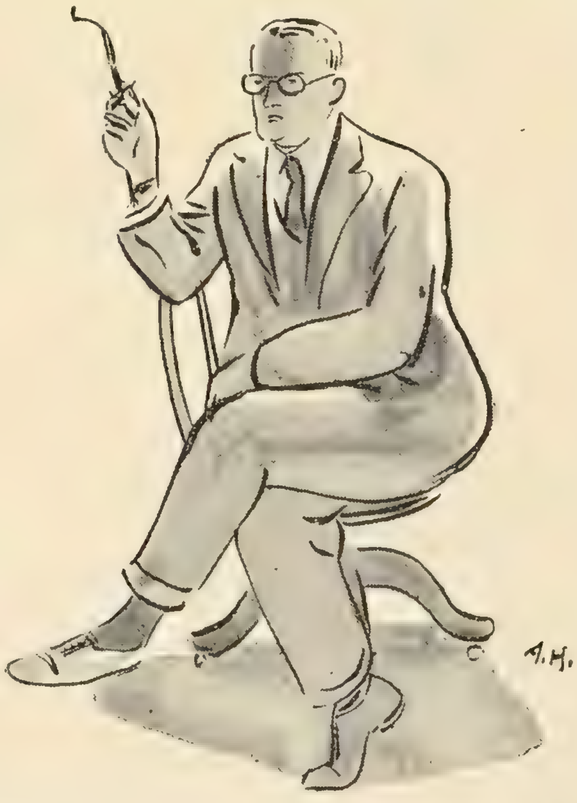
"No! Not there! It was just cleaned today." Bill looked for an ash tray. Again Ellen's eye searched the room. "What did you do with the paper?" she inquired.

"Oh," said Bill, "I was just going to tell you about that. Why, I forgot it."

Ellen sat down on a chair, her arms hanging limp, and groaned.

Now, men, sensitive creatures that they are, will say that Ellen was a hard woman. But that is because they have never waited all day for a spool of black darning silk and the evening newspaper and failed to get either. Just suppose Ellen had said, "Oh, Bill, I'm so sorry, but I forgot all about ordering dinner today." Bill would have gone to see his lawyer about it at once. Yet all Ellen did was to groan. Now who can say that Ellen was a hard woman?

"Never mind," said Bill. "I'll go over after dinner and ask the Smiths for theirs."



Reilly was an executive and only had to preside at conferences.

"Oh, very well," said Ellen. "But I do wish you would try to remember things sometimes. You promised a week ago to get the picture hooks and the washers, but you didn't remember them. And you were going to call the tinner to fix the leak in the roof and the electrician for the front doorbell, but I had to attend to both."

"I know, I know," said Bill sadly. "It must be the way I'm made."

"How can you expect to get on in the world if you keep forgetting little things?" Ellen continued. "But, goodness, don't resign yourself to it. Do make an effort."

"Perhaps I should take a course," suggested Bill. "Somebody must give courses of that sort." He felt really distressed, and while Ellen went outside to round up the children before giving them their supper and putting them to bed, Bill tried to forget himself in a mystery story and succeeded very well.

THERE is no use describing the children, as they were not among the things that Bill forgot. They wouldn't let him forget them. They were always coming and asking him to do things when he was smoking. So he would have to stop smoking or run the risk of dropping sparks on their clothes or of blowing smoke in their eyes and making their eyes water. So it was rather a nuisance. Suffice it to say that Ellen got the children to bed in the regulation manner, deciding to postpone their baths until tomorrow and just washing their faces and hands and knees and threatening them a good deal.

After that she and Bill had their dinner, and while Ellen washed the dishes Bill went back to his mystery story. When Ellen had finished with the dishes she came in the living room and said, "Well, what do you want to do tonight?"

Of course Ellen didn't have to ask that, as she could see Bill was set to read the mystery. It was just her way of letting Bill know that he had a wife. But Bill was equal to the occasion and he said, "Why, I thought I might read something out loud, if you like. But just let me finish this pipe."

"What about the paper?" asked Ellen. "You said you were going to borrow the Smiths'."

"That's right," said Bill. "It just slipped my mind." So he went over to the Smiths and returned shortly with the paper.

"What were the Smiths doing?" inquired Ellen.

"Oh," said Bill, "they had the radio going."

"I wish we had one," replied Ellen. "You know, I'm afraid people are beginning to think we are peculiar."

"Well, we've got an electric washing machine," said Bill proudly.

"Yes," replied Ellen, "but, after all, that is not quite the same thing."

"No, I suppose not," said Bill with a sigh. "They can hear a radio, but you have to tell them about a washing machine."

"I imagine we'll just have to resign ourselves to never having one," said Ellen. "Then, after a while, people will point to us just as they used to point to people who had never ridden on a train. Oh, dear!"

"Oh," replied Bill reassuringly, "we'll come to it sooner or later when we have more money."

"No," said Ellen firmly. "We'll never have more money. I've made up my mind to it."

"I may get a raise some day," said Bill.

"Not unless you ask for it," said Ellen. "You're so proud, you know."

"But I don't exactly like to ask Reilly."

"Of course," said Ellen, "nobody likes to ask for money. I don't like to ask you for money. I have learned to steel myself to it each week. But if I didn't ask, how much would I get?"

"Yes, dear," said Bill. "That's all very well. But, you see, I'm not married to Reilly."

"All right, then," said Ellen. "That's settled. You will not ask for a raise; therefore, no more raises."

"I haven't said that," retorted Bill.

"Then you will ask for a raise?"

"I suppose so."

"Tomorrow?"

"Oh, very well."

"And tomorrow afternoon when you come home I will say, 'Bill, did you ask for a raise?' and do you know what you will say?"

"What?"

"'Oh, Ellen, I'm so sorry. I forgot.'" Ellen was so good at mimicry that lots of people thought she should go on the stage.

"Of course you had to bring that up," said Bill, "and spoil the evening. Well, you'll see. But go on and look at the paper and I'll finish my pipe and then I'll read to you."

WELL, the next morning Bill was up bright and early and soon was on his way to town. He was doing very nicely, as the only things he forgot were his keys. But there was nothing much in his desk except cigar coupons and pipe cleaners and pencils and papers, anyway, so that it did not much matter. It was nothing like so bad as leaving his eyeglasses, for then he was quite helpless.

Reilly did not usually come in until about ten-thirty, as he was an executive and only had to preside at conferences and have lunch with influential people and be seen on the golf course in the afternoon. Cynical employees—and, unfortunately, there are always a few in every organization—said that Reilly did not have much to do. But, of course, they could not be expected to understand that frequently when Reilly seemed to be playing he was really making valuable contacts.

These same cynical employees used to say that if Miss Dobson—that was Reilly's secretary—were to die, it would also be the end of Reilly.

However, though Miss Dobson was very excellent in her line, she had her limitations. That is to say, she might word and write a letter, but, after all, it was Reilly who had to sign his name to it. There was no getting around that.

So before Reilly appeared, Bill had a great many things to attend to.

It was no easy task to find some one with pipe cleaners and pencils and paper which he could borrow.

But, at last, Bill had everything assembled and could get down to work, though all of this kept his mind very much occupied.

All of a sudden he was aware of that awful feeling that Ellen had told him to attend to something, but for the life of him he couldn't think what it was.

So first he visualized his home and looked to see if anything were lacking, such as ink or glue or postage stamps or aspirin tablets or tooth paste. However, he was soon convinced that it was none of these.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Joseph Paquin of Paris, world-famous couturier

Edward A. Stringer, gifted designer for Johns and Bonham, tailors to many of the English nobility

Paquin of Paris
Stringer of London

Parker's new Streamline Black and Pearl captivates Europe's Style Authorities

Europe, the style originator, comes to Parker for its pen and pencil styles. Paquin, world-famed couturier, pronounces Parker's Black & Pearl "exquisite!" Stringer, designer of noblemen's clothes, calls it "the smartest of all."

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This perfectly poised shape feels "at home" in the hand, and sets lower in the pocket than others, for the clip is at the top—not halfway down the barrel.

The Pressureless Touch of the Duofold point is positively inspiring to write with. Try it. But look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." That means a pen you can readily convert for pocket or desk set by adding or removing a tapered end, far more ink capacity than average, size for size, and guaranteed for life.

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GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Parker
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2 Pens in One

Contains more pearl—sets low in the pocket—Convertible for Pocket, for Desk, hence 2 Pens for the price of one—and guaranteed for life.

PARKER
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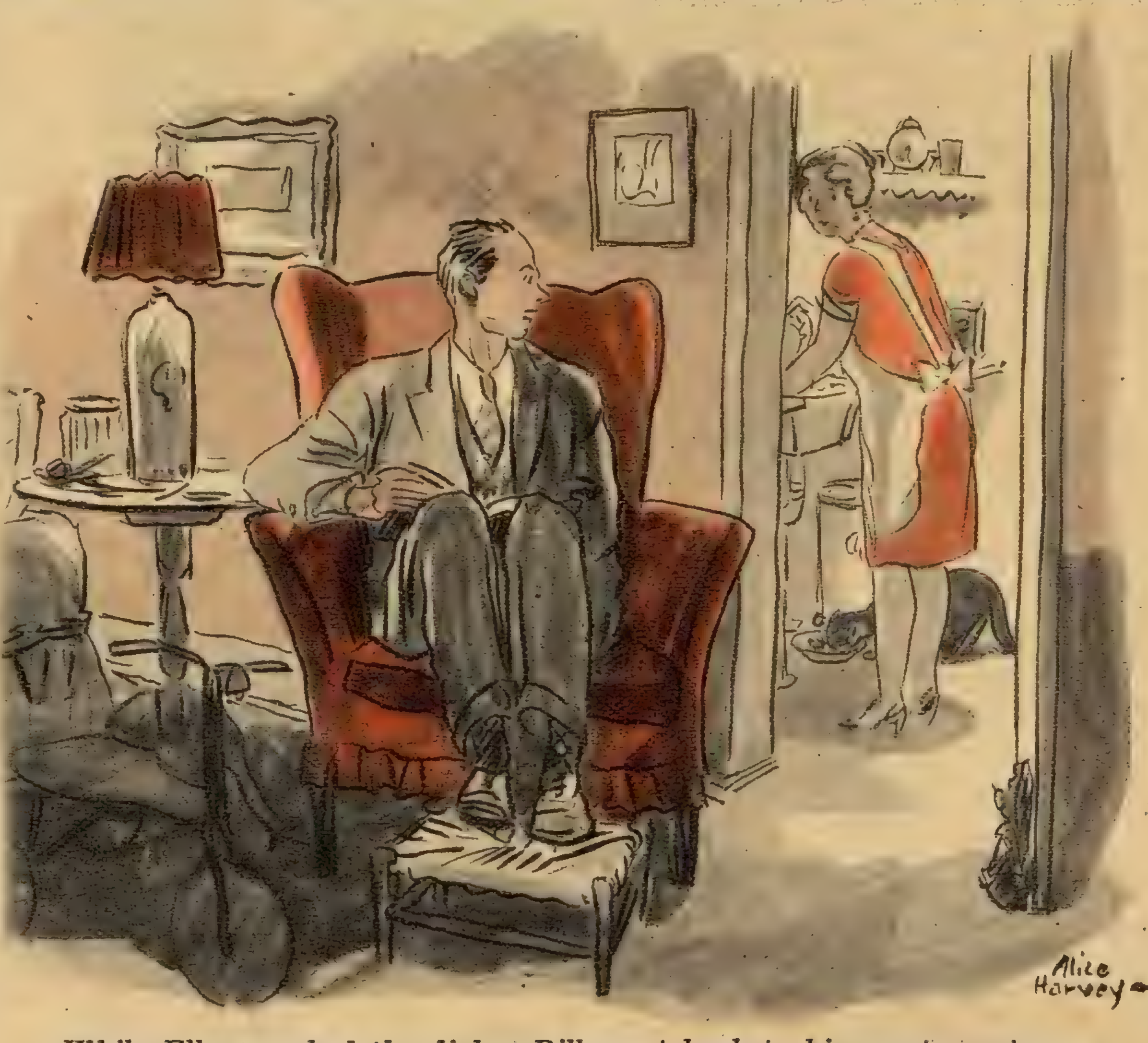
Moderne Black & Pearl
PENS
$7.50 $8.50 $10.00

PENCILS
$3.50 $4 and $5

THE THINGS THAT BILL FORGOT
Continued from page sixty-three

After that he tried the alphabetical test: aaaa—buh—siss—duh—uh—fuh—guh—and so on through to zuh. But it didn't help at all. So he had to give up, trusting that the thought might come to him suddenly as it sometimes did.

About ten-thirty o'clock Reilly came through the office with a briefcase, indicating that he had taken work home with him. He walked hurriedly to his private room. Naturally, coming in late this way, his time was very valuable as there was so little of it. He could not be walking about looking for people, so he was accustomed to summon them with a buzzer. He often said that he detested buzzers, as they were un-American, and would much prefer going straight to a man, but that the buzzer seemed the only practical solution of the time problem. The employees—that is, all except the cynical ones—said they quite understood. But the cynical ones whispered it about that Reilly got as much satisfaction in setting off a buzzer as he did in drawing his salary.



While Ellen washed the dishes Bill went back to his mystery story.

Bill had a moment's respite in his work and concluded to use it to clean his pipe, which was not drawing very well. He had just begun to cut out the crust with the blade of a pair of shears he had borrowed when his buzzer sounded. Being a conscientious worker, he did not even wait to blow through the stem, but put down the pipe and shears and hurried to Reilly's office. One glance was enough to show him that something was terribly wrong.

IN the first place, Reilly was sitting at a typewriter, which Bill, as a trained employee, knew no first-rate executive should ever do.

Furthermore, there was an accumulation of papers on Reilly's desk, which no first-rate executive ever allows to happen. And lastly, Reilly wore a look of grave concern.

"Did you call me, Mr. Reilly?" inquired Bill.

"Yes, Mr. Brown," said Reilly, stressing the "Mister" as they do in the army to show that it must not be taken at its face value. "Miss Dobson is ill, but I am carrying on as best I can." He said it with the fine determination of a commander of a lost battalion. "I have just written a very important letter. Here it is. I cannot trust it to the office boy. Will you be so kind as to take it to the post office?"

"Certainly, Mr. Reilly," said Bill, who appreciated the confidence imposed upon him. Then a thought suddenly struck him. "Reilly—ruh—raise." So that was what he had on his mind. Under the circumstances, how could he put the question? Obviously, when Reilly was upset it was impossible. Obviously, also, he could never convince Ellen it was impossible. And such being the case he wished he had not remembered. Wasn't that just his luck? Poor Bill, his inferiority complex was at work again. These were only the thoughts of a moment. Bill stepped forward, took the letter, and slipped it into his pocket.

Then he returned to his desk to get his hat, pausing a moment to jab at the stem of his pipe with a pipe cleaner and to blow through the stem.

He was pleased to find the obstruction had been cleaned away.

As Bill reached the street it occurred to him that he would like a smoke, and then he discovered he had forgotten his tobacco.

He dropped in at the nearest tobacco store for a can of his favorite mixture.

"HOW about a combination offer we are making today?" inquired the salesman heartily. "A French brier and a pound of tobacco for a dollar."

Bill took the pipe and looked at it critically.

"The stem seems very slender. Won't it break easily?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," replied the salesman. "That's a good stout stem. And look at this aluminum feature on the inside. Keeps you from getting a drink. Ever tried one?"

"I don't believe I have," said Bill. "It's got a nice straight grain."

"Yes," said the salesman. "Hasn't it? We've done a good business in 'em today."

"All right, then, wrap it up," said Bill.

So the salesman wrapped up the pipe and tobacco and handed the package to Bill and Bill gave the salesman a dollar.

It was not every day that Bill spent a dollar on tobacco, as Ellen examined that item very carefully in the account book. Fifteen cents for one can he could work in as part of his lunch, but not a dollar. So the transaction required his undivided attention.

As he left the tobacco store Bill said to himself, "Now why did I come out?" So he began to use all of his memory aids without success until he reached the alphabetical test and proceeded with aaaa—buh—siss—duh—and so forth. When he came to luh he stopped. "Luh—luh—luh," he repeated. It was unmistakably the key letter. Just then he looked into a window and saw a man lifting a cup of coffee to his mouth. "Luh—lunch, of course," he concluded triumphantly.

So Bill entered the lunch room, which was a one-arm place, and ordered a ham sandwich and a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee. When he returned to his seat he noticed that the fork was not very clean. He thought to himself that he ought to go up to the management and complain about this, as it was an outrage for lunch rooms to provide dirty forks. However, after considering the situation very carefully, he concluded not to do so and satisfied himself by placing the fork in his glass of water and then wiping it clean with a tissue-paper napkin.

He did this somewhat ostentatiously in the hope that the girl behind the counter might notice it. And, anyway, he concluded, he was getting even with them by using two tissue-paper napkins instead of one. When he had finished his repast he also took several toothpicks which he did not use, but liked to chew.

After this he spent five or ten minutes trying to count the stories on a skyscraper that was in process of construction, and then returned to the office.

Hardly had he entered than it seemed as if every one in turn shouted, " Mr. Reilly wants to see you," or " Have you seen Mr. Reilly? "

When he reached his desk there was a memorandum in black and white reading, " Mr. Reilly wants to see you."

Wondering what it could be about, Bill hung up his hat and hurried to Reilly's office. Reilly was seated at his desk looking greatly agitated.

" Oh, there you are," said Reilly. " What did you do with that letter? "

Bill was just about to say, " What letter? " when his hand went into his pocket and touched the sharp edge of an envelope.

IN an instant the whole sorry business flashed before him. The important mission which had been intrusted to him. Forgetfulness. Failure. Luh—not " lunch " but " letter."

That is the trouble with systems. So often they do not work.

Now, many a man in Bill's position would have said, " I mailed it," and then rushed to the post office to perform the deed. But, as we have said, Bill suffered from an inferiority complex, and people who suffer from an inferiority complex are notoriously truthful—that is, if their complex does not take the extreme form of egotism. Perhaps being truthful is what makes them feel so inferior. Also, through long practice with Ellen, Bill was accustomed to confessing things. So he stood his ground and said: " I'm sorry, Mr. Reilly, but I forgot it."

" Then where is it? " exclaimed Reilly.

" Here," said Bill, taking the letter from his pocket.

" Thank heaven! " said Reilly, and with that he slumped into his chair like a punished prize fighter who has been saved by the bell.

" SIR? " asked Bill, who imagined that his eyes and ears were deceiving him.

" I said ' thank heaven! ' " repeated Reilly with emphasis. " Give it to me."

" Wouldn't you like me to mail it? " said Bill meekly. " I don't think I would forget a second time."

" No, thank you," replied Reilly. " Just give it to me, please."

" Is there anything else, Mr. Reilly? "

" No, nothing else, thank you." Reilly's voice was as sweet as a May morn. There was in it a rich note of gratitude.

But why Reilly should be grateful to him for forgetting to mail an important letter was more than Bill could understand.

However, he had had sufficient experience as an employee to know that you should never question the actions of an executive no matter how queer they may seem. So he turned and left the room without another word.

He went back to his desk and wondered how long it would be before Reilly would come to and proceed to inform him that he was wasting his time in a business for which he was not suited. While he waited Bill regretted more than ever that he had left his keys at home, as it seemed tremendously important that he should retrieve his coupons and his pipe cleaners before saying good-by to the office.

It is just such details as this that loom up in a crisis in a man's life. Or, at least, so those of us who fortunately have escaped such crises are commonly led to believe.

However, Bill did not have long to wait. He had

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

keep fit—

A small quantity of Pluto Mineral Water each morning on arising—in a glass of plain hot water—helps keep the system in tone . . . wards off colds and influenza.

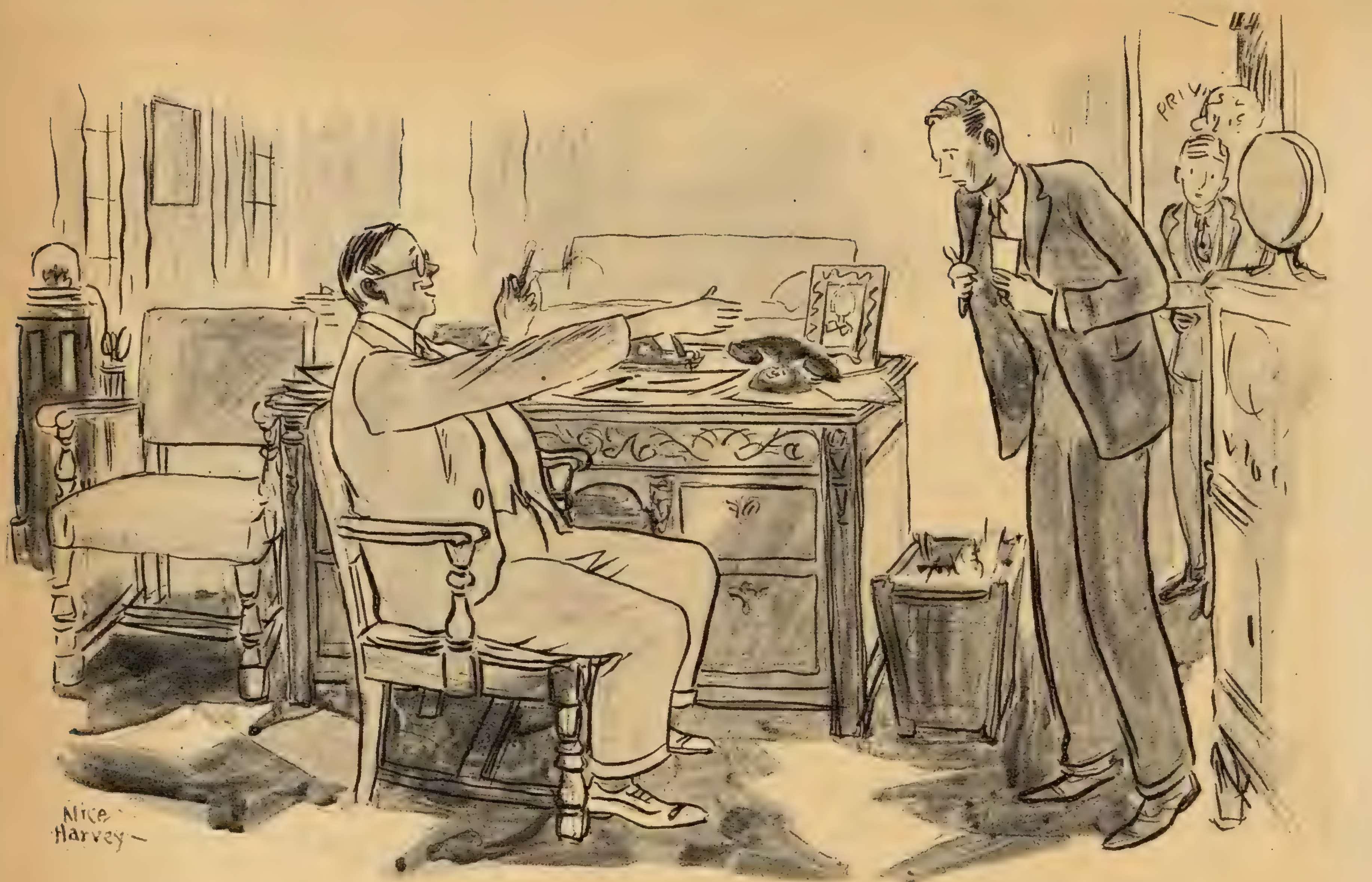
AMERICA'S PHYSIC
PLUTO

When Nature won't, Pluto will

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Bottled at the Springs, French Lick, Indiana; sold at drug stores and fountains everywhere.



"Where is it?" exclaimed Reilly. "Here," said Bill, taking the letter from his pocket. "Thank heaven!" said Reilly. "Give it to me."

THE THINGS THAT BILL FORGOT
Continued from page sixty-five

hardly had time to do more than sharpen a pencil and go to the cooler for two drinks of ice water than he heard the familiar voice of the office boy over his shoulder:

"Mr. Brown. Mr. Reilly would like to see you right away."

You can imagine what an undercurrent of excitement was running through the office force all this time, and all sorts of rumors were started. Bill decided that he would go down gamely, anyway. He braced himself and smiled sardonically as he walked with a firm tread to receive sentence.

"Come in," said Reilly pleasantly. He pointed to a chair. "Sit down, will you, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

"I was a little abrupt a few minutes ago," said Reilly apologetically. "The truth of the matter is I was a little upset. You see, Miss Dobson being away has disorganized things."

"Has it?" said Bill, because he could think of nothing else to say and that was tactful and noncommittal.

"As a matter of fact, your little moment of forgetfulness was exceedingly fortunate. I myself was guilty of much the same thing. There is no use in going into details. It is sufficient to tell you that through a momentary inadvertence I placed the wrong letter in the envelope I gave you to mail. Had it gone forward, it would have cost the company a considerable sum of money."

"Oh," said Bill, "I see."

"BY the way," continued Reilly, "I believe it has been some time since you had a raise."

"I'm not quite certain of the date," said Bill, who in childhood had learned that you should not grab for things.

"Well, I just wanted to let you know that I am going to arrange an increase in salary. Unfortunately, as you no doubt know, the general business situation is none too bright. Car loadings have decreased, and the unfilled orders of the steel companies are not as large as they were, and the crops are doubtful. For this reason we must be cautious in our commitments. Therefore, though I would like to do more, I am putting your increase at two dollars and a half a week."

"That is very generous of you, Mr. Reilly," said Bill, rather pleased that the matter of his salary should bear such an important relation to the general business situation throughout the country.

Besides, he would have been the last person in the world to make countless millions suffer as the result of a nation-wide depression caused by his receiving, say, five dollars instead of two dollars and a half a week increased salary.

"That is all, Mr. Brown."

"Thank you, Mr. Reilly." Bill rose from his chair and walked out.

THE same evening at home, when Ellen and Bill were left together in the living room after the children had been put to bed, Bill asked Ellen if he could have the second section of the newspaper while she was reading the front page.

"What for?" inquired Ellen.

"I want to see the radio advertisements," said Bill.

"Radio advertisements!" exclaimed Ellen. "Why, you were only saying last night you could not afford a radio."

"Yes," replied Bill, "but I didn't know about my raise then."

"What raise?" asked Ellen.

"Why," said Bill, "I got a raise today."

"But you didn't tell me."

"Didn't I?" said Bill. "That's strange. I suppose I must have forgot it."

And now for the moral. If a woman has a husband who forgets things, she should not be too hard on him. For no telling when he will forget something that will lead to a raise of two dollars and a half a week and he can get a radio and they will escape being thought queer by the neighbors.

THE END

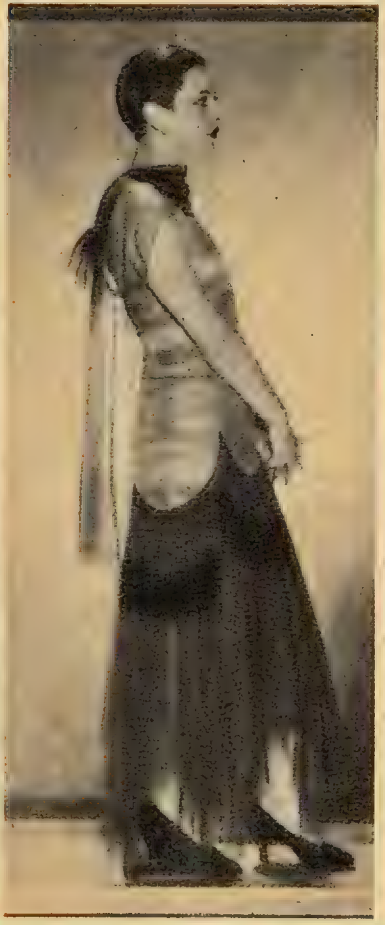
DRESSES for Dancing Daughters

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

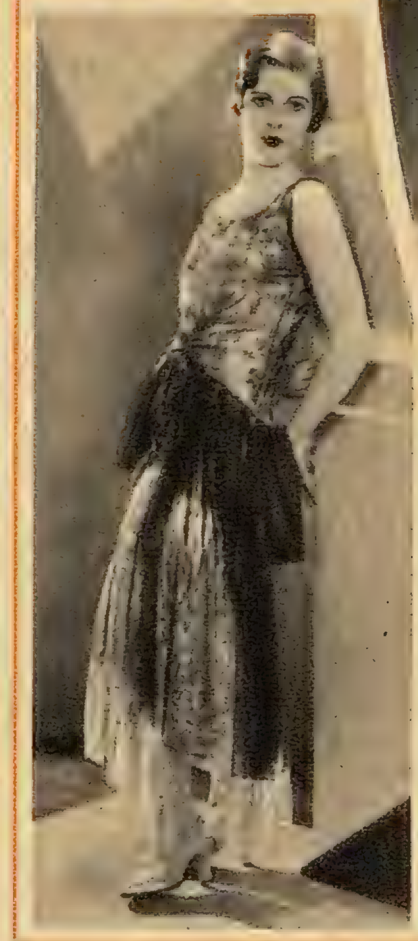
OUR dancing daughters are manhandling the Paris mode. They are taking it apart and putting it together again in another way. *They* should get excited about the normal right of way of the waistline and the correct position of the hemline. *They* are bringing youth and beauty to the clothes they wear and not taking these qualities from them. So the Paris couturiers who are cutting and stitching away like mad on youthful dance dresses for the girls who are going up to St. Moritz and down to Cannes and Egypt have learned a thing or two from their débutante clients.

I have gone about Paris to some of the *grandes soirées* where any young lady under thirty is as rare as a violet growing on the Rue de la Paix, and here the smart women wear fashions according to the book—that is, long skirts and fitted frocks. But in the haunts of dancing youth there is not one mode but many. No trailing frocks here, but wandering hemlines galore; some buckled-in high waistlines that look adorable on the eighteen-year-old, and plenty of others irregularly placed or not noted at all.

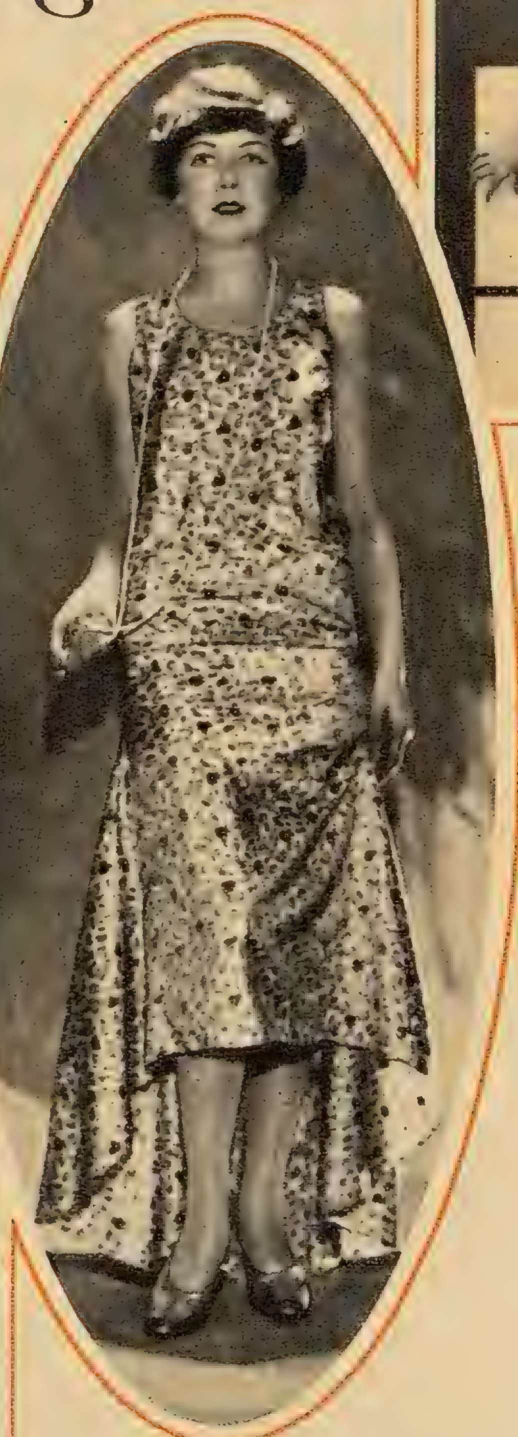


This Maggy Rouff frock is made of tangerine, brown, and scarlet net, with a red scarf.

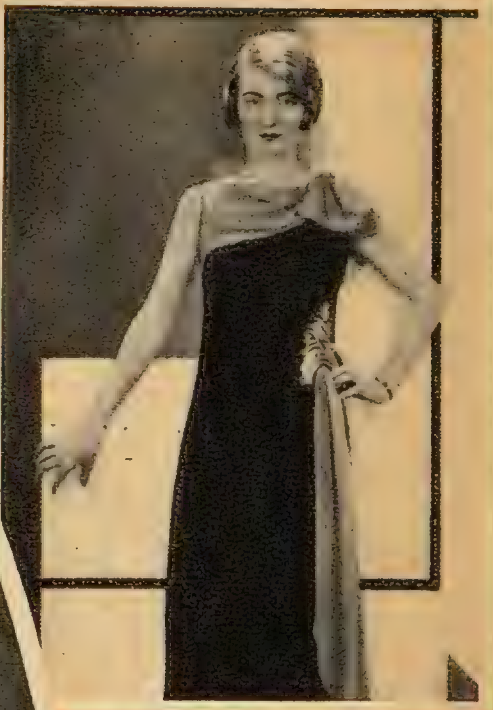
Black lace over pink lace is shown in the Champcommunal model below.



Débutante dresses that are migrating to the South are announcing the return of printed chiffon, printed marquisette, and printed taffeta. One of the smartest of these printed dresses is shown in our oval photograph. It comes from Lucien Lelong and is made of gayly printed taffeta on a white ground. This is the princesse silhouette that is not closely fitted except at the twisted self-material girdle that begins high and ends low on the hips, ending in puffs at the back. The skirt is short in front and dips to the heels at the back.



Lelong designed this printed taffeta dance dress, which dips to the heels at the back.



A Poiret dance frock of crow-blue velvet has a sky-blue chiffon sash on the left side.

THE frock in our first photograph is by Maggy Rouff. She made it of that fine, indestructible net that is so popular in Paris for dancing dresses. The long bodice of this dress is built on bathing-suit lines, and is tangerine color, while the very full skirt is made of brown net, dipped in four points at the bottom, and banded with bright red tulle below the hips.

The youthfulness of the lace frock in our second photograph is undeniable. It is from Elspeth Champcommunal, who makes it of the finest rose-patterned black lace over pale pink lace. The pink lace of the underskirt forms the wide hem. The bodice of this frock is fitted and lifted in front by shirring. The high, round décolletage is important, as is the black lace ruffled peplum.

The upper right photograph is of a Paul Poiret model in crow-blue transparent velvet, with a novel yoke of sky-blue chiffon tied on the left shoulder and bordered with crystal embroidery. There is no waistline, and only a delicate incurve of the upper silhouette at the sides. A sky-blue chiffon sash hangs from above the left side.

* * *

The smart handkerchief for dancing débutantes is a yard in diameter, with a four-leaf clover center of chiffon.

Poiret's sixteen-button chiffon mitts, with gold bracelets embroidered around elbows and wrists, are something new for the evening.

Heavier tweeds for coats and lighter tweeds for dresses will make hundreds of the most fashionable spring ensembles from Paris.

WAFFLE Variations

By

ETHEL SOMERS

WAFFLES are an easy-to-make, easy-to-serve emergency food, adaptable to after-theater service as well as to any meal. Once the making of plain waffles is mastered, unlimited variety may be obtained by varying the ingredients in the batter, or by making various additions to a plain waffle batter.

Baking mixtures, such as biscuit, corn bread, sponge cake, gingerbread, drop cookies, shortcake, doughnuts, fritters, muffins, spice cake, may be baked in a waffle iron.

French toast, sandwiches dipped in egg and milk, and even omelet are possibilities of mixtures that also may be baked in the waffle iron to obtain variety, suited to any meal of the day.

These in turn may be varied in service. Cake waffles with jelly, sliced banana, or other fruit filling, and whipped cream or powdered sugar on top make a delightful, different service.

Success in waffle-making hinges on the batter itself, which must not be too thick, and the use of a hot seasoned iron filled with not too much of the batter, so as to allow room for expansion.

After you have learned to make plain waffles, then experience the fun of multiplying their variety by means of the many additions you will find suggested here.

You will find that hot waffles make a popular dish with your family and your friends.

IN the case of an emergency meal, or for menus that need freshening, there's nothing more helpful than the waffle recipes in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Add a whipped-cream top to jelly-filled waffles and enjoy a new treat! Miss Somers' cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name....................................

Street or R. F. D..........................

City....................State.......... 1-25-30

Mix the waffle batter as usual, folding in the additional ingredient just before cooking.

A WAFFLE LUNCHEON MENU

Whole Tomato Stuffed with Tuna Salad
Bread-and-Butter Sandwich
Cake Waffles à la Mode with Fruit Sauce
Coffee

Plain Waffles

2 cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt (½ teaspoon if unsalted fat is used)
6 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
1¼ cups milk
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the beaten egg yolk, milk, and melted fat. Stir into the dry ingredients and when thoroughly blended fold in the beaten egg whites and bake, filling the baking compartment not more than two-thirds full. Use a preheated seasoned waffle iron. (Directions for seasoning a waffle iron are inclosed with every new iron.)

Eight minutes of preheating with the lid closed, followed by three-minute periods of baking, with a one-minute interval between, is usually the time required.

If a gas iron is being used, preheat each side for five minutes and bake one and one-half minutes a side, reversing the iron immediately upon filling. If the finished waffle is not a desirable golden brown, the iron is not hot enough and the waffle will stick. If it is speckled or browned unevenly, the iron is too hot. Waffles are at their best only if served piping hot.

SOUR-MILK OR BUTTERMILK WAFFLES may be made by using sour milk or buttermilk in place of the sweet milk in the plain-waffle recipe. In each case reduce the baking powder to one and one-half teaspoons and add five-eighths teaspoon of soda.

PLAIN WAFFLES IN VARIETY may be made by adding one-half cup of any desired substance such as shredded pineapple, grated cheese, canned corn, cooked sausage meat, chopped brown meat, clean berries, dates, figs, or prunes, or chopped fried bacon. Bran waffles are made by using only one and one-half cups of flour in the plain-waffle recipe and adding three-quarters cup of bran.

Fruited Sirup

DIFFERENT effects in waffle service may be achieved with very little effort. For example, pineapple waffles are enhanced by serving with pineapple sirup. Any of the fruited waffles suggested above may be treated in like manner. To prepare fruited sirup, cook one cup of the crushed fruit and juice with one-half cup of sugar, until the sugar is melted. Cool the sirup before using.

Broiled Chicken Sauce

1 cup shredded pineapple
¼ cup butter or substitute
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup cream
½ cup chicken stock
¼ teaspoon salt (or more if chicken is not already seasoned)
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 cups cooked chicken, cubed

BE sure that the pineapple is thoroughly drained, and then gently cook it savory for three minutes in the hot melted butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour, and when the mixture is smooth add the cream and chicken stock. Stir and cook until the sauce thickens. Continue to cook with occasional stirring for at least ten minutes over hot water. Then add the other ingredients, heat over water, and serve on hot, plain waffles or those fruited with pineapple. If pineapple waffles are used, a sprinkling of chopped, blanched almonds as a garnish is a delightful addition.

CEREAL WAFFLES may be made by substituting one cup of corn meal or Graham flour for one cup of pastry flour in the plain-waffle recipe, or, if preferred, add any left-over cooked cereal. For example, rice may be substituted for one-half of the flour, in which case use only one cup of milk.

Cake Waffles

2 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup melted butter or substitute
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites

FOLLOW the directions given for making plain waffles. Cake waffles may be used as shortcake for à la mode service or served with sweet sauce or jelly.

Movie MYTHS

Things You Don't Need to Crash the Studio Gates

By FRED NIBLO

MISS GISH
NIBLO

The author, Fred Niblo, and Lillian Gish discussing The Enemy. Mr. Niblo entered motion pictures in 1918 as director for Thomas Ince. Among his famous films are Ben-Hur, The Three Musketeers, and Blood and Sand. Born in Kansas, he has followed adventure all over the globe. His stage career started in 1897, and he starred in The Fortune Hunter and other plays. He is married to Enid Bennett.

MOVIE myths could also be called movie mists. Certain misconceptions of the public about its stars form a thick mist which prevents clear understanding between the fans and their film friends.

Prepare to have a few favorite illusions shattered. Refuting the most common myths about getting into pictures, we find:

You don't have to be "sweet sixteen."

You don't have to be experienced.

You can't be utterly unreal—artificiality doesn't impress.

Your name can be Lizzie Glutz. Forget the foreign accent.

You can have a bulbous nose and green eyes.

The most popular illusion is beauty as a screen necessity. Furthermore, if you're too lovely, you'll never find yourself working in front of a camera.

If Greta Garbo had been a classical beauty, I'd never have chosen her for the lead in The Temptress. She hasn't classical features, but she is very interesting and has strong appeal.

On the screen, the glamorous Greta creates an illusion of fragile beauty. She can put over an emotion, an illusion. Can you project your personality on the screen? Then why worry if you aren't beautiful? The peculiar requirements of pictures make beauties out of girls whose features are far from perfect.

We like loveliness in our players, but we don't demand it. The danger in being too beautiful is that your appearance will overshadow your personality. The perfect profiles usually land face down on the cutting-room floor, where all worthless film is deposited. The beauty-contest winner from your home town almost always ends her career as The Face on the Cutting-Room Floor.

Homeliness is an asset—sometimes.

Lon Chaney capitalized upon ugliness. You couldn't accuse him of being a handsome young blood—once he dons make-up. He certainly doesn't bank on beauty. Yet Lon started in pictures as a handsome leading man. Then he decided he'd last longer as an eccentric character.

When he was a movie hero, Chaney worried, along with the rest, whether his hair was getting thin in spots. Baldness is the fear of every leading man, just as actresses watch for the telltale lines. Now he doesn't care whether he's handsome or not. The Man of a Thousand Rôles doesn't have to be an Adonis; he knows the art of pantomime and expressiveness, learned from his parents, both deaf mutes.

Is Douglas Fairbanks handsome?

He carries his audience along with him and you can't tell afterward whether his eyes were black or gray, you were enjoying his enjoyment so much. He was the first star to employ a fast tempo in screen acting.

DOUG kept them guessing and set a new speed pace in his pictures, such as The Mark of Zorro and The Three Musketeers, our two together. To this speed of action, coupled with his infectious smile and athletic skill, he owes his initial popularity in pictures. Beauty was the least of the combination.

Neither did it get Norma Talmadge her first part. The actress whose face is known the world over for its wistful beauty and poignant power was not even allowed to reveal this major asset for her film début. She had to play the initial scene with her back to the camera. Emotional intensity had to be expressed by her shoulders and head. Could you feel your character so completely that you'd make the audience feel with you without ever seeing your face?

Norma has played as many eccentric characters with ugly make-up as any woman. She once played a series of black-face rôles. I wonder how many girls would survive such a test.

Beauty may spoil your chances as an actress.

Motion pictures acclaim Lillian Gish as a beauty, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Adolphe Menjou and Mary McLaren in The Three Musketeers, one of Niblo's pictures. This film marked Menjou's first important rôle.

MOVIE MYTHS
Continued from page sixty-nine

she is. Her delicate type of Dresden-china features shows up well in pictures. Big close-ups are much larger than life-size, so that small features photograph to best advantage. The camera eye records every line of a lovely contour, capturing all the exquisite loveliness that would be lost on a large stage. Miss Gish's face is perfect for screen purposes.

In line with beauty beliefs, another favorite myth deals with make-up. Somehow, people have come to think that a dash of grease paint, lip rouge, eyelash beading, and—presto!—anyone can be transformed into a raving, tearing beauty. They do not realize that fully half the stars today wear no cosmetics, except powder, before the camera.

Greta Garbo. It is her fascination that delights rather than her beauty, the author explains.

Another argument that beauty is not essential—Lon Chaney in one of his famous make-ups.

Claire McDowell as Ben-Hur's mother. Past fifty, she is brilliant proof that youth need not be served.

LILLIAN GISH wore absolutely none in many sequences of her two pictures, The Wind and The Enemy.

Ramon Novarro seldom wears any.

Ronald Colman did not don grease paint for any sequence in one of his pictures with Vilma Banky.

My experience with stars has been this—what photographs on the screen, the physical features of face and figure, rarely enters into the final selection. In practically every instance, the deciding element of success is some abstract quality aside from personal appearance. An unbeautiful actress! Impossible! Preposterous!

There are many on the screen. You don't realize it because they fascinate you indefinably. You leave the theater and can't explain why such and such an actress is alluring.

It isn't her eyes or profile, but something. You dismiss the matter and become a regular fan. The producer is satisfied because he knows that he has a box-office bet that will stand the test of time. The length of her eyelashes or nose doesn't matter.

Producers are always on the lookout for fascination. They never know where it's going to crop out.

Each person has his own definition for beauty, but fascination is universal. Greta Garbo has jumped to a leading feminine box-office attraction in her few years of American productions. Her phenomenal reception is second only to that of Valentino.

After beauty, the next great illusion undoubtedly is youth.

Do you know that just as many actors past forty draw daily checks as ingénues and straight leads?

Middle age is having its fling on the screen and I'm glad to help it along.

The era of the middle-aged actor is here. Romance is but one phase of the modern picture.

Whole feature pictures now revolve around men and women well past the prime of life, such as Stella Dallas and The Music Master. The day is past when interest centered only about the boy-and-girl love story, with a villain and aged parent for additional effect.

I COULD mention half a dozen older performers whose salaries are in excess of the average leading man's or woman's. We spend just as much time and effort to locate character types as we do for our youthful players.

Adolphe Menjou's career is a victory over youth. You can't classify him as young or old; he's just mature.

As a young man on the stage, Menjou was not well known. As a movie man of the world, he has come into his own. Music gained him his first real opportunity.

Menjou had played one or two minor parts when his name was suggested to me for the King in The Three Musketeers. He was not the suave, sophisticated, perfectly polished Menjou of today. I felt that he possessed ability. Then the idea of playing martial music occurred to me. If he possessed musical appreciation, he should also appreciate dramatic values.

Ramon Novarro achieved stardom in less time than he could have passed a bar examination.

Some half a dozen actors applied for the part. None seemed affected in the slightest by the music. Finally it came Menjou's turn.

He sauntered on the set. But the moment the music was struck up, he straightened—every inch a monarch—and strode into his position before the camera with all the dignity of a ruler.

He was perfect for the part. But every once in a while, even during a scene, Menjou's shoulders would slump. This was the signal for the orchestra to start, and for me to command, "The King!"

That was five years ago, but whenever we meet at some social event, I remind him, "The King!" Unconsciously Menjou's shoulders will straighten at recollection of his first commanding rôle!

Unheard of! A man past the first flush of youth had never played a hero before. But Menjou did. And his popularity increased with each starring picture.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not advising old age to simulate sweet sixteen. The world will always demand youth in its hero and heroine. But interest has enlarged to include other types of stories.

The fans have enlarged the scope of pictures.

They're willing to watch a story of three brothers' love or a woman's desire for power. The five greatest movie road shows have not had conventional themes. The Birth of a Nation dealt with problems of the nation; The Covered Wagon told of Western settlement; The Ten Commandments was founded upon Biblical fact, as was Ben-Hur; and The Big Parade immortalized war's hardships.

Don't you remember interesting old characters in each of these and other great pictures? The old-maid gossip will always be a high light of Way Down East to me. Or can you forget Ernest Torrence in The Covered Wagon? Or Claire McDowell as Ben-Hur's mother?

Claire has gained greater popularity as a movie mother than she attained as an ingénue several years before becoming a character artist. While playing sweet sixteen, she competed with girls young enough to be her daughters and proudly admits keeping up the good work until her thirty-eighth birthday—longer than any other leading woman—before specializing in character parts.

HERS is the novel experience of being screen sweetheart and wife to Frank Mayo and playing his mother seven years later. "Dual relatives" are decidedly unusual, even in screen circles.

This woman who has "mothered" most of the famous stars is past fifty.

Besides youth and beauty, another popular myth is unreality.

Realism is being stressed upon the screen. The public is tiring of fantastic figures.

Once upon a time the vampire arrayed herself in leopard skin and clenched a rose 'twixt pearly teeth. A modern gold digger wears a simple one-piece black dress, black hosiery, and patent-leather slippers. No jewelry. No red roses to act as danger signals.

She is true to the type. The present-day siren does not herald her approach. She is the last you suspect of crime.

All characters must be true to type nowadays. Five years ago a hero who cleaned sewers would have been considered improper. Later he became the star of a delightfully whimsical romance, Seventh Heaven.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MOVIE MYTHS
Continued from page seventy-one

A few years back, the boy was allowed to have humble beginnings, but he had to finish as a bank president or millionaire. Yet, in Seventh Heaven, the height of Chico's ambition is to become a street sweeper. He attains this lofty position and the audience thrills with him.

Artificiality is being rejected by discerning audiences. Mary Pickford reflected this new spirit in her feature picture, My Best Girl. Mary isn't an heiress in disguise; she's a clerk in a five-and-ten store. She doesn't find fame and fortune; she isn't crowned a beauty queen. The department-store clerk ends by marrying the boy she loves. So romance and realism are one.

If you happen to be Lizzie Glutz, don't allow the movie myth of foreign favoritism to change your name.

You may well prize American lineage if you're planning a screen career. It will carry more weight than a foreign title in Hollywood.

People fail to be impressed by foreign flavor, because any picture center is overrun with señoritas and mamselles. Moreover, foreigners are usually classified according to national types, while the American actor is allowed more range for versatility.

Dusky señors are expected to be romantic, and the señoritas impetuously fiery, in order that the public will recognize them as typically Spanish. Mamselles must play up to the popular conception of being pertly pretty.

There is no standard American type, soulful or smart Aleck.

A myth that causes as much mist as any is the illusion of experience as a screen necessity. Experience often proves injurious. It can be a great drawback to you.

Experience kept John Gilbert out of pictures for many years. His conversion is due to heredity overcoming rebellion. Jack's parents brought him up on the stage. They played one-night stands with a traveling troupe.

His boyhood turned him against any kind of acting. He thought he hated it. Gilbert became an auto-tire salesman. Bitter experience did not ruin his career, but it retarded his progress many years.

AND then Jackie Coogan—for years people said that a child couldn't carry a picture alone.

If Jackie had been a seasoned little trouper, he'd never have been chosen by Chaplin to play the Kid. The master comedian dreamed of a teammate to co-star with him in a fantasy of eternal childhood.

He wanted a boy who had never been in pictures to carry out his dream. Chaplin found Jackie playing with his parents in a vaudeville act.

An instant spark of friendship struck from the first contact of these two electric personalities. They liked each other immensely and Jackie's genius matured under Chaplin's guidance.

If the Kid hadn't met his benefactor, he'd probably still be following the vaudeville boards. It took Chaplin to fan that latent spark into flame. Experience could never have produced the same result.

Sophistication and experience are so often confused. The greatest sophisticates of the screen have been comparatively inexperienced.

An eighteen-year-old girl came to me for a test. She had never acted in pictures. She wanted to play sweet young things.

I took one look at her and realized that this girl in her teens reflected all the wisdom, the understanding of the ages. She gave the illusion of having no illusions.

That symbol of sophistication was Barbara La Marr.

Her tremendously human, rather tragic figure probably never will be equaled as the essence of worldly cynicism.

Yet experience played little part in her beginning. She merely fitted into the popular conception of the ideal sophisticate. Too much experience is apt to rob you of your freshness and enthusiasm.

Experience isn't what you need in pictures; it's intensity.

Valentino was the most intense actor I have ever worked with. Once before the camera, he gave unstintingly of his nervous energy. As the inexperienced extra I loaned a suitcase for a location trip because he couldn't afford to buy one. He was just as eager, just as restless, as the great star I directed in Blood and Sand. He could work himself up to such a dramatic pitch that it became increasingly difficult to relax.

VALENTINO might have lived less vitally—but he wouldn't have been satisfied to do so. His is the attitude of most important stars: they give their utmost to this strenuous life.

Ramon Novarro didn't serve a long apprenticeship. His first part in pictures was as a professional dancer, or ten-dollar-a-day "bit boy" in our Mother o' Mine. Not long afterward he played a lead with me, this time in Thy Name Is Woman.

His reward was a dramatic lead with Enid Bennett in The Red Lily. Rex Ingram also had been featuring him in the meantime.

From his first scene before the camera to the title rôle in Ben-Hur took less time than the preparatory course of most professions. He couldn't have finished college and begun practicing law or medicine in twice the time.

How long does it take the average actor to succeed?

My advice is to give yourself two years as the time limit.

I don't mean that it's necessary to climax your career in that space of time, but if two years fails to disclose any encouraging experience, try another phase of production or an entirely different field. A total stranger should be making headway by this time.

However, I don't advise any of you to pack your grips and return home before at least investigating other departments of a studio, aside from the acting end.

Frances Marion, the popular scenarist, tried acting before settling upon writing.

Several directors, such as Victor Seastrom and George Hill, started as cameramen. Dorothy Arzner and Lois Weber, the only women directors, have both handled scenarios.

Monta Bell, Tod Browning, and Benjamin Christianson are writer-directors.

Rex Ingram began his career as an artist, while Jack Conway was a well known leading man before he decided in favor of directing.

Which goes to show that the best laid plans of men and movie makers are apt to miscarry.

Don't go home without giving the other angles a fair trial, if your acting aspirations fail to materialize. You owe it to yourself to investigate any unexpected talent which may prove the keynote to your future happiness.

THE END

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Typographical

A Short Short Story

By

MARIE DE MONTALVO

who is that rare find, a native of New York City. She has worked in the city room of a number of metropolitan newspapers, written for magazines, and published a novel which was banned in Boston.

ADELE'S hands raced noisily back and forth across the typewriter keys, transcribing the junior partner's correspondence. It was long past five o'clock. From the pothooks in her notebook to the paper in her machine the long words rippled through her eyes and fingers and never reached her brain at all. Her brain was busy thinking about Freddy, who was waiting for her down on the pavement near the employees' exit. They had planned to have early dinner and go to a motion-picture house in time for the seven-o'clock show. Now she would be late. And Freddy hated waiting.

The junior partner was known as " C. H." among the salesmen. The senior partner was called the " Old Man." He was the cranky one. His secretary had an office of her own, but Adele, who was C. H.'s secretary, had to sit in the long, dingy room with the other stenographers. When there was a big rush of orders she helped with the general office work. But there was nobody to help her. When she worked late the other girls simply powdered their noses at five o'clock and went home.

She could look through the open door of the salesmen's room and watch the door of C. H.'s office out of the tail of her eye, and as she typed she saw the Old Man go in there. That meant she would have to wait until he left before she took the letters in to be signed.

The last letter was full of long words. C. H. liked to use long words. When she first got the job Adele had had to buy a dictionary, but since then she had learned to spell with her fingers.

She typed quickly and mechanically:

> Certain irregularities among our most highly trusted salesmen have been brought to light through this most unfortunate occurrence, and although it may seem advisable to be lenient with those who are actually guilty under the law, a change in policy is nevertheless indicated. It is suggested that our salesmen shall no longer handle cash transactions. We will tolerate no betting on races or any other form of gambling under pain of instant dismissal. Interest in the stock market will be viewed with suspicion. . . .

JUST as Adele was finishing the letter C. H. buzzed for her. Thank Heaven! Now she could get those letters signed and go.

She picked up her notebook and papers and walked through the salesmen's room, crowded with untidy desks and thick with bad air. She had thought it deserted, but now caught a glimpse of young Davenport down at the other end, half hidden behind a pile of tapestry samples. Davenport was all right. She got along with him fine, even if the other salesmen didn't like him.

They were jealous, probably. He wore better clothes than they did and had better manners, and he drove a good car of his own when he was out selling. Those roughnecks thought you were being high hat if you kept your nails clean and said " Please." He was used to money, you could see that, and she had heard that he came of a good family. Some said his wife had property of her own and rode his neck because he didn't earn more. There were stories about his playing the stock market.

Adele slipped demurely into C. H.'s office and crossed it noiselessly with a timid nod at the Old Man. She laid the sheaf of letters on C. H.'s desk fanned out so that only the lower edges showed, where he was to write his name; and she handed him his fountain pen and stood beside him ready to blot as fast as he signed.

" Don't you read your letters before you send them? " asked the Old Man.

He was like that—always ready to find fault.

C. H. smiled as he wrote, quick and bored.

" It isn't necessary if you make sure everything is right in the first place, is it, Miss Adele? " he said.

" Anybody can make mistakes," said the Old Man.

" Not this girl," said C. H. " Only a slight typographical error once in a long, long time."

" We rang for you to take some more dictation," the Old Man said to Adele. " Instructions to salesmen; must go out tonight."

Adele hoped she expressed ladylike rebellion in the way she sat down. She wished she had had the nerve to come in with her hat on.

She took the dictation, her brain seething with resentment.

THE last memorandum was for Davenport. It ended with these words:

" After careful consideration we have decided not to prosecute."

Back at her desk Adele got out a pad of memorandum forms. As her fingers began their mechanical dance across the keys she glanced at the clock. It was six-thirty. Freddy would be furious.

When she reached the last memorandum she flipped the dictionary open to look up " prosecute." She always got it mixed with " persecute."

Her heels clicked on the bare wooden floor as she raced back and forth placing the sealed yellow envelopes on the salesmen's desks. She nodded almost curtly to C. H. and the Old Man as they passed her on their way out of the building, placed young Davenport's message in front of him without a word or a smile, then ran to her desk. Gloves . . . purse . . . hat . . . no time to powder her nose. . . .

Suddenly a loud report shattered the dismal stillness. Adele stood for a moment frozen with fear, crushing her hat in her hands; then she stumbled to the door.

Young Davenport was huddled in his chair, a revolver on the floor beside him.

As she clung to the door jamb the words she had been writing began at last to reach Adele's brain: " Advisable to be lenient . . . guilty under the law . . . will not prosecute. . . ."

" WILL NOT PROSECUTE."

Then why had young Davenport killed himself?

Adele's teeth were chattering as she walked toward him. Her feet had weights on them; her knees were weak.

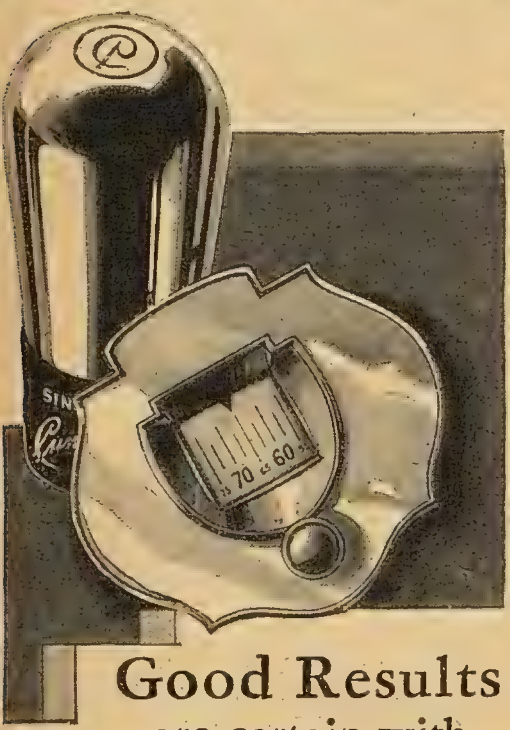
On his desk was the yellow memorandum. She read it with her cold hands pressed against her mouth.

There was a slight typographical error. The word " not " had been omitted.

Adele ran screaming into the hall.

THE END

Cunningham RADIO TUBES



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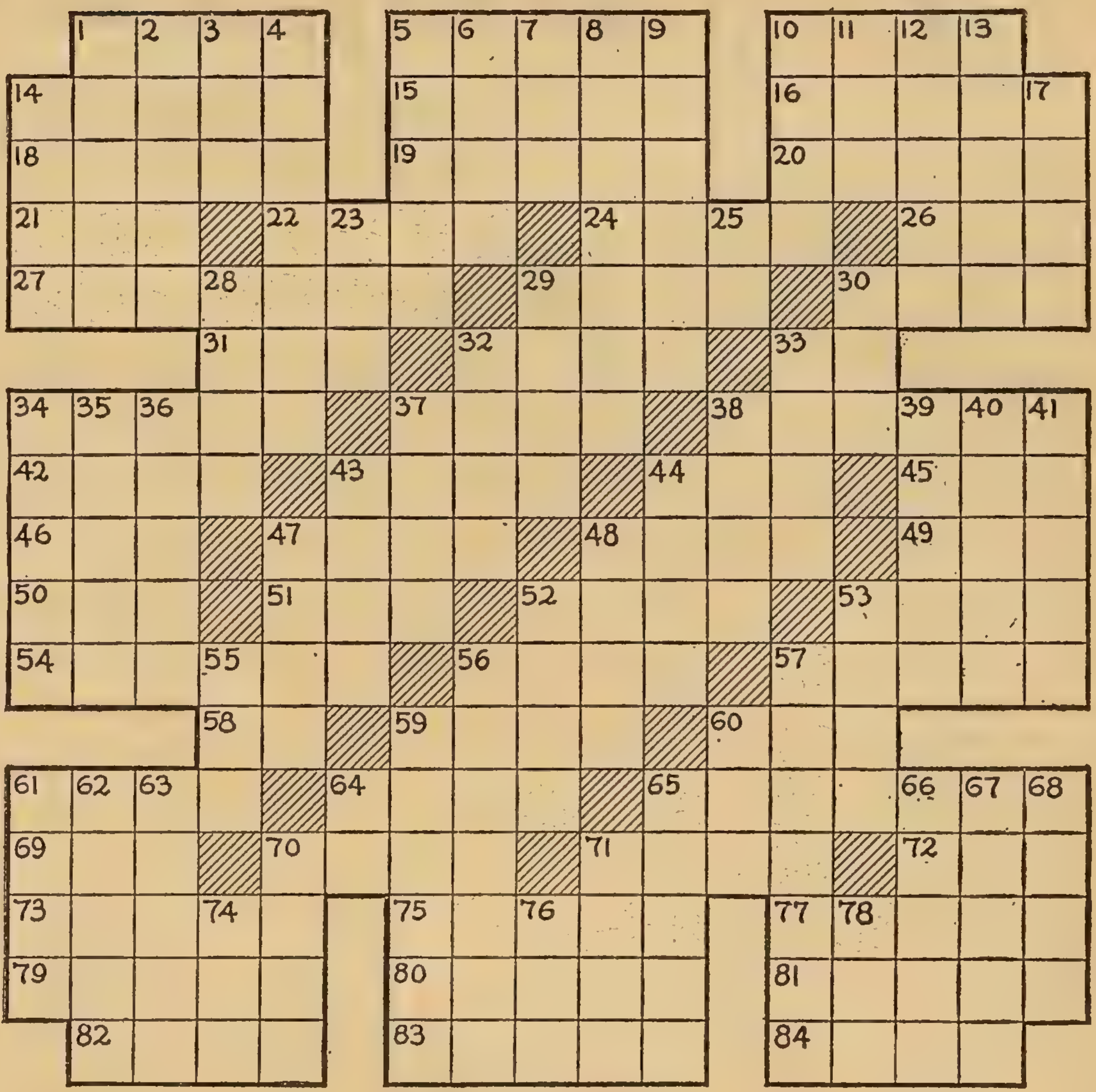
Two Puzzles *for*

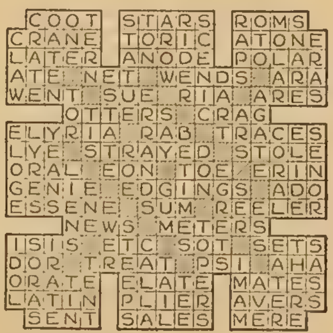


HORIZONTAL

1 Foundation
5 One of a western Europe race (plural)
10 A kind of wine
14 Wild; savage
15 Worship
16 Ascend
18 The select class
19 Renowned
20 A fortification
21 Recline
22 Injure
24 Companion
26 A number of dozens (abbr.)
27 Bed canopies
29 Accomplished
30 State of disorder
31 Tierra del Fuego Indian
32 A planet
33 Pronoun
34 Brief
37 Comrades
38 Withdraw
42 Sour
43 Cubes
44 Cavity
45 And not
46 Ancient
47 Rasp
48 To haul; drag
49 A firearm
50 A beverage
51 Female sandpiper
52 Ascend
53 Otherwise
54 Named
56 A coin
57 Liberates
58 Small fish
59 Light, familiar talk
60 A tree
61 Unyielding
64 Neat
65 Species of fir (pl.)
69 Form of to be
70 Wander
71 A gasp
72 Unrefined
73 Pith helmet
75 Mineral
77 Woman's name
79 Correct; improve
80 Talk idly
81 Put in place again
82 Toward a vessel's sheltered side
83 Rescues
84 Comprehends

VERTICAL

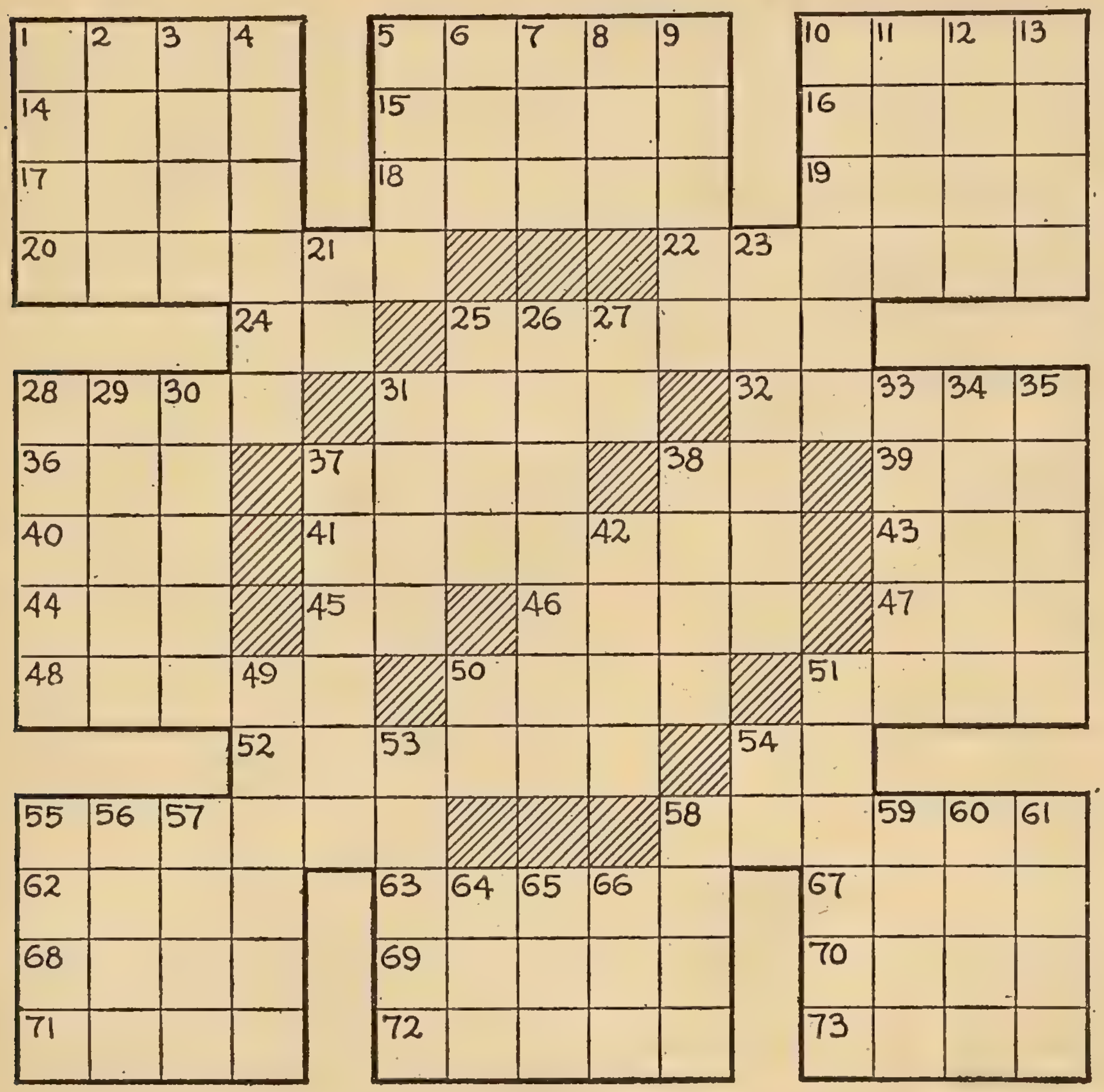
1 Give the lie to
2 A constellation
3 Rested
4 A component part
5 Chief genus of the dog family
6 Esau
7 Fate; destiny
8 Tremblings
9 Type of automobile (plural)
10 Peel
11 Crude metal
12 Range of hills
13 Autocrats
14 Perceived by touch
17 Son of Seth
23 A constellation
25 The symbol for an element
28 Civil wrong
29 Vale or valley
30 Confronted
32 Heavy club
33 Apportion
34 Ermine
35 City in Germany
36 Command
37 Heap; stack
38 Roil (colloq.)
39 A nook
40 Wake from sleep
41 Eagles
43 Ceased to be
44 Gone by
47 Contraction of a man's name
48 Clue
52 Paper measure
53 Strays
55 Surrounded by
56 Incongruous fancy
57 Strainers
59 Restrains; hinders
60 Enthusiast (slang)
61 Abhor
62 Scent
63 Repulse
64 Toward
65 Large bundles
66 Ascend
67 Labyrinths
68 One of a Mohammedan people of India
70 Interpret (poetic)
71 Part of the head
74 Compass point
76 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
78 Civil War general



COOT STARS ROMS
CRANE TORIC ATONE
LATER ANODE POLAR
ATE NET WENDS ARA
WENT SUE RIA ARES
OTTERS CRAG
ELYRIA RAB TRACES
LYE STRAYED STOLE
ORAL EON TOE ERIN
GENIE EDGINGS ADO
ESSENE SUM REELER
NEWS METERS
ISIS ETC SOT SETS
DOR TREAT PSI AHA
ORATE ELATE MATES
LATIN PLIER AVERS
SENT SALES MERE

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

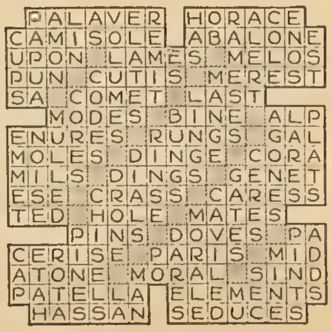


HORIZONTAL

1 That which deceives expectation
5 Sodium tetraborate
10 Sprang up and matured, as a plant
14 Italian coins
15 An apiaceous plant
16 Unusual; scarce
17 Parched with heat
18 A type of fortification
19 One-sixteenth of a rupee
20 Provided with small globules
22 Wrongful dispossession
24 Syllable sounded in solmization
25 Sets firmly, as in the ground
28 Apportion
31 Carbonaceous substance used as fuel
32 A district of Austria
36 To row
37 Passionate ardor
38 A pronoun
39 A note of the original scale
40 Greek letter
41 Parader
43 Winglike process
44 A color
45 A preposition
46 Immeasurable periods of time
47 Feminine personal name
48 Acute crest of a mountain range
50 Goad to activity
51 Greek god of war
52 Detain
54 A river in western Siberia
55 A shade of red
58 Covers with folds of cloth
62 Heating chamber
63 Organization; sect
67 Inform
68 Udder
69 Series of Middle Devonian (geology)
70 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
71 Strays
72 Shelf
73 Boil

VERTICAL

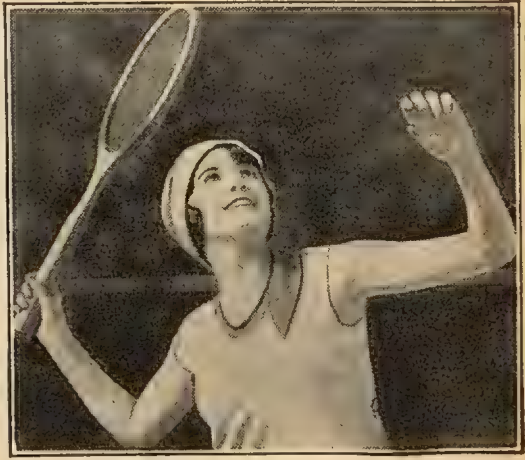
1 Comparatively thick plate or slice
2 Rent
3 A song
4 To participate interferingly
5 Poet
6 Cardinal number
7 To cause to be quit of
8 Masculine personal name
9 Gaseous element of the argon group
10 Abounding with grass
11 Rage
12 Bird of prey
13 To bear the consequences of use
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Speaks
25 A fleshy pome fruit
26 Set of quadrilles of a certain arrangement
27 By
28 Goddess of fate or destiny (Greek mythology)
29 Consumer
30 To sell or exchange; barter
31 Dramatic performance
33 Allude
34 Dark brownish or yellowish green
35 Roads
37 Lighted coals
38 Repair
42 The cry of an owl
49 Corrupts; infects
50 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
51 Lessens
53 Repulse
54 Else
55 Cottage or hut
56 Always
57 To rise up on the hind legs
58 Unit of force in the C. G. S. system
59 Saucy
60 Otherwise
61 Killed
64 Form of to be
65 To free or clear; disencumber
66 Label



PALAVER HORACE
CAMISOLE ABALONE
UPON LAMES MELOS
PUN CUTIS MEREST
SA COMET LAST
MODES BINE ALP
ENURES RUNGS GAL
MOLES DINGE CORA
MILS DINGS GENET
ESE CRASS CARESS
TED HOLE MATES
PINS DOVES PA
CERISE PARIS MID
ATONE MORAL SIND
PATELLA ELEMENTS
HASSAN SEDUCES

Answer to last week's puzzle

Gray Hair
Is The Thief
That Steals Away
Youthful Charm



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◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

A Beauty Bracer

By
EILEEN BOURNE

THERE comes a time in the affairs of any busy woman, professional, home, society, or business, when a beauty bracer is indicated. The pick-up we are about to recommend requires an afternoon off—a Saturday or a Sunday for the worker; a week-day afternoon for those who can afford the indulgence.

As an important part of the procedure, the evening before you plan your treatment, if you have reason to suspect poisons in the system, take some measure to insure a thorough evacuation.

Now for the beauty cocktail ingredients: Have a bed ready to hop into. A couple of extra warm blankets beside it. On a table beside the bed have ready a pitcher of water, hot as you can take it. Have your bathroom steamed up and the tub filled with hot water. Have another pitcher of hot water beside the tub ready for sipping.

Now take a ten-minute bath, sipping hot water frequently. Then wrap yourself in a blanket over your warm bathrobe and hop into bed, pulling the extra blankets well up, over, and around you. Reach out a hand for more hot water to sip, being careful to keep shoulders and arms well covered. Remain under those blankets until you perspire freely. Manage at least three glasses of hot water during bath and rest periods, four if possible.

When you feel you have done all you can to provoke perspiration, go back to the bathroom—keeping warmly covered, remember—turn on the warm shower, then a cooler one, a cold one if you can bear it. Follow with a brisk rub. Then back to your bed again for a full hour's rest or sleep—or two or three.

Simultaneously with the bath-and-rest treatment you may give your face a bracer also. Before you start any of the foregoing proceedings, wash your face. Then apply a fairly generous dosage of cold cream to remain on the face during the hot tub bath. Leave it on until you get into bed for the sweat, adding a little more if it has evaporated. While you are lying in bed waiting for the pores to throw off their excretions, massage your face. Wipe the cream off before you go back for your shower, and let cold, cold water rain down upon your face. You'll get up from your sleep surprised at the freshness of your complexion.

Or, you may take this opportunity to indulge in a face-mask treatment—though, since the mask dries on the skin, it must be applied after the shower. First cleanse the face thoroughly. The old-type clay pack is good. Buy fuller's earth, mix it with witch-hazel if the skin is oily, with water if the skin is average, smear it on the face, and let it dry. Remove the clay by immersing the face in tepid water.

Bran and honey make another good mask.

White of egg smeared on the face and allowed to dry tightens relaxed skin. And buttermilk applied the same way is one of those good, old-fashioned beauty practices that have withstood the test of time.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

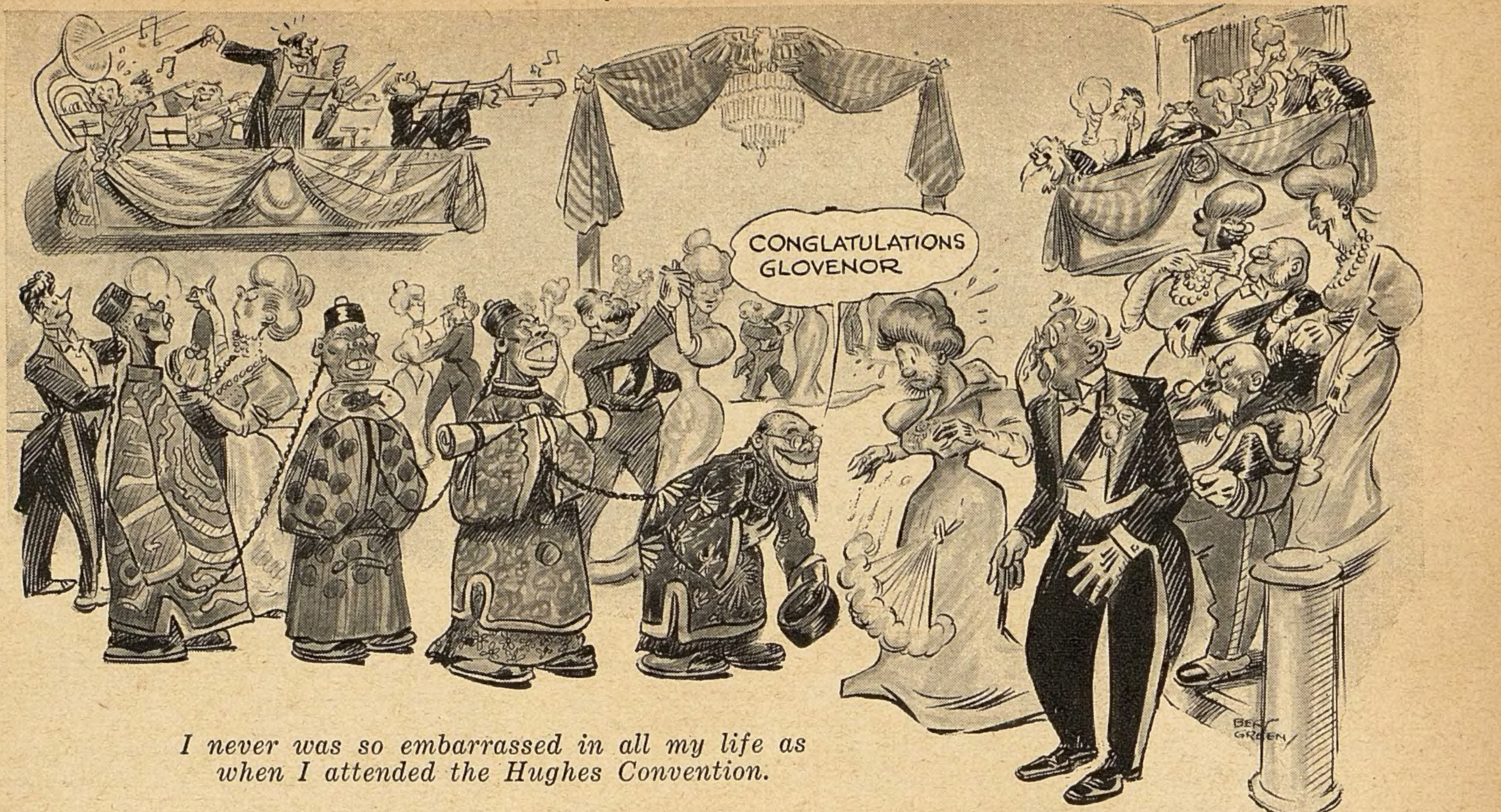
Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name ....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. ....

City .... State 180



I never was so embarrassed in all my life as when I attended the Hughes Convention.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

The Birth of a Notion

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Grand Canyon, Arizona.

DEAR MARGE,

Well here I am in Arizona writin you again. I should scribble you when you dont even answer my sad letters. Why so stingy with the ink department? What a dumb cluck I am to be swingin the Sheaffer on a dizzy dame whats too stingy to dip the mit. Gee, just because we're seperated over a silly misunderstandin you get swanky and close up like a oyster. I suppose because I got me wings clipped in WAIL STREET youre offer me proper. Thats the way with a lotter you good lookin dames. When a guy gets low in the dough and the biscuits begin gettin scarce you give him the wide and open like he was poison.

But I should be annoyed. Just because youre tryin to clown in the lispies, the Hollywood spirit has your head swollen. On the level Marge, why dont you toss that rackit and come back like a good girl. Heavens above, you know I love you. You aint cut out for that footlight rackit.

Where do you get off to try and warble or hoof in the jumpies? Why those frails have been whirling the boards since they were knee high to a midget. Just because some dizzy director whats been drinkin outer the cops bottle says youre marvelous, you go for the make up right on the nose. I laugh!

Who are *you* to be shakin the hip to a tired business mans weakness? Where do *you* get off to panic the patrons I ask you? Of all the crust, a contractors daughter tryin to rate the Mazdas on Broadway. Say kid, you couldnt play Little Eva if Uncle Tom was John Barraymore and had you in his arms.

Honest, its just too bad. I clocked you when I saw you in that amature theatrical up in Mootch Chump. The night you was Julieting to that Collegiate Romeo whats a spotter on the buss line. Brother, what a panic that was. What a razz you got. Just because they encored, you swelled up and grabbed the bows. It wasnt *you* they were clappin at, it was *your skirt* what fell off. Listen, Love Lips, Ive aced about plenty. Ive seen real chorines wear out the leather going from one studio to another tryin to get the break. And what do they get? Nothin!! They dont even get by the shock absorber at first base. Believe me *youre* all damp if you think so. Honest, I feel sorry for em. Just because some punk back home told em they was a knock out and was wastin their time on Main Street, what do they do? They put a lather on some old goof, give him a fast build up and right away he goes against the Hollywood choo-choo fare when he should be buyin his wife a new set of teeth.

Oh its a swell rackit. Sure, and the Sweetie no sooner gets off the rattler in the Fillum City than she makes a bee line for the studios all set to knock the producers for a fade out.

The woods is full of em. Sure, they know it all. Theyre all smarted up by the village cut up and nobody can tell em a thing. Well, what happens. The Main Street Belle starts out by parking in the swellest flopps in Hollywood where the rugs are up to her knees. Sure, one of those doggie joints like the Roosevelt, with coats and arms printed on the stationary and wall paper pasted in the envelopes. And do they give it a workout to the folks back home. WOW—it goes somethin like this—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

Miss Mazie Mc Coy
Sorethumb, Minnasota
Dear Mazie,

Well here I am in Hollywood. Oh Mazie what a place. Gosh you should see the doody layout I live in. Silk curtains and drapes and everythin. When you want to mail a letter you drop it in a stove pipe on the 16th floor. Honest its the nuts.

Oh and who do you suppose I passed on Hollywood Boolevard. *Charlie Farrell*, no less. Oh Mazie, hes wonderful. Tall, broad shoulders, and everything. Honest I liked to a died. Hes the knobs. Id leave home for him anytime.

Guess who was with him—Janet Gaynor, and believe me kid shes too cute for words. Sure, wherever you go you bump into them movie stars.

But listen Mazie, *I'll be one soon.* I was over to the Metro studio yesterday and the nice man out in the front office told me that maybe King Vidor could use me if Marion Davies didnt show up. Honest, he was awful nice.

He asked me for my phone number and told me that some night when he wasnt doin anything hed drop around with a bottle of gin and kinder get acquainted. He has lovely eyes Mazie, no foolin.

But theyre all like that out here. Everybody is *so* sweet. Maybe, when *I* get started in the movies in a coupla days and know the manager better I can put a good boost in for *you.* Then you can slough your job in the laundry and come out here, eh Mazie?

Can you imagine the two of us livin in one of them swell beach homes and me and you puttin on the dog to a coupla big movie Johns in a sport car. Dont you love it. Oh Mazie I cant wait.

But listen dear, I got to blow this and go down to the beauty parlor and get me hair waved. Us actresses must look good, you know.

Well, so long Kid. Aint the stationary grand? Smell it!

Your friend Lillian

And thats the way they all start out Marge. The first week they live in the flossiest places and use taxis back and fourth to the studio. The second week they move into a cheaper joint and ride the buss. The third week theyre campin in a flop joint and take it on the heel. The fourth week they exist in a clothes closet and wear out the telegraph office like this—

NG42 6 HOLLYWOOD CAL 8 PM COL
MR JEFF SPOCK
SORETHUMB MINN
PLEASE WIRE FARE HOME DARLING THEY DONT NO NOTHIN ABOUT GRAMMER OUT HERE LOVE
LILLIAN

AND thats the way they all are Marg. You cant tell em a thing. *Youre just the same!* Why dont you come home like a sweet girl and slough that rackit?

Listen, Sweetie, Im thinkin about goin into another rackit with a pal of mine.

Honest, hes invented a new gag for killin hair.

He calls it BLASTO—The magic hair remover!! It kills hair like nobodys business.

Sure he discovered it by accident.

He was painting the screen door one day and ran out of turpentine and what did he use but one of my bottles of gin. The next day the flies ate up the screen door, then fell on the dog and killed every hair on his back.

After that we got experimentin with the stuff and it works great.

Heres the ad,—see what you think of it.

REMOVE THAT UGLY HAIR WITH

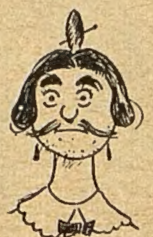
BLASTO
THE MAGIC HAIR REMOVER

This method is entirely permanent. Removes hair from face and body without a sound. Used by all the leading motion picture actresses with great success. Why spoil a beautiful face with safety razor blades when you can shoot them off with BLASTO.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCE

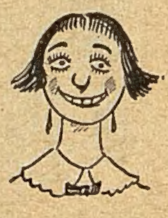
Send NO MONEY

Just pay your postman
$40 when BLASTO ARRIVES.



BEFORE

Nothing looks more unsightly than a beautiful woman in an evening gown with a Von Hindenberg mustache.



AFTER

READ WHAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE TO SAY

Mrs. Izzy Horsehair of Shinnbone Wis. writes:
If I had known of your magic hair remover I would have been married years ago. When I was entertaining my gentleman friends I used to shave twice a day. I cannot recommend your BLASTO to highly.

Miss Amelia Bridgework of Kansas City writes:
Before I heard of your Magic Hair Remover I used to look like Gen. Grant. But after 2 bottles of BLASTO I look like sweet 16.

Miss Marion Lea of Snaphook Ohio writes:
I cannot praise your Blasto to highly. After 62 applications I lost my Van Dyke.

BLASTO is a boon to any lady with a tough beard.

THE BLASTO CHEMICAL CO.
U. S. A.

But you know Marge, hes got plenty of swell testimonials like them. Hes got one from Mrs. Ten Eyck whose husband is in the diplomatic corpse. It reads—

I never was so embarrassed in all my life as when I attended the Hughes Convention in 1907.

At the height of the important festivities the band stopped and in walked the Chinese Ambassador followed by the Chop Suey delegates.

Imagine my surprise when the near-sighted Ambassador parades right up to me, takes a look at my chin and says—*Congratulations Governor!!* Since then I learned of your Magic Hair Remover and feel now that I can walk past the House of David without embarrassment.

He got another letter from a lady in Illinois—

I was always late to the office because I missed the 8:14 on account of having to have to shave each morning. Since using 4 bottles of your magic BLASTO I look like a debutante. To me its the berries.

(Miss) Fannie Haywire.

I gave a bottle of the stuff to Mrs. Cohen what lives next door and they had a terrible accident. It seems her son Raymond, age 4 had just won a prize in the Baby Contest. Well, while Mrs. Cohen was out to a bridge party, little Izzy found the bottle and dumped it on Raymonds golden locks. What a riot! Poor Raymond is as bauld as a leather trunk now.

Well, cherio Marge—write soon.

Yours, MIKE SHEA.

More of Mike's correspondence in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

His Make-up

My three boys sell magazines. As they were starting out one day the youngest was called back.

"Norman, get your face washed and your hair combed before you go out."

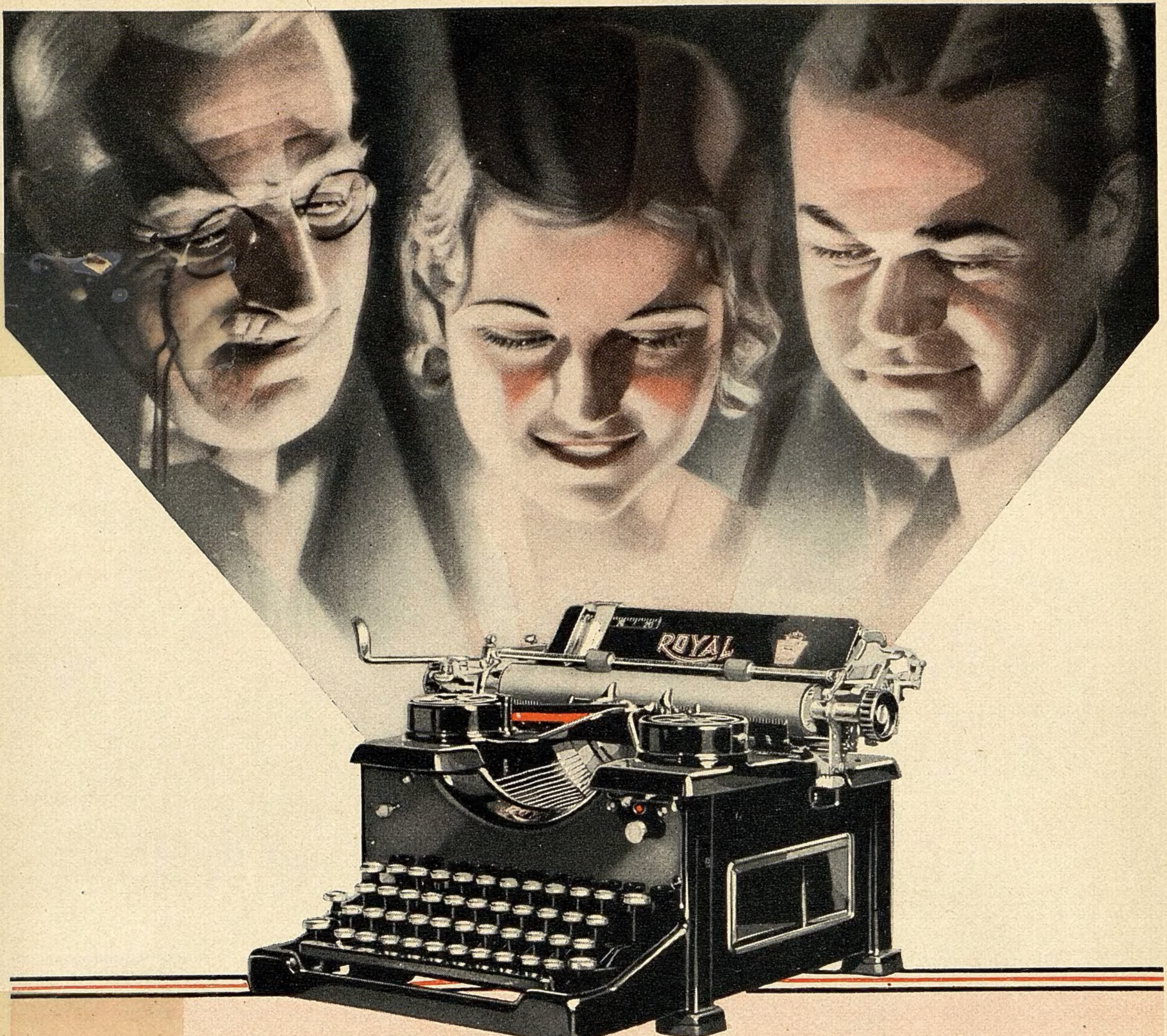
"Aw, daddy, let me go like this—maybe people will think I'm hungry and I can sell more magazines."—Charlie Weinberger, 4033 Bonner Road, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Grafting Kitty

Jack and Dick, twins, found a stray gray cat and adopted it, loving it dearly. In the yard were two small willow trees. One day Jack came running in to his mother with eyes nearly popping out of his head from excitement, and said:

"Mother, Dick put the kitty up in the tree, so now we'll get pussy willows off it."—Norma Blossom Douthit, 1011 West 18th St., Sioux Falls, S. D.



Each for a different reason selected the Easy-Writing

ROYAL

TRADE MARK

TYPEWRITER

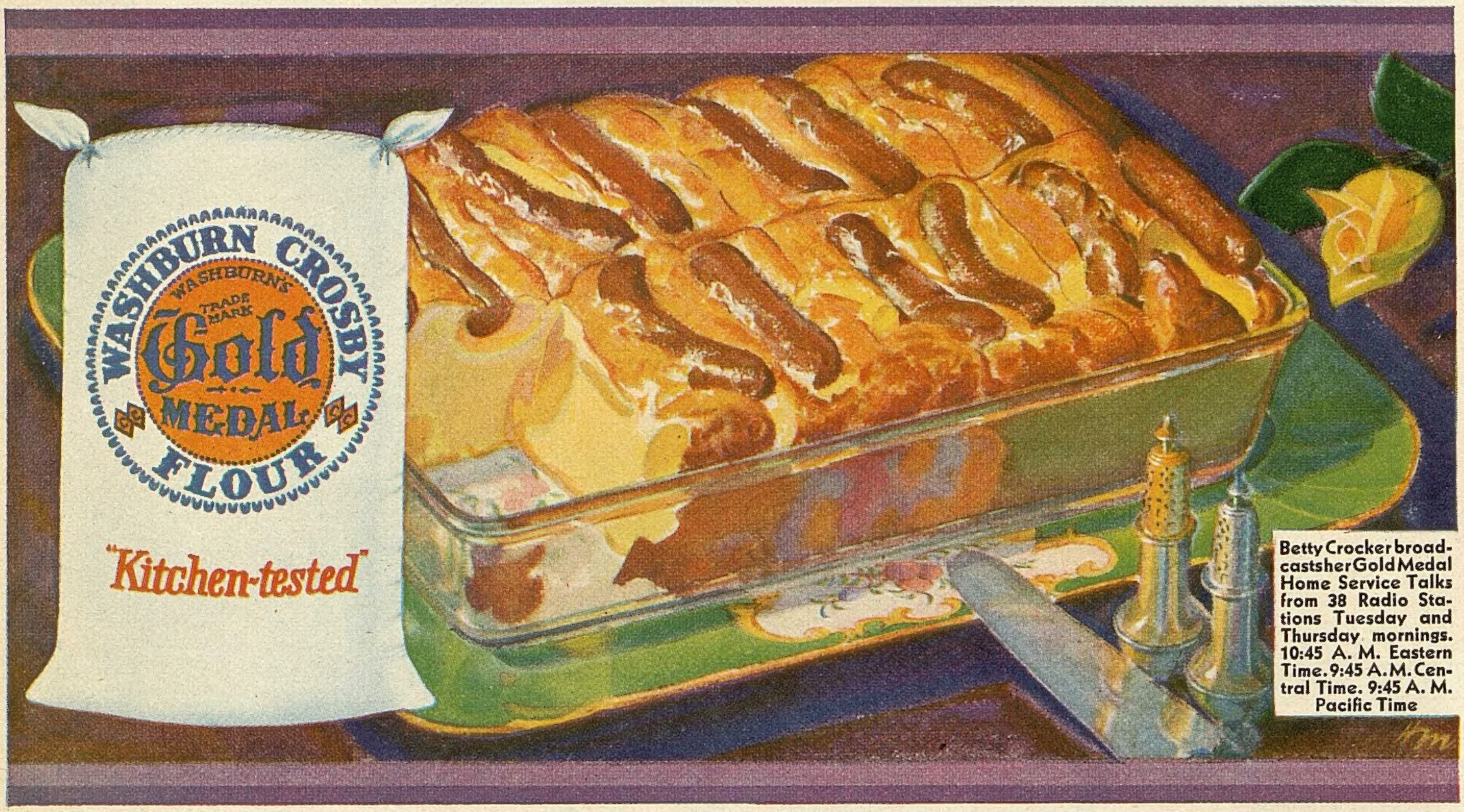
In many offices, three officials—the executive, head stenographer and office manager — determine the purchase of typewriters. Invariably they agree upon the superiority of the Easy-Writing Royal ▲▲▲ The executive admires the greater neatness and uniformity of his letters. He is also impressed by the smooth, uninterrupted performance of this modern business machine ▲▲▲ Its flashing speed and delightful ease of operation greatly interest the head stenographer. For these features actually enable her staff to improve the quality and volume of their daily typing ▲▲▲ Royal's reputation for consistent, lasting service appeals to the office manager. Many years of world-wide use have fully demonstrated its exceptional freedom from annoying, expensive adjustments ▲▲▲ In your office try the Easy-Writing Royal with your own operators . . . Compare the Work.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY ▲▲ BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THE WORLD OVER

An interesting example

. . . of how "Kitchen-tested" flour simplifies baking

467 WOMEN BAKED THIS "DIFFICULT" YORKSHIRE PUDDING, WITH A RECORD OF 462 PERFECT RESULTS. ONLY 5 MISSED PERFECT SUCCESS THEIR FIRST TRY! A REVELATION IN EASIER HOME BAKING



Betty Crocker broadcasts her Gold Medal Home Service Talks from 38 Radio Stations Tuesday and Thursday mornings. 10:45 A. M. Eastern Time. 9:45 A. M. Central Time. 9:45 A. M. Pacific Time

Eventually
Why Not Now?

Thousands of women now successfully bake the cakes that used to bring them their most frequent disappointments. So-called "difficult" cakes are being robbed of their "difficult" features. All home baking has been made simpler, easier, more certain by a recent, scientific development in flour milling.

By the development of an utterly new-type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the same way with your recipes every time you use it. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Yorkshire Pudding, illustrated above, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

912R

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Copyr. G. M. I., 1930

"Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Yorkshire Pudding and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads. Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months